

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 400,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

July 8, 1939

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE 3<sup>d</sup>







## Tantrums, tears are only one side of the picture

By VIOLA SHACKLETON

Do you spend your week-ends playing tennis or golf or some other sport?

And do you come home broken-hearted because you lose, or jubilant because you win?

And do you take defeat or victory with good sportsmanship?

**M**AYBE you weep because you lose the match, but we hope you don't weep in public, and we hope you congratulate the victor.

Maybe you win sometimes, but we hope you make some gracious remark to the loser when she congratulates

you, and manage not to look too obviously pleased with yourself.

Sport spectators always watch with pop-eyed eagerness for evidences of bad sportsmanship, and at every sports event, whether it is the local golf match in the paddocks round your home town, or world athletics in the pomp and

IT'S NOT ALWAYS the girls who display temperament when a favorite shot goes wrong.

splendor of the Olympic Games, the old question is raised:

Are women more sporting about success or defeat than men?

Many followers of sport say "no."

They use the argument that since primeval days woman has been concerned with the individual, practical side of life, caring for the home and battling for her children.

She had to get results in the day's work and made her own individual rules about getting them.

Man, on the other hand, has been out in the world competing in a usually chivalrous way with other men ever since primitive men competed in hunting for food.

He did the talking and idealising with other men about what is "done" or "not done," and had to think about other men's reactions in everything he did.

### Take it seriously

**W**OMEN, these critics say, are still comparative newcomers to competitive sport. They play a game because, being practical realists, they want seriously to win.

And if they don't win they may be so upset they may shed tears about it. A game is only a game to a man, but a serious matter to a woman.

Critics of women's sports temperament cite the example of the late Suzanne Lenglen being 40 minutes late for a tennis match when Queen Mary was present, and jumping on her racquet when she was distressed.

Mme. Mathieu, another French tennis player, served a ball in the face of an umpire who had continually foot-faulted her.

Cecilia Colledge, the English champion ice-skater, refused to speak to the runner-up, Megan Taylor, who eventually burst into tears because of the rebuff.

Their star example is the story of Helen Wills-Moody and Helen Jacobs, rivals of the tennis court for years. In one championship Helen Jacobs was leading. Helen Wills-Moody hurt her back and the game was called off at the other Helen's suggestion, which meant the championship was left undecided.

In the following year's match Helen Jacobs hurt a tendon in her leg, but played gamely on to her defeat, thus given Helen Wills-Moody decisive victory in the championship. Many held that Helen Wills-Moody should have allowed her opponent to retire.

"Too bad, Helen," said Helen

### GOOD HOUSEWIFE GOOD SPORT

By Air Mail from New York

**D**R. DAREL, famous New York psychologist, says that a good housewife makes a good sports-woman.

Home life teaches her tolerance, patience and understanding.

She takes these virtues with her to the tennis court or the golf links. She keeps her temper and plays the game. She is rarely a champion, but enjoys the game better than the top-liners, who are edgy and nervous.

Wills-Moody when Helen Jacobs shook hands at the end of the match.

Temperament is the great stumbling block to women in championship sport, according to their critics. They have not the physical stamina to stand up to the tremendous nervous strain, and they are more sensitive than men about the close attention of thousands of spectators.

Supporters of women's sporting spirit can cite as many examples of bad sportsmanship in men.

Fred Perry thought Australian crowds applauded his mistakes, and it took a long time to convince him that they were applauding his opponents' good shots.

On one occasion when a spectator remarked, "Play the game!" Perry inquired sarcastically, "Is this tennis we're playing, or cricket?"

When Menzel, the Czechoslovakian tennis player, played badly he vented his temperament on cameramen and chocolate-sellers, and once told a woman spectator with a crying infant that she ought to go home.

And anyone who thinks that the bashed heads and broken ribs sustained in football or ice-hockey are just part of good clean fun must believe in fairies.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### Chaplain to the King

**THE** Reverend W. Wilson Cash, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.D., who has been appointed an honorary chaplain to the King. He is general secretary in England of the Church Missionary Society.

Dr. Cash served in Egypt during the war. An acknowledged authority on the work of the Church of England overseas, he has visited Australia twice during world tours.



### Changed nationality

**LADY** ELIZABETH VON HOFFMANSTAHL, noted beauty of English Court circles, has become temporarily a German citizen.

Second daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey and formerly Lady Elizabeth Paget, she married an Austrian refugee, Mr. Raimund von Hoffmanstaahl, poet and author. It has been ruled that he is of German nationality, but he has applied for British citizenship.



### Brilliant language scholar

**MR.** JULIAN WAYDEN, of Melbourne, has been awarded both the Mollison and Wyselskian scholarships for French. They are valued at £520 and University officials believe that his success is a record for one subject in one year.

While studying for his Bachelor of Arts degree, which he obtained this year with honors, he also completed an honors course in five modern languages.



## ERASMIC Face Powder provided the key

She married such a socially prominent man. He never would have noticed her but for her beauty... her glorious, flower-like skin. No wonder society welcomed this lovely girl—copied her beauty secret—Erasmic Face Powder.

every beautifying face powder ingredient in ERASMIC

Try this truly beautifying powder—Erasmic! It has every glamour-giving property yet discovered. For Erasmic was famous before most present-day powders were known... and is constantly being improved and perfected by the world's greatest

cosmeticians. Erasmic has glorified many a fascinating actress, many a titled English beauty—and Erasmic will give your skin that same unbelievably lovely bloom!



ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM—perfect powder base—1/2 a tube. ERASMIC COLD CREAM—for special nightly skin care—1/2 a tube.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

57-40-27



# ROYALTY in our PHONE BOOK



THE DUCHESS OF KENT and her friend, Australian-born Lady Portarlington. They may talk over the radio telephone when the Duchess is in Australia.

## XB number society will know off by heart .....IT LEADS TO MARINA

Think of a number . . . XB4095.

Then you have picked the most glamorous number in the directory. It's the telephone number of the Duke and Duchess of Kent at Admiralty House.

That's the number that their friends will ring when the Royal couple are in residence; that's the number you could ring if you wanted to speak to the Duchess.

It simply means the Kents are in the telephone book, and reminds us how soon they will be with us, living the life of Australians, using the telephone to call their friends, make appointments.

IN the general overhaul at Admiralty House special attention is being given to the telephone system. In this matter the Duke and Duchess are democratic.

They are not having silent numbers. Friends will just telephone in the ordinary way; the switch at Admiralty House will do the rest.

The Duchess' secretary will take her personal phone calls and switch them through to the Duchess.

There is going to be no formality about it. Neither the Duke nor the Duchess likes fuss. All the Royal Family are like that.

When Edward was King a man telephoned Buckingham Palace, and the answer came, "Hello, the King speaking."

Well, it's quite likely the Duke and Duchess will be just as nonchalant about the telephones at Admiralty House.

It is pretty certain that the Duchess will use the telephone a lot for overseas calls. The department hopes so.

Marina may telephone friends in London—Australian-born Lady Portarlington or Madam Ralli, great personal friends.

She is almost sure to telephone her sister, Princess Paul of Yugoslavia.

One night history may be made in the overseas phone room at the G.P.O., when the girl operators hear: Hello, Sydney, London calling . . .

The King is calling his brother, the Duke of Kent.

The little XB number is full of tremendous possibilities like this.

Existing facilities have been revised, and a report has been forwarded to England, but telephone

officials here do not expect that any extensive alterations will be necessary.

The Duchess may have other ideas when she sees the latest telephones planned to match the decor of any room.

These are beautiful hand-set models, in deep cream, Chinese-red or jade-green—all favorite colors of the Duchess.

Telephone officials literally gloat over these telephones. They are the glamor girls of the hand-set brigade.

Although very cautious about the matter, the telephone officials are hoping that the Duchess will select a colored telephone set. It's sure to set a fashion for Australian homes.

A lovely rich cream-colored telephone is the popular pick. It would go so well with the peach satin curtains and off-white background which appears in the Duchess' own sketches of her proposed bedroom schemes.

It is most unlikely that any elaborate telephone covers will be used. It is suggested that telephones will be put in the children's nursery

## Marina Plans Her Bedroom

IN the Homemaker section of this issue is a forecast in color of what the Duchess of Kent's bedroom at Yarralumla, Canberra, will look like.

Artist Petrov has painted it from descriptions given by Mary St. Claire, our special representative in London.

so that they may talk to their Sydney friends.

Mr. R. W. Hamilton, Deputy Director of Posts and Telegraphs, said that there are five lines to Admiralty House with twelve extensions, and six to Yarralumla with twelve extensions.

These may be increased slightly to facilitate calls to and from the Royal household.

The Duchess of Kent's telephone number undoubtedly will be known and used by many smart young society matrons and other members of noted families.

Foremost, of course, will be Lady Wakehurst, as wife of the Governor of New South Wales. Also her debutante daughter, Hon. Henrietta Loder, who soon will be presented at Court, and Lady Wakehurst's secretary, Miss Morna Mackenzie.

AMONG those who move in Vice-Regal circles are the young marrieds of the Fairfax clan.

Mrs. Vincent Fairfax, who has been presented at Court, will arrive in Sydney from London in about four months' time.

Others of this family include Mrs. John Fairfax, Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, and Mrs. Peter Moore, who was formerly Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax.

Among the most attractive young matrons is Mrs. Sam Hordern, the former June Baillieu, of Melbourne, whose two small children, Sam and Sarah, are of about the same age as Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra.

And the Duchess probably will have heard of the tall, graceful Mrs. Jim Dickson, who was formerly Miss Prudence Vanbrugh, niece of the famous actress, Violet Vanbrugh.

Younger members of our "older" families who will meet the Duchess include Miss Faith Macarthur Onslow, Mrs. Edward Macarthur Onslow, Miss Philippa Stephen, Mrs. Peter Poole.

Mrs. Blake Pelly (Pamela Laidley Dowling), who married a former aide-de-camp to the Governor (Lord Wakehurst), and Mrs. John Riddle (Annette Power, of Melbourne), whose husband is an honorary aide, also will be among the Vice-Regal guests.

The Duke and Duchess' interest in skiing and polo will bring them in contact with many well-knowns. Mrs. John Laidley, Mrs. Tom Mitchell, Mrs. Jim Ashton, and Mrs. Geoff Ashton.

Also there are the country people, representatives of the finest properties in the State, which have previously been singled out for the honor of Royal visits. They include the Dangar home, Goswicky, at Uralla, and the White home, Edinglassie, at Muswellbrook.



THE DUCHESS and her close personal friend, Madam Ralli. They will keep in touch over the overseas telephone while Marina is resident in Australia.

Vice-Regal representatives have often visited, too. Sir Frederick McMaster's property, Dalkeith, at Castella, and Glen Iris, the Bethungra home of Sir Graham Waddell.

Other charming young members of society who frequently are Vice-Regal guests include Mrs. Noel Heath, who is the daughter of the president of the Royal Sydney Golf

Club (Sir Claude Reading), Mrs. Bill Crossing, Mrs. Wallace Anderson, Mrs. Neville Manning, Mrs. Dick Allen, who is not unlike Marina herself, and Mrs. Roy Chisholm, who, as Miss Mollie Little, was a dancing partner of the Prince of Wales during his visit here.

Mrs. Chisholm is a sister-in-law of Lady Milbanke, who is a member of the Kents' social set in London.

## SECRET Art of VOICE THROWING EXPOSED For The FIRST TIME!

NEVER before have the secrets of ventriloquism been offered to the public. Now for the first time YOU can learn to throw your voice. You can get endless fun from ventriloquism, you can amuse the "wise ones." Send for this startling FREE literature and within 24 hours you will know many of the secrets of ventriloquism.

Now You Can Learn Ventriloquism  
Throw Your Voice—Amuse Your Friends! Make Money!

FOR the first time the rage of America reaches Australia! Now you can learn at home this most amusing and entertaining art. Startle and amuse your friends—throw your voice—give entertainments—make money in your spare time. Send for FREE literature, telling you EVERYTHING about Ventriloquism. Send the coupon TO-DAY!

What This FREE Literature Will Tell You!

- How to throw your voice
- How to make a doll speak
- How to entertain with ventriloquism
- How to make money in your spare time
- How to get years of laughter
- How to be popular and admired
- The inner secrets of ventriloquism

Get Greater Popularity—Win Friends!

POST COUPON NOW

SEND NO MONEY!

VALENTINE FOX, Dept. 9, Lombard Chambers, Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Sir—Send me by return post your FREE LITERATURE on about Ventriloquism. Enclose stamp for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... 8/7/39



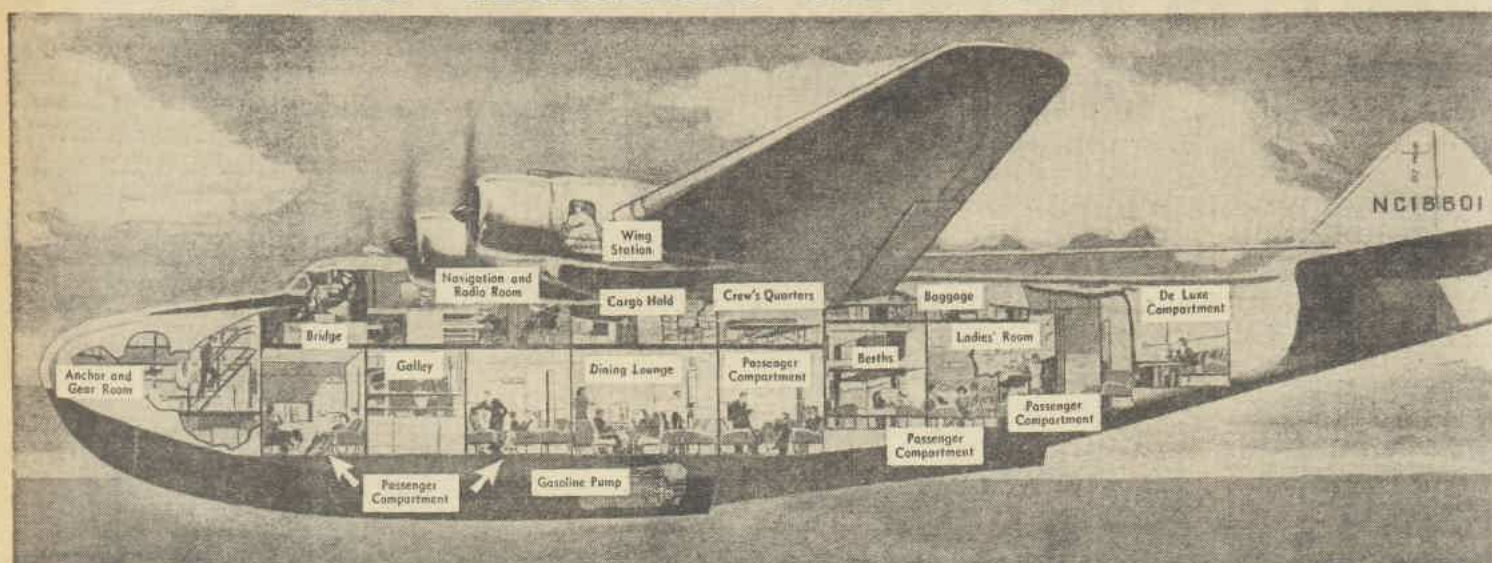
YOU'LL get fun galore throwing your voice. Hundreds have learnt this easy way secretly at home. Give entertainments, amuse your friends. I don't care who you are or where you live. I GUARANTEE I can teach you ventriloquism if you send the coupon TO-DAY.

THIS GREAT OFFER DEFINITELY EXPIRES AUGUST 31st. RUSH COUPON!

VALENTINE FOX, Dept. 9, LOMBARD CHAMBERS, PITT ST., SYDNEY, N.S.W.



# I flew the Atlantic in "aerial train"



THIS is the Clipper ship in which girl reporter Violet Haven flew the Atlantic. It was the first plane to carry passengers from New York to Europe. She describes it in the article below as a luxury hotel of the air. Picture shows how the Clipper looked to those inside it on the historic voyage. Note the spacious dining lounge, comfortable sleeping quarters, and the de luxe compartment at the rear of the plane. This is called the honeymoon suite.

## Girl's vivid impressions of first Atlantic passenger flight

By VIOLET HAVEN

A girl reporter who crossed the Atlantic on the first passenger flight.

I was aboard the Atlantic Clipper when she made the first Atlantic crossing from New York to Lisbon on June 19 with passengers—others have crossed since, but I shall never forget the thrill of that first crossing.

To travel across the Atlantic in luxury hotels of the air will soon be commonplace, but for me the first flight made me feel like Columbus and Lindbergh rolled into one.

WELL, there are more thrills ahead. I hope to fly from San Francisco to Australia some day—and now the Guba survey has shown how easy it is I might fly the Indian Ocean, too, if there's a service.

The Atlantic flight shows how easy air travel is and how comfortable.

You will get aboard a plane, say, at Southampton, one of these days, hold your breath, and, before you've asked the captain all the usual questions about the trip, you will be in New York.

That's my honest impression of this historic trip—there is almost a dream-like quality about such a flight, so effortless, so easy, so streamlined.

This flight has been so fantastically smooth and effortless that not one curl of the permanent wave I had before leaving New York has come out.

Thirty men and women have travelled through the sky in this "five-room house that can fly." It was the largest human cargo ever transported by a heavier-than-air machine across the Atlantic.

In addition to the crew of twelve and two airway officials, we had sixteen men and five women on board.

Four LADIES and one WOMAN, I should say. Because at Horta, Azores, a man came aboard with four bouquets of wonderful roses "for the four Clipper ladies."

### Porthole view

I WON'T say which one of us had to do without. We only made a porthole visit to Horta. But I didn't care. There weren't many men there. A lot of them had gone to the U.S.A. to seek their fortune.

Azores is the Hawaii of the Atlantic—at least from the air. Looking down from above, you see an abrupt, grottoed coastline, fields, gardens, white houses, gabled roofs, and thatched barns reminding me of Ireland.

There were cows in the fields, but no one else in sight. We had seen cows outside of New York.

"I think it's very nice of you to dress for dinner," said shy, modest Captain William Culbertson, skipper of the ship, and a veteran of ocean flights on the China-U.S.A. service. "I appreciate it very much."

He must have meant it because he whispered to the steward, who broke

a bottle of champagne, and pledged us a toast.

You see, girls, a good gown does count, even when you are up in the air.

The dinner was preceded by betting on the horseraces.

I lost a shilling, darn it.

On our last night we all clustered in the bridal suite, in the tail of the Clipper, for a two-way broadcast between New York and us.

We could hear the voices of the men in New York across the lounge without the use of headphones.

It thrilled me to talk to some of my newspaper pals in New York. I was even able to send regards to my boss!

### Unexpected gift

ONE of the most mysterious events of the whole tour was how a case of whisky got aboard the Clipper anonymously at Port Washington, the seaplane base outside New York. Nobody knows where it came from. Certainly no one aboard this boat ordered it. But nearly everyone aboard enjoyed it.

It lent a golden glow to the after-dinner conversation in the smoking-room—for there's a "No smoking" rule on board this plane.

We tried to stay awake all night, but my eyes began to droop after seeing Venus break through the horizon and blink like a lighthouse at us—a sight Clipper navigators never miss on night crossings.

And the sunrise in the morning! You would need to be Shakespeare, Keats and Shelley rolled into one to describe that. The solid, billowing clouds below us might have been the peaks of the Alps until the sun tinted them and gentle winds blew them away.

Our elapsed time from New York to Lisbon was 23 hours and 52 minutes, of which 22 hours and 39 minutes was flying time. Our average speed was 153.4 miles an hour.

We took ten hours in meeting and greeting Portugal and in sleeping there. We landed on the Tagus River, visited the red Moorish building in Lisbon, but missed the weekly bullfight.

We also missed seeing off President Carmona on his way to the Portuguese colonies and South Africa, where he has been invited by King George VI.

I paused in the moonlight before a church built over the house where St. Anthony of Padua was born. Occasional soldiers sprang to attention in the dark, narrow streets, in dapper, grey uniforms and glistening sabres.

GRACIOUS BABY...  
I THOUGHT WE HAD THIS  
FROCK WHITE — BUT  
LOOK AT AUNTIE'S  
PERSIL-WASHED  
DRESS



"Why was I ever satisfied with anything else?" you'll say, when once you see the gleaming, glittering "whites" from a Persil wash. You'll wonder how anything could make such a difference. But the explanation is simple; Persil's oxygen-charged suds search into the closest weave—"difficult" dirt, deep-seated grime simply melt away, leaving clothes spotlessly, brilliantly clean.

It's just by washing things so much cleaner that Persil gets them so much whiter. Use Persil alone for the whole family wash.

**Persil**

THE AMAZING  
OXYGEN WASHER

PERSIL'S GENTLE CLEANSING MAKES THINGS LAST LONGER



# CARBON COPIES

By  
OLGA MOORE

A complete short story

**B**UT may I suggest she's pretty?" argued the Chief smoothly. "And she has style."

"So does a cactus plant!" snapped Jerry. "And bulldogs have charm. And barbed wire fences have their points. And they're certainly not restful."

"Well, she's hired merely as a secretary!" the other said reasonably. "It causes talk when a man's secretary is too restful."

Jerry grinned. His brown, pug-nacious face was rather charming then. A sunburst of little wrinkles flashed across his features, and sparks lit in his bright blue eyes.

"Your remark," he conceded, "has a certain merit. Repose is charming in a woman, but expensive in a secretary. And Miss Steel's efficient enough. She's clever, too. But why does she bristle at me so? She snaps my head off every time I make a move—"

"Maybe," the Chief was urbane, "she thinks you're making—er—passes. I'm told it's sometimes done."

"When I make passes people don't think about them—they don't have time. And my intentions toward Miss Steel are strictly honorable. My thoughts in her presence are tediously pure. After all, I'm a bachelor—I can afford pure thoughts."

"All right!" said the Chief hastily—he was married. "All right. But Miss Steel means well. She is too pert, of course, and she doesn't have the polish and smoothness the Department likes, but she's the smartest girl we've got. Much the quickest and most accurate. Willing to work overtime, too. Besides," he hesitated delicately, "she's a protégée of Senator Watson's. I don't believe we can afford to slight—"

"I see!" Jerry smiled wryly. "Anyway, she ought to be a great help in wearing me down. They've found the northern diamond a little rough at times, I notice. Miss Steel will do beautifully. She's really a grand girl and I like her. And if you hear an occasional blast from my office or feel the building rock on its foundations, you'll know it's just Miss Steel—doing her duty."

The Chief smiled and shrugged and straightened a perfect tie beneath a well-shaved chin. The diamond from the north woods was in truth a little rough. And when he caught sight of Mary Steel's trim back whisking down the corridor he smiled with a certain wistfulness. She was a smart girl, and it was unfortunate senior officers must insist on dignity.

Jerry Stone looked up as the girl's heels clicked their quick rat-tat



Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

He kissed her impetuously. "Now," he said, "make me twelve copies of that."

across his floor. There was something very military about Mary Steel's bearing. Slim as a blade she stood before him. Her hair sprang from her brow in crisp little curls, her short nose was crisp, her black lashes flared crisply back from wide grey eyes.

"General," said Jerry, "take a letter."

She took a quick breath, and he grinned at her struggle for control. For the first time he knew a sort of sympathy. Poor kid, they were trying to polish her, too. The older secretaries and junior officers had been at her.

"If I may," she said as primly as a little girl reciting her lesson, "I would like to call your attention to a certain matter. Might I point out that you haven't yet initialed those forms I left for you? And where are those carbon copies I was to have?"

"Where indeed?" he inquired amiably. "Listen, Legree, I was brought on to bust the trusts. I'm supposed to be wrestling with problems of State. I've just flushed a covey of pirates out of the brush. My fangs are bared, my hackles are stiff. I'm ready for the kill. And you—you expect me to stop and paw around for some carbon copies!"

"Yes," she said. "I certainly do."

"Where's your vision?" he pleaded. "Where's your imagination?"

She gave up struggling with her temper. She could be as raw and natural as he. "If they'd wanted vision," she flared, "they'd have hired Emma Goldman. And if they'd wanted imagination, they'd have hired Edna Ferber. I'm supposed to look out for carbon copies. I need twelve of them, two for the files, one for each of the commissioners, one for the court record, one for the Press, one for—"

"And one for the little pig that stayed home!" he finished. "Well, I haven't time for any carbon copies now. Will you take this letter—Board of Directors, Amalgamated Power, Inc., Commercial Building, Gentlemen: You have repeatedly evaded my question on Section X. Gentlemen, I don't want any more of this shilly-shallying and beating about the bush. I want an honest—"

Mary Steel lifted her pencil sharply. "That won't do!"

"What?" His blue eyes were shot with fire, his red hair seemed to grow redder. "Am I doing this or—"

"The Department," she said, "is doing this. I mean, might I suggest this is business pertaining to the whole Department?"

"You might," he said, "but you'd

better not! And since when have you gone mealy-mouthed on me? All you hear around this place is 'Might I suggest?' and 'May I respectfully point out I'd like to cut your throat?' Why can't people say what they think? Now you take this letter the way I dictate it, and like it. 'Gentlemen, your game is up—'

"No," she said stubbornly. "It has to go this way, Gentlemen. I beg to refer you to our correspondence on Section X—"

"Miss Steel," he cried furiously, "let's get a few things straight. I was brought here to flatten these men out. I've got on to their whole dirty, crooked game, and I'm going to show them who—"

Mary Steel's grey eyes blazed, but she held on to herself. "When you get through your explosion," she said, "we can go on with the dictation. This letter has to go out tonight—with twelve carbon copies." She glanced at her notes. "We had just got," she reminded him, "to I beg to refer—"

**H**E grinned in spite of himself. "It's just a case," he conceded, "of Steel wearing down Stone."

Jerry Stone had swept out of the north woods like one of his native storms. He had descended on a puzzled and touchy Department, used to a cautious, deliberate way of doing things. Jerry Stone was never cautious and his deliberations were cyclonic. As a boy in a logging camp he had seen the direct, primitive ways of lumberjacks. When they wanted to get rid of a tree, they simply chopped it down. In college he had been a famous football player, shattering the enemy line with his headlong charge.

As a young lawyer and politician Jerry had hurled himself at his adversaries with the same swift and simple fervor. He had fought so savagely to elect his father's friend to the Senate that the Senator half-admiringly, half-grimly, had wangled him this job in the Department.

"We'll see something!" the Senator had told his friends.

And they had. They had seen the lifted eyebrows of senior officers, the frightened scurrying of junior officers, the smiles, the sneers, the shudders of an outraged staff. They had seen the proud, small head of Mary Steel, ace stenographer, tilt haughtily on its slim neck. No embattled door from the back country was going to push her about.

It was ironic their names should be Steel and Stone. Steel striking on flint. A shower of sparks over Washington.

But if the Department sniffed at Jerry Stone, its enemies didn't. Jerry Stone was charging.

Knives were sharpened behind closed doors. Records were hidden away. Fences were built at boards of directors' meetings. The word had gone out to stop Jerry Stone. The word was cautious and civilised, couched in terms of courtesy, but it was ominous. Jerry was flattered and favoured. But he still came on. His charge was swift, merciless, and joyous. He talked to underlings and victims. He found the records that were hidden, the papers that had been so opportunely lost. He won his first case.

And then the trouble began. The bucking enemy lines strengthened and straightened. And jealousy sprang to life in his own department.

There had been a flicker of something like softness for the first time on Mary Steel's face when he came back from court.

"Well," she admitted, "you certainly can dish it out! Of course, you did about a million things wrong. The next crowd's going to be smoother than the last. They'll have inside pull, too. They won't be content with just licking you—they'll frame you, if they can."

"The emphasis," he told her, "is on the word if."

The new investigation went limpingly. Jerry's quarry had taken his measure. He found obstacles adroitly placed at every turn. He found a strange, lagard spirit among his own assistants. His orders weren't quite carried out by those below him. They were countermanded by those above him.

"I feel I really must suggest," the Chief said smoothly, "that you re-write this letter. We hesitate to say,

"We demand an immediate answer. I think you will find our precedent favors the expression. May we venture to hope this will recommend itself to your attention at your earliest convenience?" Be sure to let me see your revision before it goes out."

Jerry reddened. "Certainly, sir. And about Section X—"

"Oh, yes! Will you send up your extra carbon on your findings?"

"I'm sorry. I don't have an extra carbon."

The Chief's brows went up. "No extra carbons? But your files—"

"I wasn't hired as a filing cabinet!" Jerry blurted. "I've got too much to do to play school marm. You know, yourself, I dug up a whole lot of material on those tax evasions. I've kept Miss Steel so busy typing out that stuff, I didn't bother her with the carbons of Section X."

"I see." The Chief stroked his chin. "Are you always too busy to keep carbon copies?"

"If I can arrange it!" Jerry said frankly and grinned. "We're engaged in a fight that may make business history. Why should we mess around with carbon copies?"

"Well," the Chief was vague, "we all have our way of doing things. Be sure to let me see that revision."

And the Second Assistant, who was sent out to get testimony, came back empty-handed.

"They wouldn't admit me to their files."

"We'll have to subpoena those men yet," said Jerry.

"Might I suggest," the Second Assistant spoke with obvious patience, "our usual method of procedure—"

"Our usual method has failed. Are you going to get that dope or must I send Miss Steel?"

The Second Assistant walked from the room stiffly. His back spoke of quiet horror and deep outrage.

So Jerry did things himself.

"Where's Mr. Stone?" he once heard the Chief's stenographer ask the Second Assistant.

"In his office," said the Second Assistant coldly, "bellowing and pawing the earth!"

Jerry, who was initialing some letters for Mary Steel, caught the words and flushed. "Poor Turner!" he said. "He's hurt because I don't hold his hand and pat his cheek."

Please turn to Page 46

## LYRIC OF LIFE

### Ties

Before me is the far horizon  
Where the ships dip  
down—  
Behind in smoky silhouette  
The roofs of the town.

There are lands beyond the  
sea's far rim  
That I used to know—  
But here are chains I've  
wrought myself,  
And I cannot go.

The roofs of the town are  
grey and drab,  
And the streets are black.  
Yet life and I are fettered  
there—  
And I'm going back.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.



# CARDS on the TABLE

Final instalment of this  
thrilling serial

**Y**ES, you are sensible. That is good. It is a very noble action that you perform there, madame, to take the blame on yourself and to let this child escape," said Poirot.

"You forget," said Mrs. Lorrimer in a dry voice, "I am not an innocent woman. Years ago, M. Poirot, I killed my husband . . ."

There was a moment's silence. "I see," said Poirot. "It is justice. After all, only justice. You have the logical mind. You are willing to suffer for the act you committed. Murder is murder—it does not matter who the victim is. Madame, you have courage, and you have clear-sightedness. But I ask of you once more: How can you be so sure? How do you know that it was Anne Meredith who killed Mr. Shaitana?"

A deep sigh broke from Mrs. Lorrimer. Her last resistance had gone down before Poirot's insistence. She answered his question quite simply like a child.

"Because," she said, "I saw her." Suddenly Poirot laughed. He could not help it. His head went back, and his high Gallic laugh filled the room.

"Pardon, madame," he said, wiping his eyes. "I could not help it. Here we argue and we reason! We ask questions! We invoke the psychology—and all the time there was an eye-witness of the crime. Tell me, I pray of you."

"It was fairly late in the evening. Anne Meredith was dumpy. She got up and looked over her partner's hand, and then she moved about the room. The hand wasn't very interesting—the conclusion was inevitable. I didn't need to concentrate on the cards. Just as we got to the last three tricks I looked over towards the fireplace. Anne Meredith was bent over Mr. Shaitana. As I watched, she straightened herself—her hand had been actually on his breast—a gesture which awakened my surprise. She straightened herself, and I saw her face and her quick look over towards us. Guilt and fear—that is what I saw on her face. Of course, I didn't know what had happened then. I only wondered what on earth the girl could have been doing. Later—I knew."

Poirot nodded. "But she did not know that you knew. She did not know that you had seen her."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Lorrimer. "Young, frightened—her way to make in the world. Do you wonder that I—well, held my tongue?"

"No, no, I do not wonder." "Especially knowing that I—that I myself—" She finished the sentence with a shrug. "It was certainly not my place to stand accuser. It was up to the police."

"Quite so—but to-day you have gone further than that."

Mrs. Lorrimer said grimly:

"I've never been a very soft-hearted or compassionate woman, but I suppose these qualities grow upon one in one's old age. I assure you, I'm not often actuated by pity."

"It is not always a very safe guide, madame. Mademoiselle Anne is young, she is fragile, she looks timid and frightened—oh, yes, she seems a

very worthy subject for compassion. But I, I do not agree. Shall I tell you, madame, why Miss Anne Meredith killed Mr. Shaitana? It was because he knew that she had previously killed an elderly lady to whom she was companion—because that lady had found her out in a petty theft."

Mrs. Lorrimer looked a little startled.

"Is that true, M. Poirot?" "I have no doubt of it, whatsoever. She is so soft—so gentle—one would say, Pahl! She is dangerous, madame, that little Mademoiselle Anne! Where her own safety, her own comfort, is concerned, she will strike wildly—treacherously. With Mademoiselle Anne those two crimes will not be the end. She will gain confidence from them . . ."

Mrs. Lorrimer said sharply: "What you say is horrible, M. Poirot. Horrible!"

Poirot rose. "Madame, I will now take my leave. Reflect on what I have said."

Mrs. Lorrimer was looking a little uncertain of herself. She said with an attempt at her old manner:

"If it suits me, M. Poirot, I shall deny this whole conversation. You have no witnesses, remember. What I have just told you that I saw on that fatal evening is—well, private between ourselves."

Poirot said gravely. "Nothing shall be done without your consent, madame. And be at peace; I have my own methods. That I know what I am driving at—"

He took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"Permit me to tell you, madame, that you are a most remarkable woman. All my homage and respects. Yes, indeed, a woman in a thousand. Why, you have not even done what nine hundred and ninety-nine women out of a thousand could not have resisted doing."

"What is that?"

"Told me just why you killed your husband—and how entirely justified such a proceeding really was."

Mrs. Lorrimer drew herself up.

"Really, M. Poirot," she said stiffly. "My reasons were entirely my own business."

"Magnificent!" said Poirot, and, once more raising her hand to his lips, he left the room.

It was cold outside the house, and

## By AGATHA CHRISTIE

he looked up and down for a taxi, but there was none in sight.

He began to walk in the direction of King's Road.

As he walked he was thinking hard. Occasionally he nodded his head; once he shook it.

He looked back over his shoulder. Someone was going up the steps of Mrs. Lorrimer's house. In figure it looked very like Anne Meredith. He hesitated for a minute, wondering whether to turn back or not; but in the end he went on.

On arrival at home, he found that



Illustrated by  
WYNNE W.  
DAVIES

Battle had gone without leaving any message.

He proceeded to ring the superintendent up.

"Hallo," Battle's voice came through. "Got anything?" "I think so. My friend, we must get after the Meredith girl—and quickly."

"I'm getting after her—but why quickly?" "Because, my friend, she may be dangerous."

Battle was silent for a minute or two. Then he said:

"I know what you mean. But there's no one . . . Oh, well, we mustn't take chances. As a matter of fact, I've written her. Official note, saying I'm calling to see her to-morrow. I thought it might be a good thing to get her rattled."

"It is a possibility, at least. I may accompany you?"

"Naturally. Honored to have your company, M. Poirot."

*Despard ran quickly to the nearest point of the river bank and plunged in. He made straight for Rhoda.*

He lifted the telephone receiver, and Battle's voice spoke:

"That M. Poirot?" "Yes, it is I. What is it?"

The mere inflection of the superintendent's voice had told him that something had happened. His own vague misgivings came back to him.

"But quickly, my friend, tell me."

"It's Mrs. Lorrimer."

"Lorrimer—yes?"

"What the devil did you say to her—or did she say to you—yesterday? You never told me anything; in fact, you let me think that the Meredith girl was the one we were after."

Poirot said quietly:

"What has happened?"

"Suicide."

"Mrs. Lorrimer has committed suicide?"

"That's right. It seems she has been very depressed and unlike herself lately. Her doctor had ordered her some sleeping stuff. Last night she took an overdose."

Poirot drew a deep breath.

"There is no question of—accident?"

"Not the least. It's all cut and dried. She wrote to the three of them."

"Which three?"

"The other three. Roberts, Despard and Miss Meredith. All fair and square—no beating about the bush. Just wrote that she would like the three to know that she was taking a short-cut out of all the mess—that it was she who had killed Shaitana

—and that she apologised—apologised—to all three of them for the inconvenience and annoyance they had suffered. Perfectly calm, business-like letter. Absolutely typical of the woman. She was a cool customer all right."

For a minute or two Poirot did not answer.

So this was Mrs. Lorrimer's final word. She had determined, after all, to shield Anne Meredith. A quick, painless death instead of a protracted, painful one, and her last action an altruistic one—the saving of the girl with whom she felt a secret bond of sympathy. The whole thing planned and carried out with quite ruthless efficiency—a suicide carefully announced to the three interested parties. What a woman! His admiration quickened. It was like her—like her clear-cut determination, her insistence on what she had decided being carried out.

He had thought to have convinced her—but evidently she had preferred her own judgment. A woman of very strong will.

Battle's voice cut into his meditations.

"What the devil did you say to her yesterday? You must have put the wind up her, and this is the result. But you implied that the result of your interview was definite suspicion of the Meredith girl."

Please turn to Page 48



# THE SEED

A Complete  
Short Story

Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

*Sorrowing for the child she  
had lost, Ann at last found  
comfort in a strange way.*

AT the back of the house there was a long, sunny hill where John had loved to play. Now, every time Henry, his father, looked at it, in summer or winter, he saw it as a place to build a garden.

"By golly, that's the place for it. We'll raise our own tomatoes and turnips there." One could imagine Henry telling his friends at dinner that all the vegetables had come from their own garden. But, somehow, Henry had always been too busy as a solicitor to bother much with this garden.

During the winter evenings, when he had sat by the fire with his seed catalogues around him, Ann had believed that, somehow, something would happen to save John's hill. She had made no resistance to Henry's plans because this was the winter after little John had died, and she had been too stunned and locked within herself to resist. It was easier to lean on Henry's shoulder and help him choose between the Blue Arcadian cabbage and the Pride of Bath.

But because she had the wordless feeling that life had stopped for her, that nothing around her ever again would grow, or change, she had not believed that the hill would become a garden. She thought that they would all go on keeping up this pretence of living their normal lives, their robust, wholesome lives, as she was keeping it up herself, but that there would be no change made upon anything so solid as the hill.

EVEN when Henry had come home with all the shining new tools, to dig up the earth, even while the other children, stamped with Henry's own wild industry, quarrelled about who would plant what, she had thought that something would happen to save John's beloved little hill.

But last night they had all gone to bed early; and this Saturday morning, when dawn came, she heard them waking up all over the house, full of energy. She heard the three of them jerking on their shoes and dashing into their garden clothes with a determination that filled her heart with dread.

She had flattened herself in her bed, unwilling to open her eyes. But all the large, healthy noise of Henry and Henry's children had attacked her, and Henry himself had come to the door.

"Wake up, Mummy Ann! The youngsters are ready to begin making the garden."

He stood there, a huge shadow in the opening of her door, and the early morning sun glinted on his glasses so that she could not see his face. He had a blind and owlish look, infinitely pathetic.

"I am so sorry for him," she told herself. "If I could be sorry enough it might melt me a little."

"We're beginning to make the garden this morning," Henry said. "You want us to, don't you?"

"I thought so," Henry said. "If I were a spoiled man, you'd have spoiled me, Mummy Ann."

"I'll spoil you to-day," she said deliberately, because her heart would not thaw. "I'll spoil you all to-day, just to see if it can be done."

He came into the room and stood there, and his throat seemed to gulp

as if there were something he wanted to say and could not.

"Ann—it's better now, isn't it?" he whispered. "It's been better for me lately—is it better for you?"

She felt that surge of anguish all through her then.

"It's quite healed now," she said in that breathless little cheerful voice which wouldn't let anyone come near to her hurt. "I have you, Henry, and the other children. I have everything a woman could want."

"What we need is to be busy," Henry said in his positive way, and he said it quite loudly to reassure them both that this was a normal conversation, just husband-and-wife talk. "You'd better get up now."

She knew that she would get up quickly, because that was the best way of hiding herself from Henry and the children. She knew she would say exactly what they expected her to say. These were the three people who thought they knew her best, and she never disturbed that knowledge by being as she really was. They knew her as they knew the sky, without expectation or surprise. They knew her so well that they never thought about her.

She began to think that no one would ever really understand her, till John had come. Almost from the first he had run straight into the undiscovered parts of herself. He had run across them, laughing and possessing them with all his strange, embracing knowledge, as he had run across the sunny hill behind the house.

But John was gone now, and this morning they were to cut the hill into a garden.

Always there had been people surrounding Ann, and always she had been lonely. Always—except for those brief eight years when John belonged to her.

Even when Henry first loved her she had still seemed separate and apart, still alone.

She had thought then: "Perhaps, after we're married, I'll be really close to him. Perhaps that's what marriage does."

Afterwards, however, it was just the same. She was with Henry

before he could talk they seemed to be deep companions.

"I know how his voice will sound," she said to herself. "It's as if I'd heard it always in my own heart. I know how it'll sound at two, and ten, and twenty." She closed her eyes and recalled those three voices of John.

Sure enough, the voice she heard was his voice at two, a calm, husky, slow voice, with pockets of unexpected mirth in it.

"He's a funny little duck," Henry said. "He doesn't seem like the other children. Perhaps we brought the wrong baby home from the hospital."

"He's mine," Ann said.

"His thumb's double-jointed, just as mine is," Henry reminded her sensibly.

"You can have his thumb, darling."

Everyone loved John because he had a gentle way of being charming to everyone. But no one loved him as Ann did. Sometimes she used to watch him playing with the

other children, and it seemed as if she could not bear her own happiness. She would hear them, Harry and Marian, doing their best to please John. And she would think: "He's the link that makes us all into a family circle."

She was very stern with him; she favored the other children in all decisions, as though that would make up for loving John so overwhelmingly the best.

"Some of myself was never born until he was born," she said as she mended the other children's clothes. She thought she might have gone to her grave never being all of herself, if John had not come.

John used to say:

"Mother, I'm running for both of us," and he had run and leaped with little-boy ferocity, because it was an April morning.

"Yes, darling," she had told him,



*Then John came  
back . . . and  
looked up into  
her face, as he  
always did, with  
his quick, quiv-  
ering smile.*

tionally than they. He let his father start a stamp collection for him, and show him how to make a lean-to in the garden out of cedar branches.

But when he was with Ann they lived in an enchanted world. They hadn't a great deal to say; it was as though their understanding grew between them like a refreshing vine, which sometimes put forth a spray of words for flowers or for fruit. Once, when he was opening his window at bedtime, Ann said:

"Shall I look now—have you got the stars all turned on?" And he had laughed, knowing that she knew he pretended they were his stars, and that he turned them on at night for her to see.

"Did you play that star game when you were little, mother?"

"No, darling. But you play it."

"I never told you about it."

"I know, John."

Sometimes he'd wrap up an empty box, or blow up a paper bag, and bring her a present which no one else could see.

"And what is this?" she'd say, peeping inside.

"It's a word I heard. I don't know what it means, mother, but I knew you'd like it. It's 'transparent'."

Perhaps it's got something to do with mothers and fathers, but I don't think so."

"I'll keep it," she said. "I'll wear it to-morrow, and I hope you find it becoming to me."

Or he'd say: "It's a half-hour I'm giving you, mother. We'll spend it any way you want to."

And Ann would wrap up the empty box carefully and say: "I'll save it until I need it."

One day last month she had come upon one of those wrapped boxes on the top shelf of her cupboard.

"It had a half-hour in it which I didn't accept. Good gracious!" she cried, her arms aching empty.

She and John had a hundred little secret games, and many of them were connected with the little sunny hill behind the house. They'd go out and sit in the tall grass, or lie on their faces listening to the earth's muted sounds. John was always planting things in that wild little patch of land.

Please turn to Page 16

By... Margaret  
Lee RUNBECK

hour after hour, and always she was lonely. She smiled close into his face; she listened to his long, hearty talking. But still she had said to herself: "When we have a child—then it will be different."

But it was Henry's child they had had, a sweet, opaque-eyed little boy, healthy and practical, like dear Henry. That child and another child, both belonging to him, both made to his pattern.

"I couldn't love my children more," she said persuasively to herself, and she cared for their sound little bodies, and tried to see behind their eyes. But she was so lonely.

When she was thirty she said to herself: "This is just the way life is. We are all for ever in separate worlds, not quite touching. But somehow I had hoped—"

And then John was born. Even





Illustrated by WEP

Muir leaned over the cockpit and looked at her. Except for the slight flush of indignation her face was serene. "I . . . I'm sorry. I thought you were Jimmy Leggett."

# LAST LINK

by

## NORMAN LOCKE

### COMPLETE SHORT STORY

THE swagman paused on top of the hill and stood gazing over the desert at the township straggling below. It lay there drowning in the afternoon sun, just a few corrugated iron dwellings, the green roofed hospital, and the sheds of Kent's Transport Depot.

"Kent's"—the swagman whispered the word through sun-cracked lips, and that eternal hope which adversity seems unable to kill stirred again in his heart. He hoped that he might find work at Kent's and for the moment he forgot how often in the last bleak years his similar hopes had been stricken by that terse, deadly shaft: "Too old, we want younger men."

He remembered now and the thought steadied him. Plenty of time for crowing after he'd got the job. It would probably be another case of "too old," as if a man of forty-odd were decrepit and useless. Muir shouldered his swag and strode down the track. Fighting back his bitterness he recalled that he'd been young enough in 1914; young enough and fool enough to throw up a career in order to fight. Not that he regretted doing so, but this other fight, this incessant battle for very existence, this was what filled you with despair and tore your nerves to shreds.

So far he had managed to keep on fighting. Foot-weary, rebuffed, and sometimes scorned, he had followed his will-o'-wisp of hope thinking there must be a turning, no matter how long the lane.

A grin flickered over his homely face, for this particular lane had been long enough by any count. He cast his mind back hundreds of weary miles to the bush hotel and the drunken shearer from whom he had first heard that old Kent could do with such a man as he; and though he might have been a fool to tramp these many miles for little more than a rumor, he felt that

even a wild goose chase was preferable to sitting helplessly down and waiting for something to turn up.

He rounded a bend in the track and stopped short, his interest quickened by the sight of a plane which shimmered like a silver bird by its hangar on the landing ground. The sight stirred him. Unconsciously he raised his head higher and his eyes became dreamy as latent memories of men and machines awakened as if from a long sleep. He swerved, and breathing quickly walked toward the plane, and as he walked ghostly voices whispered to him so that the grim reality of the present was usurped by the glamor and glory of the past.

On reaching the machine he mounted the cockpit, sank into the red, upholstered seat, and with feet on rudder-bars and hand on stick the tramp indulged his dreams. Yet it was not Muir, the vagrant, who was seated there; it was Lieutenant Muir, young, daring, zestful, and again he was zooming and banking and droning over the trench-gashed, smoking earth of his quickened imagination.

Great days, those of the Dawn Patrols; and there were wild nights too, when you drank and sang and

tried to forget the grim import of a turned-down glass and a vacant chair. His face grew hard as he thought of the men who had gone. Good men, those; and there were good women, too.

Muir! He savored her name and his eyes lit with sombre tenderness as she came to him across the shadows of time, as she had come to him so long ago in those twilight nights of Flanders. He recalled the idyllic stuff they used to talk together behind the lines, while Verey lights streaked across the flash-torn skies and distant guns thundered. They were to have been married, but a bomb smashing down on her ambulance column one night on the Menin Road had finished all that. Old stuff now. No use thinking of it; yet with Muir he might have weathered the storm. He'd gone to pieces without her.

For a long time he sat there enveloped in thought, then suddenly he was conscious of childish voices,

and with a shock of understanding he looked up at the two bare-footed boys who had quietly approached and who were now standing there shyly and a little afraid.

He couldn't blame them for being afraid. He remembered his travel-worn suit, his collarless shirt, and his burst shoes. "It's all right," he assured them.

An uncertain smile came to the elder boy's freckled face as he said shyly, "Thought you were Mister Leggett."

"The pilot? And where does he fly to?"

"To the mines, to-day," the lad was stroking the ground with his grubby toe. "Takes the men their pay."

"Where is he now?"

"Hospital," piped the lad. "They sent for him for somethin'."

"And do you know if Mr. Kent's at home?"

The boys came closer, and the smaller one spoke for the first time. "Mr. Kent," he submitted calmly, "is going to die."

Interest flickered in Muir's eyes, but his hopes were dribbling away like sand from a clenched fist. "Tell me about it," he begged quietly.

The boys tried to explain—school closed, hospital filled, people ill—and Muir thought of the dubious water supply, the millions of flies, and found it strange that there were not more epidemics. With no doctor within miles, he pitied the grim fight ahead of the two nurses at the little bush hospital. Then he turned again to his own troubles: "Was there no one else at Kent's but the old man?"

The boys said there had been, but young Miss Kent was in town, buying things for her wedding with Mr. Leggett, and the elder one was 'way north running the mail contract or something."

Muir sat moodily. He was dispirited, hungry, and obsessed by uncertainty. No use going on; no use turning back. The best he could do was to stay here and have a word with pilot Leggett, for if the young fellow were engaged to Kent's daughter he might know something of the old man's requirements.

His eyes roved over the well-remembered instruments: altimeter, compass, pitot. They were an improvement on those of the older days. And here was something else, something he'd never seen before. He turned curiously to the steel box which glistened unobtrusively from a corner of the structure.

He leaned forward with dilated nostrils, as slowly understanding came. Leggett . . . bound for the mines . . . with the pay-roll. It would be there, behind that slim steel door. He made a rapid reckoning. Nine hundred pounds, or a thousand, in crisp, clean notes.

His face set like grey concrete. All the degradation and striving of years rose and mocked him. And he could see no end to it. He was getting old. But here, within reach lay the way to a fresh start . . . his for the taking.

Please turn to Page 18



# FASHION PORTFOLIO

July 8, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



## AT HOME

• DELIBERATELY GAY taffeta skirt in brilliant candy stripes, garnished with Puckish yellow taffeta jacket that features a quaint little basque.

• ROMANY ROMANCE with a dynamic striped skirt of surah silk and a slim-fitting, deceptively demure bodice of purple faille.

• JUST LIKE Jo in "Little Women" with a cyclamen and green striped skirt, green jacket, and a poignant froth of white-chiffon at the neck.



# INDISCRETIONS....



● Pancake-flat straw with a roll of brilliant chiffon.



● White grosgrain with black veil and feathers. Aage Thaarup.



● A chou of feathers, a soaring quill, and mist of veil.



● Straw plateau with veiling, and a cellophane pompon.



● Violet straw tricorn with soft bunches of fuchsia ribbons.



● Aage Thaarup's boater entwined with a froth of marquisette.



● Madcap postilion in burnt-toast straw. Aage Thaarup.



● Tip-tilted felt with lilac satin ribbons. Aage Thaarup.



● Aage Thaarup's doll's hat with rosebuds and veiling.



# PARIS SNAPSHOTS



By Air Mail from  
MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by  
PETROV

**1** BOLEROS made of tucked chiffon are being worn with both afternoon and evening ensembles. The tucks, folding over one another, are about an inch wide and form stripes right round the jacket from neck to hem.

The sleeves, about four inches long, are also tucked, each tuck being edged with narrow matching lace. Mustard with black and forest-green with navy are the favorite color combinations.

**2** FANS are very much in evidence again, especially at formal evening functions, and among the most popular are the black ruffled net varieties decorated with posies of real flowers to match the flowers on one's décolletage.

**3** BLACK LACE is "the thing" for evening dresses. They are made with very tight bodices, minute shoulder straps and enormous skirts made up over brightly-colored satin petticoats which throw the pattern of the lace into bold relief. Favorite colors for satin under-slips are sky-blue, cerise, pumpkin-yellow, peach and cyclamen.

**4** LARGER HATS are definitely popular. Even in felt they have a wide sweep of brim and higher crowns than we have seen for many months. Fruit and flower trimming is usually at the back and in natural colorings on pastel-tinted shapes.

**5** REAL FLOWER NECKLACES made on the plan of the daisy chains we all loved in our toddler days are very popular for debutantes and seem to have quite taken the place of the large antique pendants that were being worn with all the off-the-shoulder models only a few weeks ago.

The flowers used for these necklaces are generally carnations, rosebuds and gardenias—and for a really festive occasion, or if you're feeling wildly extravagant, orchids. They cost about 25/- and are guaranteed for only one evening. Very, very charming and young-making, of course—but an expensive accessory.

• INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns from fashion sketches by Petrov and Rene and overseas fashion photos are obtainable from our Pattern Department. Price 3/6 each.

## GET RID OF YOUR CORN Painlessly With Zam-Buk

WHY let those obstinate corns continue to pain and cripple you? Just follow this easy Zam-Buk treatment and you will soon go about your daily work with happy, care-free feet.

Night and morning give your feet a thorough soaking in hot water. Then, after drying, rub Zam-Buk well in, especially round the edges and on the tops of the corns. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed and immediately start

### Loosening Corns At The Roots

In a few days you will find that you can ease your corns out from their roots without any pain, and you will again know the joy of easy comfortable feet.

Zam-Buk also relieves pain, swelling and foot soreness, grows new skin and wonderfully strengthens ankles, joints, toes, and feet. Don't suffer another day—get a box of Zam-Buk—there's nothing like it.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All Chemists & Stores



"I had a painful corn on my toe and was glad to take my shoe off for relief when I got home from work. Soaking my foot in hot water and rubbing in Zam-Buk enabled the corn to be removed."—Mrs. M. Wall.

"Having such trouble with my feet I had to stop in and rest them. Zam-Buk gave wonderful relief, and friends were astonished to see me about again."—Mrs. G. Hutchings.

**Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night**



# WASHED OUT BY 10-30

**-BUT  
FULL OF  
BEANS  
AGAIN AT  
10.45!**



## BONOX puts new life into you

You can feel Bonox doing you good! Puts new strength into your blood! When you're feeling low, a piping hot cup of Bonox puts new life into you immediately. Yes! You can feel that cup of Bonox doing you good! Unlike ordinary beef extracts, Bonox contains predigested beef . . . all ready to be absorbed into your bloodstream at once! Your stomach has little or no work to do. That's why

Bonox picks you up so quickly . . . Bonox also stimulates the flow of digestive juices in the stomach . . . it helps you get the most out of other foods you eat. Builds up your resistance to colds and flu. Drink a cup of Bonox every day, and keep well right through the winter.

Bonox is sold everywhere in 2, 4, 8 and 16 oz. bottles. Made in Australia by Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd.



**BONOX POURS GLORIOUS  
NEW STRENGTH STRAIGHT  
INTO YOUR BLOOD.**



**BONOX PICKS YOU UP  
AND BUILDS YOU UP**

*Safeguard  
YOUR  
Smile . . .*

**PROTECT  
YOUR TEETH**



Clean away that tartar and germ breeding film! Uncover the sparkling beauty of your tooth enamel, polish and whiten it safely with Listerine Tooth Paste. This thoroughly proven dentifrice contains no soap or grit; no trick formula that contributes nothing but froth; but it does include a secret polishing agent and the germ killing activity of Listerine Antiseptic itself—two features obtainable in no other dentifrices.

"BEAUTY BATH FOR TEETH"

**LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**



## CHARMING KNITTEDS . . . for SPORTS

PICNICKING, yachting, playing games or watching them—here's the answer to snug, snappy sports wear for any or all those occasions.

THE jumper matches the beanie even to the bunches of cherries. Try it in pale blue with scarlet cherries—or any contrast which suits your coloring.

Follow these simple directions:

### THE JUMPER

**Materials Required:** 6oz. Paton's Azalea crochet and knitting wool. Two No. 11 and two No. 10 Beehive knitting needles.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 19½ inches; length of sleeve underarm seam, 5 inches; bust, 34 inches.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog, together; m, make; sl, slip; p.s.s.o, pass slip-stitch over; w.r.n., wool round needle.

**Tension:** 8 sts. 1 inch.

### STRAIGHT RIB PATTERN

1st Row: \* K 3, p 2. Repeat from \* to last 3 sts. K 3.

2nd Row: \* P 3, k 2. Repeat from \* to the last 3 sts. P 3.

### DIAGONAL RIB PATTERN

1st Row: \* K 3, p 2. Repeat from \* to the last 3 sts. K 3.

2nd Row: K 1, \* p 3, k 2. Repeat from \* to the last 2 sts. P 2.

3rd Row: K 1, \* p 2, k 3. Repeat from \* to the last 3 sts. P 2.

4th Row: P 1, \* k 2, p 3. Repeat from \* to the last 2 sts. K 2.

5th Row: P 1, \* k 3, p 2. Repeat from \* to the last 2 sts. K 2.

6th Row: \* P 3, k 2. Repeat from \* to the last 3 sts. P 3.

7th Row: K 2, \* p 2, k 3. Repeat from \* to the last st. P 1.

8th Row: K 2, \* p 3, k 2. Repeat from \* to the last st. P 1.

9th Row: \* P 2, k 3. Repeat from \* to the last 3 sts. P 2, k 1.

10th Row: P 2, \* k 2, p 3. Repeat from \* to last st. K 1.

### FRONT

With No. 11 needles cast on 108 sts. Work 3½ inches in straight rib increasing in last row to 128 sts. Change to No. 10 needles and diagonal rib and continue even until work from beginning measures 11½ inches. With right side of work facing, work 4 rows garter-st.

### TO SHAPE ARMHOLES

1st Row: Cast off 6 sts. K 2, \* p 2, k 3. Repeat from \* to end of row.

2nd Row: Cast off 6 sts. P 2, \* k 2, p 3. Repeat from \* to last 4 sts. K 2, p 2.

Continue in straight rib dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alternate row to 100 sts. Continue even in straight rib until armhole from first shaping measures 21 inches. With right side facing, shape neck.

### TO SHAPE NECK

Straight rib 50 sts., turn. Keeping continuity of pattern and armhole edge even, at neck edge decrease 1 st. every alternate row to 27 sts. Continue even until armhole from first shaping measures 7 inches.

### TO SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 9 sts. every alternate row 3 times. Join wool at centre neck opening and work other shoulder to correspond.

### BACK

Work exactly as given for front, omitting neck shaping until armhole measures 7 inches.

### TO SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 9 sts. beginning next 4 rows.

5th Row: Cast off 9 sts. Knit to the last 9 sts. Straight rib 9 sts.

6th Row: Cast off 9 sts. Knit to end of row.

7th Row: Cast off knittings.

### SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles cast on 73 sts. Work 1 inch straight rib.

Next Row (buttonholes): Straight rib 33 sts., w.r.n. p 2 tog., k 3, w.r.n. p 2 tog. Straight rib to end of row. Work 1 inch straight rib inc. in last row to 93 sts. Change to No. 10 needles and diagonal rib, and continue even until work from beginning measures 4½ ins. With right



MAKE this attractive jumper and beanie to match. You'll find both so youthful and flattering. Directions for knitting are given on this page.

side facing work 4 rows garter-st. Change to straight rib and proceed:

1st Row: Cast off 2 sts., \* p 2, k 3, repeat from \* to the end of row.

2nd Row: Cast off 2 sts., \* k 2, p 3, repeat from \* to the last 3 sts., k 2, p 1.

Keeping continuity of pattern continue in straight rib, casting off 2 sts. beginning every row to 29 sts. Cast off.

### COLLAR LAPELS

With No. 10 needles cast on 50 sts. Work in garter-st, dec. 1 st. each end of needle on 3rd and every following 2nd row to 2 sts. Fasten off. Make 2 cherries and 1 joining stem 1 inch long for each sleeve.

### The Beanie

**MATERIALS Required:** 3oz. Paton's Lacette yarn, 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles.

### Wind the Wool Double

**Tension:** 6½ sts. 1 inch. Beginning at lower edge with double wool cast on 104 sts. Work

2 inches even in stocking-st. Continue in ribbing (k 2, p 2) until work measures 6 inches from beginning. With right side of work facing proceed:

1st Row: \* K 2, p 2 tog., repeat from \* to end of row.

2nd Row: \* K 1, p 2, repeat from \* to end of row.

3rd Row: \* K 2, p 1, repeat from \* to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows until work measures 7 inches from beginning, ending with 2nd row.

Next Row: \* K 2 tog., p 1, repeat from \* to end of row.

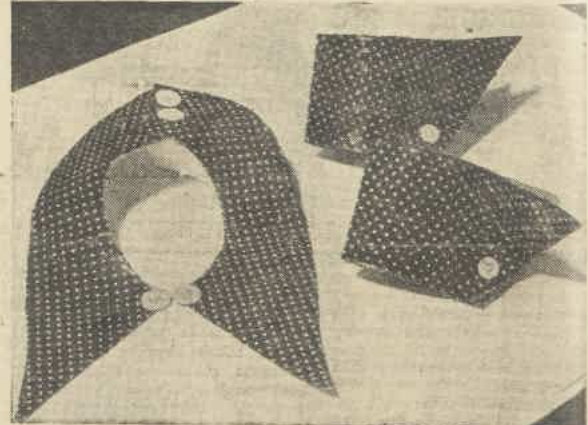
Next Row: \* K 1, p 1, repeat from \* to end of row.

Repeat last row until work measures 8 inches from beginning.

Next Row: \* Sl 1, p 1, p.s.s.o. Repeat from \* to end of row.

Next Row: P 2 tog. across row. Cast off remaining sts. tightly. Sew side edges together and top opening. Make 3 cherries and 1 leaf. Sew to top of crown. Roll the 2 inches of stocking-st. on right side.

## Will save your best frock



COLLAR AND CUFF set designed for protecting frocks and made from oil-baize, in red with white spots.

WHEN you are doing odds and ends around the house in the afternoon or if you have to sit all day at an office desk and must wear a nice frock, the big worry is keeping cuffs and neck edge from becoming soiled and taking the fresh look from your dress.

Here's an idea that will not only add a smart touch to your frock but

save it from unnecessary soiling. Make a collar and cuff set in oil-baize, the kind used for covering table-tops. You can buy this quite cheaply in many pretty designs and colors.

Cut out your collar and cuffs in a smart shape, stitch all round the edges and fasten with pearl buttons.

The set in the picture was made in red cloth with white spots.



# OUR PATTERN SERVICE

WW2927.—Slenderising style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2928.—Smart afternoon frock. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2929.—Matron's frock. 38 to 44 bust. Material required: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2930.—Distinctive jacket style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3½yds. for frock, and 2½yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2931.—Jumper style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4½yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2932.—Flattering evening gown. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 6½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2933.—Hooded evening coat. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 6½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.



WW2931



WW2932

WW2933



WW2927



WW2928



WW2929



WW2930

## Special Concession Pattern

Three charming styles for girls 6-12 years of age. Sizes, 6-8, 8-10, and 10-12 years.

No. 1: Requires 2½yds., 36 ins. wide.

No. 2: Requires 1½yds. for skirt, and 1½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide.

No. 3: Requires 2½yds., 36 ins. wide.



## Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

STREET .....

TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 8/7/38.

## Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



The richest suds  
give the whitest wash  
**NEW RINSO SUDS**  
prove it!

**Ordinary  
LAZY-BUBBLE SUDS**

Weak, big-bubble suds, so  
simmy and full of air they  
burst and die down in no time  
—lose all their strength.

**Fine Bubble  
NEW RINSO SUDS**

Each separate bubble is small  
—contains less air, more real  
washing help. They last until  
every trace of dirt is removed.

**THIS** wonderful New Rinso  
is winning thousands  
and thousands of staunch  
friends every washing-day.  
And no wonder! For speed,  
for efficiency, for the whitest  
wash you've ever seen —  
there's nothing to approach  
the New Improved Rinso.  
Its extra-rich, longer-lasting  
suds get clothes brilliant so  
quickly, so easily! Grand for  
"light" washing, too! The  
New Rinso's extra-sudsy care  
keeps colours bright, crisp—  
silks and woollens like new.

**Save your hands  
with NEW RINSO'S  
extra-mild SUDS**

The most sensitive skin is ab-  
solutely safe in the rich, mild suds  
of the New Improved Rinso. In  
fact your hands stay as soft and  
smooth as if you did your wash with  
complexion soap!



Use the **NEW RINSO** by itself  
for your whole weekly wash

A LEVER PRODUCT

4.301.85

**COLOURS  
bright, unfaded**



**SILKS - WOOLLENS  
Soft, like New**



## Make this smart luncheon set . . .

A PARTY table  
would be enhanced by  
this charming "Morn-  
ing Glory" or "Convol-  
vulus" design luncheon  
or supper set.

**C**LOTH, serviettes, d'oyles,  
traymobile cloth and tea-  
cosy are all obtainable from  
our Needlework Department.

They are traced on white,  
cream, blue, yellow, pink or  
green pure Irish linen.

**NEEDLEWORK  
NOTIONS**

Prices are:

Cloth, 36 x 36 inches . . . . .	7/6
Cloth, 45 x 45 inches . . . . .	8/9
Cloth, 54 x 54 inches . . . . .	11/6
Cloth, 72 x 72 inches . . . . .	17/6
Cloth, 72 x 90 inches . . . . .	19/6
Serviette, 11 x 11 inches . . . .	1/-
Serviette, 15 x 15 inches . . . .	1/3
D'oyley, 8 x 8 inches . . . . .	1/-
D'oyley, 5 x 11 inches . . . . .	1/-
Traymobile Cloth, 14 x 25 inches	4/6
Tea-cosy, 13 x 10 inches . . . .	3/6

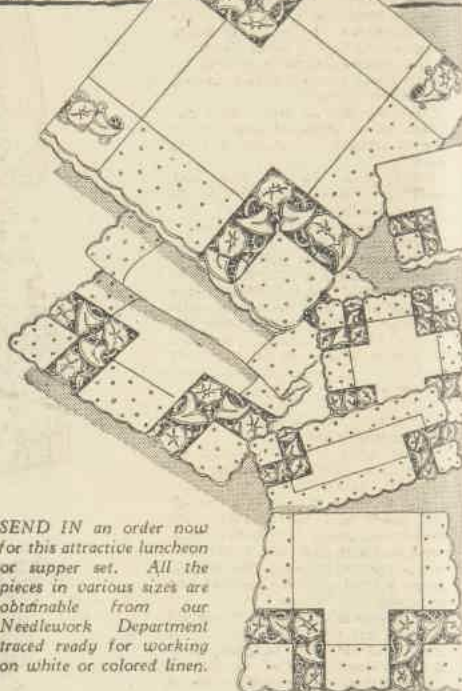
Work the flowers in buttonhole-stitch  
in shades of pale to medium blue. The  
leaves and stamens are worked in satin-  
stitch and stem-stitch in green; the lines  
and spots in a darker shade of blue in  
stem-stitch and french knots.

Stranded cottons for working may also  
be obtained from our Needlework Depart-  
ment at 1½d. per skein.

**SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!**

**A**DELAIDE: Box 288A, G.P.O. Brisbane:  
Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box  
185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O.  
Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box  
4209TY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh  
Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street,  
Tasmania: Write to The Australian  
Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Mel-  
bourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney  
office.

**SEND IN** an order now  
for this attractive luncheon  
or supper set. All the  
pieces in various sizes are  
obtainable from our  
Needlework Department  
traced ready for working  
on white or colored linen.



## Cheery design for chairs . . .

**HERE** is an attrac-  
tive conventional design for  
settee or chair backs, which is  
obtainable from our Needle-  
work Department.

**YOU** may purchase the design traced on white,  
cream, blue, yellow, pink or green pure  
Irish linen.

Prices are:—Chair back (15 x 12 inches), 2/3  
(postage free).  
Settee back (30 x 18 inches), 4/6 (postage  
free).

Work this design in buttonhole-stitch and satin-stitch  
in any colors which will harmonise with the decoration  
of the room. Stranded cottons for working may be  
obtained from our Needlework Department at 1½d. per  
skein.



**EASY** to work, this con-  
ventional design for a chair  
back or settee is very effec-  
tive when completed.

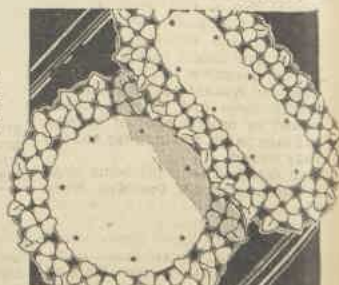
**Dainty camellia  
d'oyles**

**SO** many requests have been  
received for the two camellia  
d'oyles published a few weeks  
ago that details are given again  
to-day.

These two dainty d'oyles  
shown here are obtainable  
from our Needlework Depart-  
ment traced ready for working  
on white, cream, blue, yellow,  
pink or green linen.

Round d'oyley measures 8  
inches across and sandwich  
d'oyley 11 x 5 inches.

Price is 1/- each. Broder cot-  
tons for working are 3½d. skein.



**THESE CAMELLIA** design d'oyles are  
traced on linen.



# Disinherited

*Black Vaughan laughed at care until he became the victim of fierce jealousy and a strange inheritance...*

A COMPLETE  
SHORT STORY

**T**HE poker session at Bat McCullough's place in the wild sea city of Port Ader Bay, in the wilder Caroline Islands, had been going on for three days when Miles anchored one night after a fast run from Pago-Pago. And when he came ashore and saw Black Vaughan, laughing Allan Vaughan, in the smoke-filled room, he frowned with quick sympathy and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Say, Black," he said, "have you heard about your old man up on Morris Island? I got the news at Suva."

"What news?" Vaughan demanded, laughing. "Has he decided to recover the long-lost son?"

"He's dead," said Miles simply. "Three months ago."

The table became quiet and Black Vaughan's smile a little stiff. Then someone said easily, "Well, you're lucky, Black. That makes you half-owner of the finest copra plantation in the Fijis. I guess that pious brother of yours will get the other half."

"Probably," Vaughan agreed. "He's worked on it long enough."

He got up, stretching, and smilingly looked round.

"Well, boys that's the word for me to start. I've about lost my shirt anyway. So long."

And then he lounged out towards the beach and his schooner, the Cormorant, young, tall, darkly handsome, and with that memorable careless swagger to his walk. Bat McCullough rubbed his broken nose and shrugged.

"I suppose it would hit some pretty hard to get news like that. But Black and old man Vaughan never did get along." They all nodded and then laughed. The differences in the Vaughan family were common island gossip.

Three weeks later Dennis Vaughan saw the rakish, black-hulled schooner of his younger brother come racing in to Morris Island, and he stopped dead as he came out of the bungalow fresh from his morning shower, tall, thin-lipped, with sandy hair and uncompromising blue eyes. And he swore under his breath, Grant, the plantation foreman, whistled with some amusement.

"That'll be the Cormorant," he said. "The news must have travelled."

"It's the Cormorant," Dennis agreed coldly. "I'll go down and meet her. Don't say anything about Black to Miss Carroll or her aunt."

Grant rubbed his thin nose and shrugged. He was a predatory-looking man, and inclined to sarcasm.

"Why should I say anything?" he inquired. "It's none of my darned grief!"

Dennis Vaughan looked sharply at him for a moment, then bit his lip and went down to the little wharf, white terra, frigate birds, and gulls wheeled up frightened as the schooner anchored noisily. Dennis breathed hard as he looked at the long reaches of white sand each side of him, at the mangroves that fringed the headlands enclosing the little harbor, and finally back at the imposing bungalow with the store sheds and Kanaka compounds bright with hibiscus and passion flowers, backed by orderly rows of coconut and sago palms reaching far and far away inland.

All this had been his home since he had been small. Peaceful. Rich. Always to be considered his own. And now here was the Cormorant come to disturb things again, as the Cormorant had always come at intervals through the years. His eyes considered as the ship's dinghy ran in.

Illustrated by  
WYNNE W.  
DAVIES

"Hello, Dennis," said Black Vaughan. "I only heard the news a short while back or I'd have been here sooner."

"You're never particularly welcome," said Dennis.

"I know," agreed the younger brother, and laughed. "But do we have to fight now?"

Dennis eyed him with a distinct disapproval. There he was, as ever, riotous, careless, ruffianly; dressed in a cotton singlet and a pair of stained duck pants, with the marks of often-worn gunbelts plain about the waist. Feet thrust into rope-soled canvas shoes, and a discolored-looking white-topped captain's cap leaning over one ear. A sailor of the Outer Islands. Dennis Vaughan felt savagely contemptuous about his own immaculate silk shirt and tie, and his spotless whites.

"Did you have to come?" he demanded.

old guns, the ones he wore before he settled down. There's a letter also. Probably telling you just what he thought of you."

"Cut me off?" said Black Vaughan. He stared for a moment and swallowed hard. And then he laughed.

"Well, I didn't expect just that, but I don't blame him. Every time I saw him we fought like mad. And so you get all the property?"

"It has been left equally divided between myself and Eva Carroll," said Dennis stiffly. "You may remember her. Our cousin who lived with her aunt in New Zealand. Father said in his will he had a desire to bring the two remaining decent members of the family together."

"Black Vaughan bit his lip. "I... had no idea he felt so bitter. He'd been pretty much of a tough boy in his own time. And I always thought... but it doesn't

matter. I want to see where he is."

"We'll go," said his brother, exasperated. "Frankly, I'd like to postpone your visit to the bungalow as long as possible. Miss Carroll and her aunt are living here until we can settle things. And I might mention that Eva and I are engaged."

Black Vaughan, laughing Allan Vaughan, nodded soberly, and the men who had known him in the

Outer Islands would have been astonished to see him at that moment, as he went up to his father's grave. His smile had entirely gone.

He was himself an hour later as he and Dennis climbed the bungalow steps and the white-haired head houseboy grinned at him and called a Kanaka welcome. Everyone liked Black Vaughan.

"Still with us, Tina," said Black, laughing. "You savvy me big fella master. Me big fella captain. Me want um big fella drink."

Tina clapped his hands for a junior and chuckled.

"One fella big drink me fixum. You savvy me fixum good."

Dennis scowled and went into the bungalow with his brother behind him.

"Here you are," he said stiffly, unfasting a package. "One shilling. The letter. And the guns. Do you wish to read the will and make sure?"

"No," said Black simply. "I'll take your word."

He thrust the letter into a pocket. He did not want to read what his father had thought of him, not now at least. The shilling he pitched to the houseboy who brought him the drink. But the guns... he picked them up almost with veneration. His father as a young man had been known as one of the best shots in the south, and one of the

"You've killed him!" Grant said, Eva stood in the doorway, her face ashen.

most daring adventurers. He had made island history. His exploits had grown into legends. He had gone through fevers, hurricanes, native wars, and shipwrecks, and the glamor of his name had filled the sea. And then suddenly, a rich man, he had married a lovely woman from Cairns in Northern Queensland, and settled down. He had repudiated his old wild life. He had become the ideal planter.

Passionately in love, he then saw most things with his wife's eyes. Dennis, his first-born, had been his new self; but his second-born had been a throwback to the wild and glamorous days; and he had always seemed to resent it. Everyone knew that. And yet, Black thought, as he stood there in the bungalow, he left me his guns. I wonder why? He always wanted me to work on the plantation with Dennis. To settle down. To quit the sea and the free-lance trading game. Maybe it's a hint that I'll probably die with my boots on. So he left me his guns, and cut me off with a shilling.

"Miss Carroll," Dennis was saying. "This is my younger brother, Allan Vaughan."

Black came to with a start, thrust the guns into his hip pockets and smiled as he turned.

"Ah, the cousin from New Zealand," he began jestingly, and then stopped. She was lovely. She was tall, golden-haired, violet-eyed, with a creamy complexion and exquisite full lips, and Black Vaughan swallowed hard. He had a way with women, as all the Islands knew, and he was seldom serious about them or at loss in their presence. But his cousin... And he was acutely conscious that he needed a shave and some respectable clothes, and that Dennis was so calm and immaculate.

Please turn to Page 38

By ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

"I wanted to visit the old man's grave," said Black, smiling. "A last mark of respect. There were times when I think he wasn't altogether as mad at me as he let on."

"You're talking nonsense," snapped Dennis lily. "Father disliked you so much he wouldn't have your name mentioned. And if you've come expecting half the plantation and money, you've wasted time. He cut you off with a shilling, and for some reason or another you're to have his

matter. I want to see where he is."

"We'll go," said his brother, exasperated. "Frankly, I'd like to postpone your visit to the bungalow as long as possible. Miss Carroll and her aunt are living here until we can settle things. And I might mention that Eva and I are engaged."

Black Vaughan, laughing Allan Vaughan, nodded soberly, and the men who had known him in the

"No," said Black simply. "I'll take your word."

He thrust the letter into a pocket. He did not want to read what his father had thought of him, not now at least. The shilling he pitched to the houseboy who brought him the drink. But the guns... he picked them up almost with veneration. His father as a young man had been known as one of the best shots in the south, and one of the



## STAINS ON FALSE TEETH GONE!

"My false teeth were stained black; after using Steradent four or five times, plates are natural colour, teeth pearly white."  
Mrs. A.G. New Southgate, N.12.



It is easy to use "Steradent." Fill the cap of the tin with "Steradent" and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water (one hot) to cover the dentures. Stir well. Put in your dentures and leave them while you dress, or overnight. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap. Then your teeth and plates are clean—clean where the brush can't reach. Dull teeth gleam white again. Plates regain their natural colour. "Steradent" is guaranteed harmless to dental materials. Sold by all chemists. Price 2/6. Double size 3/6.

You are safe with "Steradent." It is highly recommended by the Dental profession.

HOCKEY (OVER SEA) LTD.  
Pharmaceutical Dept., London.

**Steradent**  
cleans and sterilizes false teeth



**SOUR STOMACH PAINS AFTER EATING**  
quickly relieved with

**CALIFIG**  
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE  
California Syrup of Figs

Mummy says

**"You've got to have a VIROL constitution"**

What does it mean to have a "Virol Constitution"? It means you are armed at all points to resist the attacks of infection. Virol fortifies the system wherever it is weakest. That is because Virol is the one food that supplies every factor needed for robust health. Give your children a Virol Constitution. Virol builds for life.



## The Seed

Continued from Page 7

SHE'D see him digging a little hole and putting in some invisible seed, humming to himself, with his dark hair falling over his forehead.

"I've just planted the seed of a day, mother."

"A special day?"

"If you planted a minute, like this one, and let it alone, it'd probably grow up and be a whole day, wouldn't it?"

"A day that grew out of a minute like this would be a lovely day."

"Pale blue, and smelling like peppermint," John said, and grinned at her.

Ann thought: "When I am old, this day John is planting will be more real than all the other days of my life."

Sometimes he planted more tangible seeds; a brass button which he expected to grow into a sailor suit; a horseshoe which was to become a long-tailed pony. Sometimes he wrote things on scraps of paper, and planted those, and Ann never asked to be shown them.

He had the faith in his seeds which others have in prayers. If you planted any wish properly it would grow. Some of them had grown for him. And because of him, hundreds of wishes had grown for Ann. But there were others which now would never grow.

"How could anything happen so quickly?" Henry would say to Ann over and over again, recalling their son's sudden death. "I just can't understand how it could happen."

"Whether you understand or not, dear—" Ann said in her gentle voice, cold as November rain.

She used to lie locked in the darkness beside Henry, never weeping, never thinking, shivering.

"Perhaps if we could talk a little," Henry would say into the darkness.

"No, please." She would have liked to comfort him for the loss of his son, but she hadn't the strength. They were grieving for two separate

children, and she couldn't sorrow over Henry's loss.

Soon Henry learned not to speak of him—not even to look into her face with his searching, kind eyes.

Months flowed over the wound and now it was spring again, and to-day they were cutting the hill into a garden. John's hill, with all its strange and varied plantings.

Already the three of them were out, running here and there in their shorts, shouting healthily. Harry and Marian had marked off the plot with strings yesterday, but to-day Henry was saying it wasn't nearly big enough.

Downstairs, Ann could hear Mrs. Anderson preparing the breakfast.

"I must get out and help them," Ann decided. "They'll ask me questions if I'm slow."

She put on her own navy trousers and pulled a comb through her dark hair.

"I'll go out and do just what they want," she said. "I'll pretend I've never stood on that hill before."

She had not stood on it this whole year. She had stayed away from it because it was here, solid and meaningless, when John was gone.

"HERE she comes!" Henry was shouting. "The garden queen, the queen bee, the tops—the beet tops, in fact."

"You make a lot of noise," Ann said. "You act like a man trying to keep from working."

But his good pink face was already moist and dirty, and his soft hands had a spongy spot under the double-jointed thumb. He held it up to show her, proud of it.

"Don't work too hard," she said. "You've got to save a criminal's valuable life next week, my fine Henry."

"I'll save it," Henry said. "He's a worthy citizen, and he ought to be saved."

Ann said: "Let me dig somewhere."

Under all their nonsense, she was standing there trembling.

"You just walk round and be the boss," Henry said. "We need approval more than work. You always liked this hill, didn't you?"

He turned his owlish spectacles upon her, and then he jerked quickly away, and she knew he had suddenly remembered.

They were all stricken into stillness a moment; then Henry said loudly:

"It's lovely out here. We should have made it into a garden long ago. Silly to let this hill waste."

The morning passed. Mrs. Anderson brought out the big coffee-pot and the jugs of milk and hot buttery buns to eat with the honey. They stood there in the sun, talking with their mouths full. And already the dug-over top of the hill looked like a garden, set out with Henry's own plants and rows of young cabbage plants.

"Give me a spade and let me dig," Ann said. "I've not done anything towards this enterprise."

"Let her dig," Henry said. "Diggers are boasters later."

Ann tossed her hair back from her forehead and smiled, but still she could not meet his eyes for fear he would see why it was necessary for her to defame this sacred spot.

"It will ease me a little," she said to herself. "I cannot bear this unless I help."

She went a little apart and pretended to attack a spot with great industry.

"Can I go on like this for ever?" she asked herself. "Making all this noise, so as not to let them see? Oh, John, my darling, if I could lie on this hill and never breathe again! You ran for us both, darling; you ran too far ahead of me, and I am neither living nor dead."

She was hacking at the earth now, and the breath was choking in her throat.

"If I could only weep. Other women weep, and it helps them."

Suddenly her spade struck something that looked like metal, but it made no sound. It was a wad of silver buried, a tight ball of tinfoil; and when she saw it she remembered with a spasm of pain that John had saved it last year, and rolled it neatly into this ball. Here it was carefully planted, to grow into a silver fortune some day.

She stooped and picked it up, and it was as warm in her hand as flesh.

# WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

Test your knowledge on these questions.

- 1 Of course, you know that good old song, "Waltzing Matilda." Who doesn't? But do you know who wrote it?
- 2 When we were very young a five-shilling piece, minted in England, was often given as a birthday present. How much would one be worth to-day?
- 3 Her name's Juliana and she's the Crown Princess of Holland. Do you know whom she married?
- 4 And what's the name of their child?
- 5 Who was the first woman member of an Australian Parliament?
- 6 Who was the Hollywood actress who came to Australia to star in the film "For the Term of His Natural Life"?
- 7 Cocos Island is a name that will be remembered in Australian history. Why?
- 8 If you wanted to write a letter to Shirley Temple, what would the postage cost?
- 9 A popular dance number tells us of a "tisket" and a "tasket"—whatever they may be! But what's a brisket?
- 10 Who was the President of the United States who once worked in Australia?

Answers on page 18.

"They'll ask me about it," she cried. "I mustn't let them see it!"

There was a cleft in the silver paper, and a limp curl of white paper protruded. Turning her back to the others, she pulled out the scrap of paper. Her eyes, steady and dry, read the words in his little-boy writing: "A dreme for mother."

FOR a moment she thought she would collapse upon the ground. John's strange make-believe seed, planted on some forgotten day, had burst its childish shell and broken through the walls of her heart, like roots breaking their pot. This seed, germinating for a year, had suddenly become To-day itself.

"Oh, heaven—please help me. Don't let them see."

She held the ball gripped in her two hands, and turned to call, with heroic casualness, to the others:

"I'm going inside a minute. I'll be back soon. Something I must do."

"You feel all right?" Henry called.

"Certainly, Mr. Henry Alden."

She ran across the hill, and her throat was sobbing now, deep gasping sobs without tears.

"I must get to my room," she said. "I must shut my door."

Face down she clung to her bed, and the storm broke over her with overwhelming relief. She cried and cried, and had no idea how long she lay there whipped by her weeping. But finally she felt her sorrow eased at last. There was almost a lullaby rhythm in her weeping now, and she felt soothed and quieted as a child whose grief is nearly spent.

And then her weeping lulled her to sleep and she dreamed. She and John were standing on the hill, and the garden was flowering and green about them.

"I'm dreaming of John," she said to herself in her dream.

She saw that his hair needed cutting, and the sleeves of his jersey were too short for his long eight-year-old arms. "I must let down those cuffs," she said in the dream; "John is growing so fast."

Then he turned and came back to her, and looked up into her face as he always did, with his quick quivering smile.

"Mother, I'm in everybody, when once you know that I am."

"What do you mean, John?" she said, and in the dream she knew that her heart was beating too fast. "Everything's here, mother, just

as it always was. You could find me in every place."

That was all there was of the dream, and Ann could not tell when she awoke. She only knew she was lying there, wide awake, not weeping, not bewildered.

"It was John's seed," she said. "He planted it, and it grew into this. Oh, thank you, darling!"

Someone was coming up the stairs. It was Henry, and he pushed open her door and looked in, just as he had this morning. Ann could plainly see his kind, hurt eyes behind his glasses.

"I missed you," he said. "I always want you near me, Mummy Ann, when I'm doing something."

"I came inside a minute, dear."

"You're crying, Ann."

"No."

"Dearest, you still have me and Henry and Marian," Henry said.

"I know. That's why I'm crying. With gratitude, Henry. Come here, please."

He came across and knelt down beside her bed. And because of his gentle reticence he didn't look into her face.

"I thought about John all night," Henry said. "Perhaps you didn't know it, but he loved that little hill. That's why I wanted to make a garden on it."

She took his large hand and held it close. The double-jointed thumb stirred, to close over her fingers.

"Mother, you could find me in every place."

(Copyright.)

Wallflower because of a SKIN BLEMISH

If the people you would like to meet get you by because of a skin blemish, here's good news for you. From your chemist get a jar of COVERSLOT. Simply rub it over the blemish like a face cream, put on powder and you can face the most critical gaze without embarrassment.

COVERSLOT effectively conceals pimples, freckles, scars, acne (first stages), dark circles under eyes, skin discolorations, birthmarks, etc. It remains soft and pliant all day long and does not fade or easily rub off. Price size costs only 1/4 at chemist or stores, Economy Jar 4/4, or write to British Haroid F. Nitche Co. Ltd., 11 York Street, Sydney.

**Coverspot**  
CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES



# "A GOOD HOME with nice people..."

But girls still don't like the idea of being domestics

In Australia as elsewhere most girls still shun domestic service. Girls who do earn their living that way feel that it is only a stop-gap occupation, that the sooner they can change to something else the better...

Why? That is the question Josephine Lawrence attempts to answer in a survey of the whole question presented in the form of a novel.

"A GOOD HOME WITH NICE PEOPLE" is her sardonic title for the book, and on a wide canvas she portrays employers and domestics, good and bad, in American homes of various types which have their parallel here.

The problem of making domestic work attractive to girls is, of course, by no means a new one. It has been discussed for years by women's organisations, trades unions, and by housewives and domestic workers themselves. It has even been discussed at international conferences.

Here are reasons given by characters in the book for their objection to work in private houses:

A girl who becomes a domestic servant loses caste—and her boy friends.

Ignorant mistresses, as much as ignorant maids, create the problem. Formerly the mistress worked alongside the hired help, teaching her knowledge that would be useful to her when she got her own home. But many housewives nowadays are too ignorant about housework to teach their servants anything, and the servant is left to teach herself.

"A good home with nice people" is of little benefit to a domestic, because the average woman fixes a wide gulf between herself and her servant.

The servant who "lives in" often has no privacy, and cannot entertain her own friends except in the kitchen.

She may not even have a bedroom



EFFICIENT, attractive, and happy, this household worker personifies the ideal of those who are working for improved status for domestics.

to herself, and if she has the employer is entitled to search her servant's luggage and possessions if she wants to.

It is difficult for anyone, whether



# Revive and refresh your skin



## with Pears Tonic Action

Feel the glorious exhilaration of a wash with Pears'. Feel the lovely glow in your cheeks... the silky smoothness of your skin. That's the effect of Pears' tonic action... so stimulating and refreshing to cells and tissues, it gives your complexion vital, radiant beauty. Every cake matured for months... reaching slowly but surely the purity of Pears'.

### ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to water thickness. The water, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.



## Pears

ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

Now only 6D. City and a tablet 6D. Suburbs

10-183-25

# Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

If you suffer from choking, wheezing, coughing, asthma and bronchitis—if you gasp for breath, can't sleep at night, and feel your heart pounding against your ribs, and suffer from indigestion, nervousness, headaches and loss of vitality and energy, there is new hope, health and happiness for you in the discovery of an American physician.

A specialist with 34 years' experience discovered that the true cause of most asthma is from germs and acids in the blood. By refreshing the blood, killing the germs and removing the acids, the cause is removed and thus asthma can be truly ended. The discovery, which is called Mendaco, is a pure, safe and harmless prescription in pleasant, easy-to-take tablet form. It works so fast that it starts circulating through the blood in 3 minutes, killing the germs and removing the acids which cause those terrible choking, gasping, straining spells. Within 24 to 48 hours you will notice a vast difference, and at the end of the 3-day treatment you, as thousands of others, will feel completely free from asthma because Mendaco represents a discovery that removes the underlying cause of the disease. No matter how long you have suffered or how many things you have tried, you owe it to yourself to try this new discovery.

I do not know how to praise Mendaco enough. It has saved my life. I have walked 45 minutes for it to come back, but I am still free, thanks to Mendaco.

"It only seems fair that I should write and let you know what Mendaco has done for me," Mr. E. L. Lapan, of Palm Beach, Australia, said.

"I have been a sufferer from bronchitis asthma for 15 years. Every night at about 2.30 a.m. I would get an attack which lasted two to three hours, and at times I was so bad that even the slightest exertion, such as playing the piano, would bring on an attack, which greatly hindered me. Two months ago I took a small bottle of your Mendaco and soon then, I am honestly saying, I have never had an attack."

### Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work stimulating through your blood and helping restore the redness of the cells of asthma. In no time at all Mendaco will easily make you feel your younger and stronger. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. Yes, be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, take a new packet, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full refund price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist today and see how fast you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee is yours. Take it.

## Mendaco

Ends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever

## WRITTEN STARS IN THE ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

A WORTHWHILE Cancerian man makes a good husband and a worthwhile husband is a gift from the gods.

CANCER-BORN persons with birthdays somewhere between June 22 and July 23 are the most faithful marriage partners of all.

They are also conservative and particular about marriage partners, a characteristic which applies especially to the men.

Just as their home is their castle, so is the wife expected to include in her personality all the finer virtues of womanhood and motherhood. To fail in these is to make the Cancerian husband feel that fate has cheated him—that life is not as full and as beautiful as it might be.

This dissatisfaction is increased by the fact that the Cancerian male cannot easily console himself with the company of women who chaperon themselves and therefore do not earn his respect.

Pander to this weakness. It will not lower prestige or self-esteem. Rather the reverse, because the standard of living and loving becomes rather high when allied to a fine-type Cancerian with his ideas of married life and family dignity.

Always remember that the happy Cancerian will seldom stray far from the fold. He usually prefers the love of his few close relatives to the popularity offered by unrelated associates.

As for the Cancerian woman... let those who hope to wed such be given some advice. Woo her with gentle aggressiveness. Refuse to take "no" for an answer, and now and again incorporate a few surprise elements in the courtship.

However, if you happen to be the woman-in-the-case, and the suitor seems backward, then propose and name the date yourself, and thereafter trust to luck.

If you're shocked him overmuch you may have to seek consolation

elsewhere, but if not, don't delay the wedding plans.

### Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Your stars are against you all this time as don't tempt fate too far. Be conservative, avoid risks and arguments, and let routine tasks suffer, especially after dark on July 15.

TACRIS (April 21 to May 21): Give fair for semi-important tasks on July 11, 12, and 13 (early).

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Just a week of dark with July 17 (after noon), 14, and 15 just fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): During this part of the year many semi-difficult projects may become easier. Do make the most of July 8 (to 8 p.m. only) and July 15 (after dark). Hard work and forethought will be your best friends.

LEO (July 24 to August 24): Don't be too hasty or impatient just yet for your stars favor you more later on. Meanwhile plan ahead so that you will be ready if fortune comes your way. July 9 and 10 will repay hard work.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): July 11, 12, and 13 (evening), can produce very fair results for diligence.

LINBA (September 24 to October 24): Keep a weather eye open for pitfalls, both physical and mental, for your stars promise difficulties, delays, and upsets if you are unwise. This is so especially on July 9, 10, and 11 (evening).

SCORPIO (October 25 to November 21): You like action, don't you? Well, now's your chance to show what you can do. Go after the things you want, seek promotion, make changes, or begin new ventures on July 9 or 10 (evening), in matters where you desire permanent results.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Just routine for you though July 9 and 10 have small possibilities.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Run from trouble, or many Capricornians will get themselves into difficulties and suffer for the rest of the year. Make the most of July 9 and 10 (evening). Also plan for the future.

THE Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements put in it.

June Marsden writes that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

servant or guest, to adapt oneself to someone else's home.

A servant who feels she is underpaid and overworked cannot be enthusiastic about helping her employer to save money.

A woman who regards herself as an efficient housewife may "boor" her servant. The servant who has her own way of doing things resents being told how to do her work by a woman who does no work.

Some women increase the servant's feeling that she is an "outsider" by being ultra-possessive about their homes, furniture and children.

Young Mrs. National, a former business woman, who runs her home on a detailed budget that would make a government treasurer blush, presents another side of the problem.

When her idealistic young husband theorises about a better deal for household workers, Mrs. National replies sharply:

"He might better talk about a contract for the wife and mother. With all the silly talk about wages and hours and time off, nothing, absolutely nothing, has been done for that forgotten woman."

"No one regulates her hours, though she drops from fatigue. No one suggests paying her for..."

### New status

VERITY PENNELL, a pleasant philosophic person who believes domestic service could be put on the same basis as any other profession, pictures the domestic life... "going from one woman's kitchen to another, all her personal belongings, clothes, keepsakes, tumbled in a single suitcase."

"Always to be forced to handle a stranger's pots and pans, to adapt oneself to the new whims of another household, to lie down on an unfamiliar bed in an unfamiliar room surely haunted by the ghosts of absent, resentful, angered or hopeless former servant girls."

"Always to dwell in the homes of others, never to be really a part of any household, for ever an outsider imprisoned in a circle..."

"Maybe a mistress and her maid couldn't be businesslike." Opal, a former waitress, says. "But why not try?"

"Run things like in an office. Write out rules and nail 'em up in the kitchen. Nobody to say a word except it has to do with business. The girls to go home and eat and sleep, nobody to look down on nobody else. Don't you think it might work?"

"A Good Home with Nice People," by Josephine Lawrence (Jonathan Cape). Our copy from the publishers.







# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were children."  
"When we are old and mellow they'll still be ever green."



"Are you always that much trouble to yourself?"

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead

## INFORMATION



"Tell me, is my mouth on straight?"



GLORIA: Beth has turned that young doctor down.  
HELEN: Well, what of it?  
GLORIA: Now he has sent her a bill for eighty-seven visits.



"Do you like my new hat?"  
"Yes, dear, but it makes your face look shabby."

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MAID: Madam, master is lying unconscious in the hall with a piece of paper in his hand and a large box by his side.  
Mrs. Green (joyously): Oh, my new hat has arrived.

"WHEN is your daughter thinking of getting married?"  
"Constantly."

ENERGETIC LADY (to maid): Here it is Monday morning and to-morrow is Tuesday, and the next day Wednesday; half the week gone, and nothing done!

"I THOUGHT you said you'd never marry a man under six feet high."

"Oh, I know. But I've decided to take off twenty per cent. for cash."

"I HEAR your husband is crazy over his new car."

"No, he's crazy under it."

WIFE (reading): When a man is wrong and admits he is wrong he has courage, but when he is right and admits he is wrong—  
Husband: He's married.

"WHY did Windbag praise everything the shop assistant showed him?"

"He's a radio announcer."

"MOTORING is surely a great thing. I used to be fat and sluggish, but now I'm full of energy."  
"I did not know you motored!"  
"I don't, I dodge."



You spend hours cooking a tasty dinner and your husband just picks at it. Don't blame your cooking—and don't blame your husband. When the rush and strain of modern life plays havoc with digestion, appetite goes and stomach trouble begins.

De Witt's Antacid Powder kills excess stomach acid, quickly stops after-meal pain, builds up a sound digestion and restores healthy appetite.

Here is convincing proof:—

"I have been afraid to eat my favourite pudding because it gave me awful heartburn, but since I have been taking De Witt's Antacid Powder I eat anything I fancy. I recommend De Witt's Antacid Powder to all who would like to eat things but are afraid to," writes Mr. A. G. Holmes, Lithgow, New South Wales.

De Witt's Antacid Powder did a fine job for Mr. Holmes. This new-principle, triple-action remedy will do the same for every indigestion sufferer. Enjoy every meal... take—

## DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence or Gastritis. Of all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6.



## STEEL GUITAR

or the  
BANJO MANDOLIN,  
PIANO ACCORDION,  
SAXOPHONE,  
BUTTON ACCORDION,  
SPANISH GUITAR,  
MOUTH ORGAN, PIANO

Foot Tapping Rhythm — Popular Melodies — Latest Jazzy and Recent Hits.  
Tune to 202 Mondays, 9.15 p.m.; Wednesdays, 9.15 p.m.; Fridays, 6.30 p.m.  
6.55 Sundays, 8.15 p.m.

No need to be clever — No scales or exercises — Beginners can't succeed as players — practice learning each week. The City's foremost instructors at your command. Hence Sampson's

Signed Money Back Guarantee! means positive success.

LEARN IN THE COMFORT OF YOUR OWN HOME with a Sampson Postal Course.

If you're disappointed it costs you nothing. PAY FOR YOUR LESSONS WEEKLY. A wonderful range of imported instruments to choose from. Small deposits and weekly payments to any part of Australia. **SAMPSON'S PAY FREIGHT.** Illustrated catalogues and particulars of lessons are FREE. To make certain you receive the right catalogue mention the instrument you favor.

Write to Your Nearest Office.  
SYDNEY: Sampson's, Dept. B, 196 King St.  
BRISBANE: Sampson's, Dept. B, Wilson House, Box 553, G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE: Sampson's, Dept. B, Box 52, P.O., Collins St.  
It's the only Correspondence School in Australia endorsed by The Music League of Aust.



# An Editorial Our girls have got the WANDERLUST

JULY 8, 1939

## NEW HEART IN A NEW HAT



**FIELD-MARSHAL** Sir William Birdwood, whose Anzacs on Gallipoli had a distinctive and rakish line of headgear themselves, has been criticising women's hats.

"Hats tipped over one eye," said Sir William, "show women to be slaves of foolish fashion."

A good soldier like Sir William should know better than that.

*All women like to be in the fashion, but there is a deeper significance to it than that.*

New hats are more than headgear.

A new hat gives a woman a wonderful "kick"—that the hat happens to tilt over one eye is just an accident of fashion and has nothing to do with the case.

All women know the tonic effect of a new hat with hair-do to match. It's their way of proclaiming that all is right with the world.

*"But why wear a hat that may not suit you just because it's the fashion?" asks the perplexed male.*

The answer to that is that Jane Smith may be tired of being Jane Smith, and tired of still of Jane Smith's hats.

She can't go on a tropic cruise to escape from herself, her home and housework; she is unable to go all glamorous at dinner party or dance owing to the demands of her family, so she does the next best thing—buys herself a new hat.

If she has been in the habit of buying a serviceable hat she revels in the madness of a perky little flower-pot or a wisp of felt perched over one eye.

The new hat spells adventure to some weary little housewife deciding to step out—to some young business girl who has saved for weeks for this bit of glamor.

It represents victory over boredom and monotony, and you don't signalise a victory in something serviceable but in the cheekiest bit of millinery that can be found.

—THE EDITOR.

## Travel gives outlet to adventure spirit

By NOEL CARRUTHERS

"GIRLS of to-day have the wanderlust. They want to go adventuring the same as the boys."

A mother said this to me on the day 60 girls clambered on board the Estonian ketch Ahto, in answer to an inquiry from Mrs. Walters, wife of the skipper, if there were any Australian girls who would like to cruise the world in the ketch in return for their services as nurse to her small son Teddy.

Mrs. Walters was embarrassed by the enthusiasm of the answer.

Girls came from everywhere, from city and country. They comprised cooks and mannequins, artists, journalists, saleswomen, secretaries, nurses and society girls.

Their ages ranged from a mature and self-confident 15 to a youthful 50. "I feared we might have a lovely stowaway or two, only we were going into dry dock," said Mrs. Walters.

I watched the faces of many of the girls being rowed to the ketch to interview Mrs. Walters.

There were 60 minds with but a single thought—adventure. Sixty pairs of rose-colored spectacles turned the solid little ketch into a dream ship which would float them in and out of strange harbors—perhaps into the very arms of romance itself.

### Escape from humdrum

THEY saw in the offer a chance to escape from the humdrum, to visit far places, and go adventuring in the good old tradition which back in the days when we read "Treasure Island" and "Westward Ho" used to be the prerogative of the boys.

But to-day girls have taken the initiative. They want to travel. Some of them even stow away on the bigger vessels, just because they want to see the world.

"Girls want to travel anywhere and everywhere," a tourist manager told me.

"They don't mind discomfort if it will take them to the glamor spots of the earth or the dream adventure."

"Girls to-day are more travel adventurous than the men."

"They ask me questions about getting to inaccessible places, and the men ask if there is a good golf links where they are going."

"Yes, they are looking for rain-bows—new experiences. Some pay a lot of money to get it."

Miss Rowena Bray, Adelaide society girl, who returned from a trip to Ceylon in time to walk on to the ketch Ahto and arrange to travel on it as one of the crew, paid 1990 dollars for the privilege (the crew,



THE KETCH AHTO, lying off a tropic island on its round-the-world voyage, which includes most of the glamor "spots" of the earth.

MISS ROWENA BRAY, Adelaide society girl, whose idea of adventure is to sail round the world in the ketch Ahto.

which consists of 17 men and two girls, are all paying guests).

The hospital nurse who got the job of looking after Teddy is also paying her way. "I was so anxious to take the trip I didn't mind," she said. "I shall be one of the crew, and my particular capabilities will be used in looking after Teddy."

A look at the ship's route might explain the eagerness to get on to the vessel at any price.

From Sydney to the Barrier Reef, Port Moresby, then to Java, Ball, Singapore, over to Ceylon, Madagascar, East Africa, then round the Cape of Good Hope to Madeira and across the South Atlantic to Jamaica, Cuba, and Florida and New York.

"Pretty well takes in all the glamor spots, doesn't it?" said Miss Bray, when I spoke to her about the trip.

Miss Bray, wealthy, talented and very pretty, is a typical modern girl adventure bound.

She is an airwoman, has taken part in motor races and reliability contests, is fond of yachting, swims well, and is a good golfer. She told me she did not mind travel on small vessels.

She didn't want de luxe travel all the time, although it was very nice in its way.

Miss Bray has the money to in-

dulge her taste for travel. I thought of the other girls who spilled all over the ketch, anxious to work their passage on the dream cruise of the Ahto.

I spoke to one of the girls. She was pretty and well dressed. She told me she came from Queens-

land.

Her father has a big farm in the north.

She had mustered cattle, cut timber, helped around the farm during a drought, driven a sick man 100 miles over rough roads to the air base where he was picked up by a flying doctor.

"Wasn't that adventure?" I asked her. "Yes!" she replied, "but this is different," waving her hands to indicate the sea, the ships, and spicy tang of more adventure.

### Times have changed

"ALL my life," she said, "has been spent hundreds of miles from the sea."

"Why do the girls rush this sort of thing?" I asked. She didn't know. It was good fun.

But Mr. G. F. K. Naylor, of the Institute of Industrial Psychology, knew the answer. This is how he explains it:

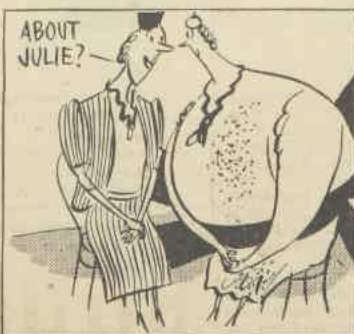
"Wanderlust among women is the natural result of the tendency towards feminine assertion," he said.

There is no reason why a young woman should not want to seek adventure in odd corners of the world as much as a young man does.

Conventions have altered. Once upon a time an unchaperoned woman travelling alone would be regarded as a rarity. Nowadays we take her for granted.

The monotony of regular working hours and the sameness of days in factory or office increase this urge for travel.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP







## Ferreting out rabbits for a chinchilla coat

A story without a beginning that ends in the middle

This is the end of this story. It is an innovation which I have thought up all by myself.

After all, if you can read the end before you start on the beginning, look at the time you save.

YOU will observe later on that I have lost a few pages out of the middle of what comes later, but I would like my reader (or readers if there are two of them) to let me know just what they think of my new technique.

Now you have made me forget what the story is about. Oh, yes! I have just discovered and found out that platinum blondes—I mean fox

—are (or is, which is it?) the latest rage. Don't I know it? I once met a platinum—but let it pass! It's furs I insist on telling you about, and I must admit that they make a tremendous difference to a woman.

I nearly bought my wife an ermine cloak once. The gentleman who had "pinched" it wanted to sell it to me very cheaply but, strangely enough, I didn't have any money at the time and shortly afterwards the gentle-

man was seized, lumbered, and confiscated by the police.

I have lost the first three pages of this article. I was writing it on a seat in the park where there was a bit of warmth and sunshine. I am now in Joe's snooker saloon.

He has radiators. Poor fellow! I don't know what treatment he's having. Furs. Yes.

The skunk, a much maligned animal, must be sneaked on warily and its valuable fur furtively peeled off while it is in a semi-comatose or somnolent state.

The perils attached to tracking down fur-bearing animals are not generally realised. A chinchilla at bay is a fearsome sight which turns the blood to ice. I fought a chinchilla in the Andes on one memorable occasion and just when my chin was getting (forgive me for this) chillier and chillier, I got a hold on its throat and skinned it. I was rather sorry for the thing as I saw it staggering away with its pelt off.

It must have felt like you feel when visitors call at four o'clock in the afternoon and you're still in your pyjamas.

I have always found that rabbits are a great standby. Be honest with yourself when someone says to you, "Oh, I do like your nice fur coat! Otter, isn't it?"

Rabbit, my dear

YOU can say "Yes, it does make me feel a bit otter." Or you can say straight out, "No, it's rabbit and you know very well it is. Anyhow, at least I don't wear ferrets!" This is sure to start a row—but who cares?

A number of skins seem to have been neglected or overlooked. The bull moose, for instance, worn, horns and all, should look le dernier cri.

I don't know what that means, but we constantly use it in this office. It probably means yelling out for your dinner.

It looks very refined to me, anyway.

Imagine the thrill you'd get when reading the social column in the paper: "Mrs. Gorgonzola looked charming in a hippopotamus-skin coat. It made her look more like a hippopotamus than usual."

Charming. I can't recommend Angoras. Angoras—I've got a dictionary here, but it's a section of an encyclopaedia. I'm hanged if I know what it is. You can't find any sense in it.

But referring to this fur business, if you will permit me. The rarest of all furs is the platinum fox. Only six have been captured; four are in a New York store, the Duchess of Windsor has one, and one belongs to the Princess de Faucigny-Lucinge.

Play that on your piano. It took me all my time to spell it.

As a staunch humanitarian I object to this wanton slaughter of these innocent, blameless, innocuous, harmless animals.

By  
**L. W. LOWER**  
Australia's Foremost  
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

"BE HONEST," says Lower, "when someone asks you about your fur coat. If it's rabbit don't call it otter."

It would be a good idea if a woman wearing a skunk coat would be compelled to eat the skunks.

Don't think I'm harsh and nasty, but I like skunks.

I have been convinced over a period of years that, according to my friends—and I hope they all die in one festering heap—that I am a skunk. That's what they say.

Really, I am a very nice fellow. To meet me is a pleasure, if you've got any money. I am one of

Nature's gentlemen. Gay, courteous, generous, and kindly.

No. I don't even believe it myself.

Perhaps I am a skunk after all.

But anyhow, if I am, I'm one of the best skunks in Australia.

It is now two o'clock, so I shall depart and have my daily hamburger and black coffee.

I shall forget furs. Hairs to you. Fur's a jolly good fella!

## NEW ZEALAND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION



NOV. 1939  
to APRIL 1940

NEW ZEALAND invites you to attend in Wellington the most spectacular festivities ever arranged south of the line! One hundred years of colonization are to be celebrated by the Greatest Exhibition ever held in the Southern Hemisphere. Come to the Wonderland of the Pacific—only 2½ days' sail from Sydney—and enjoy the pageantry, impressive displays, colossal entertainment, sports meetings, magnificent scenery, and a thousand unique attractions that will hold you enthralled. Full particulars are available in a beautifully illustrated brochure in colour. Write for your copy to: New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane or all travel agents.

## BOOK NOW!



How does she  
keep Healthy  
and Happy in  
WINTER

She's as healthy and happy as a schoolgirl—and her secret for Winter fitness—just Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

If you follow her lead, you, too, will have bright eyes, a clear skin and radiant health the Winter through. Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone you up, gently stimulate the system and daily clear away food residue and other impurities.

So start taking Bile Beans to-night and keep gloriously fit and well, free from colds and 'flu, during the Winter months.

By Nightly Taking

## BILE BEANS

"I feel that others should know how excellent Bile Beans really are. Ever since taking them I've had a feeling of fitness and health that carries me through the longest day. Bile Beans also keep the figure slender and attractive."—Miss J. Hart.

"I think Bile Beans wonderful. Taking them nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is a healthy colour, my complexion bluish-free, my eyes are bright and I get up of a morning feeling rejuvenated."—Mrs. F. S. Britten.



# Breakfast your family on crisp, crunchy VITA-BRITS

*and they'll grow healthy, wealthy and wise*

The extra food value of Vita-Brits whole wheat builds sturdy bodies and supple muscles—keeps the youngsters full of good-tempered vim and vigour — and allows the development of quick intelligence that will help them make their way in the world. Vita-Brits are whole wheat roasted, toasted and pressed into delicious golden "biscuits" of goodness. They're attractive to young appetites—no fussing, coaxing or commanding will upset the morning meals. You'll save a lot of time, too, for Vita-Brits are ready to serve as they come from the packet ... with hot or cold milk ... with any stewed or fresh fruit ... spread with butter or honey ... with cream and jam ... with golden syrup or maple syrup. Remember, too, that Vita-Brits are just as good for grownups and that they like them just as well as the youngsters do.

## YOU CAN SERVE VITA-BRITS EVERY DAY IN A DIFFERENT WAY.

For breakfast, for luncheon, for afternoon tea, for dinner, for supper, there's a delicious way of using Vita-Brits. Try, for instance, these recipes . . .

**VITA-BRIT VEGETABLE CHARLOTTE.** Butter a pie-dish, split Vita-Brits into three lengthwise to line the bottom and sides of the pie dish. Fill with a variety of cold cooked vegetables, e.g., carrots, tomatoes, beans, celery, etc. Over this pour a white sauce made with 1-oz. butter, 3-oz. flour and 1 gill milk. Sprinkle rolled Vita-Brits over the top and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes.

**VITA-BRIT NAPOLEONS.** Split Vita-Brits through the centre and spread each half with raspberry jam and whipped cream. Cut sponge cake to fit and place between the two halves. Cover with white icing and sprinkle with chopped almonds. These can be cut in half for afternoon tea cakes.

**VITA-BRIT SLICES.** 4 Vita-Brits—1 pint milk—1 oz. butter—2 tablespoons sugar—1 oz. flour—1 tablespoon coconut—1 egg yolk—1½ ozs. Sultanas—Vanilla. Split Vita-Brits through the centre. Melt butter, add flour, stir till smooth. Add milk and blended coconut and stir till boiling. Cook 2 minutes—Cool slightly—Add yolk and cook without boiling. Add sugar, vanilla and sultanas and beat well. Fill Vita-Brits with the mixture and dust icing sugar over the top.

**SPINACHED EGGS ON VITA-BRITS.** Vita-Brits—cooked spinach—eggs—butter—salt and pepper. Split Vita-Brits through the centre and toast. Chop spinach finely and re-heat with melted butter, salt and pepper. Poach eggs. Butter the Vita-Brits and spread the spinach over them. Make depressions for the poached eggs and place on spinach. Serve hot.

### TO SPLIT VITA-BRITS.

Hold firmly on edge and use saw-edged knife or sharp knife dipped in boiling water.

Vita-Brits are the  
whole wheat biscuits for  
**MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT**







• MRS. MAX SOLLING kept her husband supplied with sticks between chukkas and also entertained 400 guests to cocktails during Maitland polo carnival.



• JUDY SAYERS and Wallace White, of Muswellbrook team, step out at Maitland polo ground.



• JOHN ALISON, No. 2 player for Wirgulla team, passes time o' day at Maitland polo with Biddy Gelling and Ned Capp... both of Quirindi.



• IT IS NOT AN ESKIMO... just Dorothy Fisher, of Maitland, in a fur-lined hood to withstand the wind at polo.

# Miss Midnight's JOTTINGS

## With a hey and a neigh...

I LEARN a thing or two about polo. Muffled up in my best country tweeds I hie me to the Maitland carnival, all set to show an intelligent interest in the play.

I sit me down with a row of Ashtons and Braggs and try to look as though this game called polo is worth the cold and wet we mere onlookers suffer.

Town and Country are doing things to Maitland, or vice versa, I'm not sure which, when Monte Brown comes off his horse. "Monte has taken a spill," I shriek, and am then frozen by a look. I am taken away in a corner and it is explained by a well-wisher that in polo a player only becomes "unseated," and "Never, never simply falls off, or has a spill."

For the rest of the day I am dumb, but at night I come into my own. I shed my heavy brogues, my tweeds, my peasant kerchief, my shooting-stick, and don my lush wine velvet for the ball.

First person I spy is Sam Babicci of old Romano's, he who has always been tops among band leaders in the affection of polo players. Sam is here from Sydney with his boys and his treasured licorice stick (new-gold and ivory saxophone to you) to give us dancing feet and saxophobia.

Sam and I exchange views on country life. We decide that these blokes can take it... polo all day, dance all night, and then more polo.

Me, I just creep back to town when it's all over for a long, quiet rest.

## Putting on dog...

BUT soon I am up and about again. Must brush up my dachshund. Dudley Cup starts in a fortnight at Kyeemagh, which means plenty of oats for the horses and cocktails for their friends and riders.

There's a Polo Tea on July 19 at Hopewood House (sixty hostesses) and a Polo Ball at Prince's the next night (tickets, one guinea). And on July 21 there's a cocktail party for the Moore Park Kindergarten at new Romano's... this date chosen with the ulterior motive of inducing polo supporters along.

## Too, too chinchilla...

I PUT on my best bib and join the VERY chinchilla audience at the celebrity orchestral concert. Simply everybody. There is Mrs. Malcolm Mackellar in dyed ermine and diamonds; Morna Mackenzie in white ermine cape; Nedra Levy in silver fox; June Williams (with Rickie Dowling) in arctic fox and orchids; Mrs. Gordon Brady in a spot of sable. And Sheila Anderson in a sweeping cyclamen cloth coat—so cyclamen that I overhear several agree, "You couldn't wear it very often."

Oh, I nearly forgot, there is also Schnabel and Szell and a large orchestra playing Beethoven. At interval I collect opinions... Mrs. Dundas Allen thought it Marvellous. Warwick Fairfax, looking rather absent, thought so too...

But youthful Clara Butter thought it "simply dreadful, and that one of the players really should go home and learn the difference between A and B flat."

During interval the idea is to get all matey in the foyer over hot coffee with whipped cream in it—so I hear. Me, I got wedged in the middle and didn't catch sight of any.

## Simply nobody there...

FUNNY thing about music. It's simply taken up by the Best People or it simply isn't.

The Symphony Orchestra has been quite adopted in the right places; you'll always see Mrs. So-and-So there in her super silver fox thingummy. And there is coffee and biscuits (gratis) during interval.

But poor Richard Crooks. Such a nice man, too. In a packed Town Hall on Thursday night I couldn't see anybody. I don't know why. Me, I like Mr. Crooks. He sings divinely, but maybe he doesn't wear the right kind of tie or sing Beethoven symphonies, which practically everyone seems to understand nowadays.

## Sackcloth will do...

SACKCLOTH and ashes are good enough for the ram sales. Nobody seems to know what anybody is wearing, unless they happen to be a sheep, and sheep don't dress very well, which makes the ram sales a pretty drab affair, don't you think?

I blew out there (blew's right; wind velocity 50 m.p.h.) done up rather nicely, I thought, and met the only other woman, Mrs. Lex Albert, looking even smarter.

She isn't wearing her sheep-hunting clothes—blucher boots, mud-stained slacks and bolero coat to match. In fact, she admits she has never been to a sheep hunt before.

It doesn't matter what she is wearing, anyway, which makes me think that a woman might cause a stir if she went disguised as a wolf in sheep's clothing, with shoes and hat to tone.

I join in the back-slapping for Hadron Rig George, who sports a nice line in pussy-eats-mouse grins... and wouldn't you if only ONE of your sheep had just been knocked down for FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS, and the auctioneer still saying "Gentlemen, gentlemen, it's a gift."

## Okay by us, old fellow...

WAAL, you can't start fireworks in a ballroom, now can you? So what. So noisy novelties have been specially manufactured to replace the "Glorious Fourth" crackers in the Australia ballroom this Tuesday.

It's the American Society's ball, only this year it's Anglo-American because you know why. So Anglo-American that everything will be red, white and blue—even the Uncle Sam and John Bull balloons.

I hope John Bull doesn't burst first or there might be an Incident. And we don't want an Incident as the last one in North China started two years ago and is still going strong.

## They are talking about...

THE yards and yards of poinsettia-red carpet specially made in England for the John Halls' new home at Newcastle... Rickie Dowling's super-super streamlined black limousine which transports him to his law studies at the Varsity... John Faviell's luxuriant moustache which out-Russells Blue Russell... Ian McMaster dancing with Viennese Katrin Rosselle at Prince's... Betty Hyles' bright coming-of-age cocktail "do" at her home, Murryong, Canberra, last Saturday... Mrs. Hector McFarlane's small black boater with a handful of pink roses perched in front.



• SIR FREDERICK McMASTER, of Dalkeith, treads a measure at Prince's with Bessie Watt during sheep week.



• STEWART NIVISON, who has been called "the man who put Moree on the map," dines at Prince's with Babe Parker. Stewart, as you know, recently rode a horse into a Moree hotel.



• INFORMAL STUDY at The King's School dance at the "Troce"... Kath Menzies and Dick Bazacott, an old boy of the school.



• THE HERMAN FLYNNs go in for a midnight just at a table decoration at the Movie Ball. Mr. Flynn was organiser of the ball.





### A New Long-Wearing Nail Polish

Here at last is the Nail Polish that women have been wanting for years... A polish that flows smoothly on to the nail and clings there... gleaming, brilliant and flawless day after day.

Try the new Cutex polish in one of the season's lovely soft shades... a shade to harmonize with your favourite costume colour, to accent your own colouring.



TRY THESE EXCITING NEW SHADES  
Clover Tulip  
Thistle Laurel  
Old Rose Heather

REGULAR SIZE NOW COSTS ONLY 2/-. For economy buy the Regular Size Cutex Polish. It is usable to the last drop, and contains nearly three times the quantity of the 1/- Trial Size.

## CUTEX

Nail Polish



"Hey, Mum, look at the clock! It's time for—"

## The "Children's Doctor" on 2GB

"The Children's Doctor" is one of Sydney's leading authorities on maternal and child welfare. Her session is presented over 2GB as a gesture of goodwill and service to mothers, expectant mothers, and the children of to-day and to-morrow.

**TUESDAY, 3.30 p.m.**

(Presented by the makers of Cornwell's Extract of Malt).

## Betty's "racey" narratives

### Up north acquiring wisdom, but not golden wisdom

By BETTY GEE

I'm up in Brisbane and I make the mistake coming here. And when I'm here I make the mistake in taking the opinion of the local folk.

I ask them in each race if Loppin's mount has a chance and they are doubtful about the earlier ones, but when he rides Golden Wisdom in the third race they say it is the greatest squib who ever set foot over a six-furlong course.

They say Golden Wisdom can't possibly stay the journey today, and I leave the betting ring in disgust, and it leads all the way and wins easily.

So I don't know whom to blame most, my advisers for putting me off, or myself for allowing myself to be put off.

I back Waitaha in the Newmarket, which Will Loppin rides, and also Trimmer, but they are both killed in the crush at the finish, and Alan Cooper wins the race with Micawber, and the first thing he does is rush over to his wife and give her a big kiss.

He is newly married.

I had some revenge on The Squire in the First Welter at 6/4, but just when little Will Loppin had steered Hilarious to a position where she challenged the leaders in the Carnival Handicap she punctured and missed a place, and Cooranga won it.

Now Cooranga came from last to win today, but I understand that Hilarious still has a Cup chance, because her wind will be better when she reaches Cup day, next Saturday, what with Saturday's race and training, and this and that.

I am told to collect my hotel board and return fare on First Prize when he runs at Doomben next Saturday in the Flying.

### Bargain Hunting

WON'T it be 14n ransacking the bookmakers' cupboards for long-odds doubles when they bring out their charts on the Melbourne and Caulfield Cups next week?

The Caulfield Cup is worth \$5500, and is run on Saturday, October 21, and the Melbourne Cup is \$10,000, and is decided on November 7. They are the big racing events of the year.

Those bookies' price charts on these events are fascinating.

The odds range from 250 to 1 for favored doubles to 10,000 to 1 about the forlorn outsiders.

Get a two-pronged pickle fork and see if you can light on the winning double.

Wouldn't it be fun to stake two horses who developed form after the bookies thought they were no-chancers and put them in the 10,000 to 1 group.

But that never happens. The books are too careful. They sift all the possibilities, and the form of horses needs to be lowly indeed to get into those long-shot groups.

### Ajax for Cup?

I AM humbly engaged sifting the possibilities now. Ajax is a Caulfield Cup candidate, but I have my doubts whether he will ever run in a handicap race again.

He hasn't started in one since he won the Newmarket 15 months ago.

As a matter of fact, I think he will be kept for sprints. If he were mine he wouldn't contest a single race beyond 1 mile. I know my Ajax.

I am thinking my double will be Spear Chief for the Caulfield Cup and Defaulter for the Melbourne Cup.

Both are good proved performers, well up to their big weights, and taken early will yield long odds which will keep you thrilled right



"IT'S A GREAT THRILL," says Betty, "taking long-shot doubles on the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups."

up until the Cups become hot, immediate news.

Spear Chief beat Ajax in the Autumn racing in Sydney after the champion had won 18 races straight. That's no mean recommendation for any race, and least of all a Caulfield Cup.

He is handicapped at 9.9, but I've seen him win over 11 furlongs at Caulfield in mud hock deep with 9.4 on his back. And there's no doubt about his stamina to go the full Cup journey. Doesn't he hold the Australasian 2-mile record?

Spear Chief will have that old pastmaster Maurice McCarten on board in all Spring engagements.

### Defaulter the goods

HE knows his way round Caulfield backwards or blindfold. And the trainer is Geo. Price, Daddy of the Commonwealth in a Cup preparation.

Judged by what the hard-heads call "collateral form," Defaulter must be the best staying horse in Australasia just now.

I've had a little whisper from a New Zealander that he has already begun his Cup preparation at home.

I anticipate that when he reaches Australia about September he will commence to clean up all our w.f.a. champions, so he is rather the logical pick for a double, because when he is winning these earlier races you will be getting back your outlay—with interest.

I think the double sounds well. Spear Chief and Defaulter. They roll off the tongue, don't they?

The races next Saturday are at Moorefield, and I've had a special tip that Kai Tere has been saved up for the Moorefield Handicap.

The Head Walter says he has it straight from the filly's mouth that Glorious will win the Kogarah Enclosure Stakes.

Grey Derby for the Carlton Mile comes from somebody who knows a girl who keeps company with one of the strappers in the stable where he's trained.

## Keep free from ACIDITY with Eno!

Excess of acid in the body is responsible for many ailments, such as indigestion, flatulence, biliousness and sick headaches.

Acidity can generally be traced to our modern diet, and especially heavy, rich food, or to over-indulgence in drinking or smoking. This acid condition can easily be corrected by the alkalising properties of Eno's 'Fruit Salt'. Already widely known as the world's most pleasant aid to internal cleanliness, the value of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' as an alkalising agent can be judged by this fact. One teaspoonful of Eno is equal in alkalising value to nearly a tumblerful of pure orange juice. Take Eno's 'Fruit Salt' regularly. It will gently but thoroughly clear your system of poisonous food waste, and at the same time ensure freedom from acidity.

## ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

TRADE MARK

Eno costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/9

AD 145

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ended in 3 minutes

Without Razors, Electric Needles or Smelly Depilatories



The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away below the skin surface. No stubble! No coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New VEEET. Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New VEEET. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists and Stores.

**FREE!** By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEEET ABSOLUTELY FREE send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 387Y), 168/172 Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

## Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded, or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense."

"Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist, and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or rum, is not sticky, and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."



# POLO....and GAIETY!



MRS. VINCENT WARDELL, of Newcastle, at an informal luncheon party at Maitland polo.



MRS. TOM STREET, Dr. Tom Street, Mr. Bob Ashton, Mr. Phil Ashton, Dr. Max Soling (president of the Polo Club), Mr. and Mrs. John Enright, Mrs. Max Soling



CHEERY GROUP at the Maitland carnival were (from left): Miss Winifred Langton (Mudgee), Mr. Kevin Shannon (Merriwa), Miss Betty Langton (Mudgee), Mr. Digger Curtis (Maitland), Misses Jo and Phil Loneragan (Sydney), Margaret Doyle (Sydney), Betty Cape (Leadville).



YOUNG Mrs. Ken Mackay, Dungog, exercising one of her husband's ponies before polo starts.

## A WONDERFUL BLANKET OFFER



Having made another huge purchase of White BLANKETS direct from one of the leading MANUFACTURERS we are able to continue this special offer, but for a LIMITED PERIOD ONLY.

### The Bale Contains:

- 1 Heavy White Full-size Single Bed BLANKET, 72 x 94
- 2 LIGHTER Snow White Blankets and trimmed ready for use. Guaranteed made by the famous Ballie Mole of Manchester, Eng.
- 3 Genuine "ASHMIT" Thick, large-size unadorned Bath Towels.
- 4 YELLOW CABLE Knose White Blankets, Linen Finish with envelope ends.
- 1 Beautiful BOX Broadened BED-SPEAD in glorious shades of Ivory, Blue, Green, Red, Gold, or Pink. Choose a colour to match your room.

THIS SPECIAL SALE

**26/6**

POST FREE N.S.W.

FREE—SEND YOUR ORDER NOW. Mention "The Women's Weekly" and receive a FREE GIFT of two extra large Pure Irish Linen Tea Towels.

THE SYDNEY WHOLESALE LINEN CO.  
78 YORK ST., SYDNEY  
(Opp. Market Street).

## Maitland carnival was magnet for great social gathering

By Our Special Representative

It was horses, horses all the way at the polo carnival at Maitland last week.

At six o'clock in the morning we were awakened by the noise of horses clip-clopping their way to the polo grounds.

WE came down to breakfast and talked horses, we drove out to the polo and watched horses, and back at dinner we talked about what the horses had done during the day.

No other topic of conversation can be expected when the town is packed with visitors such as the polo-playing Ashton brothers, Jim, Bob, and Phil, who are probably more famous than any of the many other world-acclaimed sportsmen born and bred in Australia; Ken and Bob Mackay, of Cangoon, Dungog, and Ken's lovely wife, the former Phyllis Skene.

Also the Braggs, the Blahos and the Cranes from the Scenic district, the three Finlays, also from Scenic, who with long-legged Alec Henderson formed the Scenic Thornthwaite team this year; the two hard-riding and good-looking Allan brothers, John and Mac, from Dungog; and the Maitland polo players themselves.

### Rivals Dudley Cup

SO great is the enthusiasm of the entire town of Maitland for their polo club that, although this is only the third year the carnival has been held, it is already voted the best country polo meeting of the year—indeed, many of the visitors declare it better fun than the Sydney meeting.

But the Dudley Cup, Sydney's biggest competition, is something no one wants to miss, and they are all planning to be in town for this event from July 19 to 22.

The fact that the four Ashtons were to have played here as a team for the first time since their return from their visit to England, some years ago, lent a tremendous amount of interest to the carnival.

Geoff Ashton's unfortunate attack of influenza prevented him from playing. He intended being present to watch the last day's play from the sidelines, but doctor's orders forbade this. Mrs. Ashton also was not

able to be there as she stayed with her husband.

Mrs. Jim Ashton, who accompanied her husband to Maitland, and Mrs. Geoff Ashton were well-known Sydney socialites before their marriages, and since have proved themselves equally popular as young country matrons.

Another and very recent recruit to the ranks of charming young country hostesses is Mrs. Alec Binns, of Singleton, the former Frances Angus, of Sydney. Her husband played with the Murrellbrook team and, between chuckles, Mrs. Binns found his wanted polo sticks, and supplied him with oranges in the approved manner of the polo player's wife.

### Women join in, too

ONE of the keenest spectators, and a polo player herself, is Mrs. Ken Mackay, of Dungog. Not only does Mrs. Mackay know exactly what her husband wants when he is playing, but, at their home property, Cangoon, she is out every morning helping to work and train the ponies.

The local polo field is part of the Cangoon property, and practice matches are held there every week-end during the season.

If some of the players are unable to be present, Mrs. Mackay helps to make up the numbers of the team and plays with the men, which means hard riding and a strong wrist.

A frequent visitor to Cangoon is Alisa Robertson, of Nargoon, Gundagai, who, like Mrs. Mackay, has played polo both here and in India and can handle a horse as well as a man. She stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Mackay at Maitland for the three days of the carnival.

There is the other side to the polo carnival, and that is the arrangements for meals and accommodation. All the players and their wives and friends know one another, and all want to stay at the same place, which results in hotel owners turning normal double rooms into six-bed dormitories and crowding extra chairs and tables into dining-rooms.

One hotel had so many requests for accommodation that the owner has decided to build up an extra floor before next year's carnival.

## Sprains Sports Injuries RUB OUT PAIN with IODEX

In every field of Sport throughout the world, Iodex is used as First-Aid treatment because of its great pain reducing and healing properties. Iodex does not stain or blister the skin. Below are extracts from two interesting letters on our files:—



**Strained Muscles.** "I had an accident to my leg, playing tennis—strained tendon and worse. Iodex was used, and in less than a fortnight I played again, keeping the affected part bandaged. I heard of Iodex from another lady player who uses it under some's directions for similar injuries."



**Painful joints.** "Iodex gives great relief from pain. My husband had Footballer's Knee, and it was very swollen and painful. Our Chemist advised him to use Iodex, which not only relieved, but cured it."

**FREE!** Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.

**IODEX**  
NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- from all Chemists

For nearly 50 years it has been my health Stand-by



FOR almost Half a Century Cornwell's Extract of Malt has been the great Australian Health Stand-by. Mothers have built sturdy families with its blood enriching, nerve fortifying properties. Rich in Vitamins A and B, it offers definite resistance to disease and is a great aid to digestion.

WITH COD LIVER OIL AND ORANGE JUICE, deliciously flavoured, contains essential vitamins A, B, C and D; is the right tonic food for those who are run down, nervous and losing weight.

GROWING CHILDREN SHOULD HAVE THIS GREAT BODY BUILDER

**CORNWELL'S**  
Extract of  
**MALT**

NATURE'S OWN TONIC FOOD FOR YOUNG AND OLD



## DAZZLING WINDOWS

3 TIMES  
QUICKER

I SHAKE SOME  
WINDOLINE ON TO A  
SOFT CLOTH

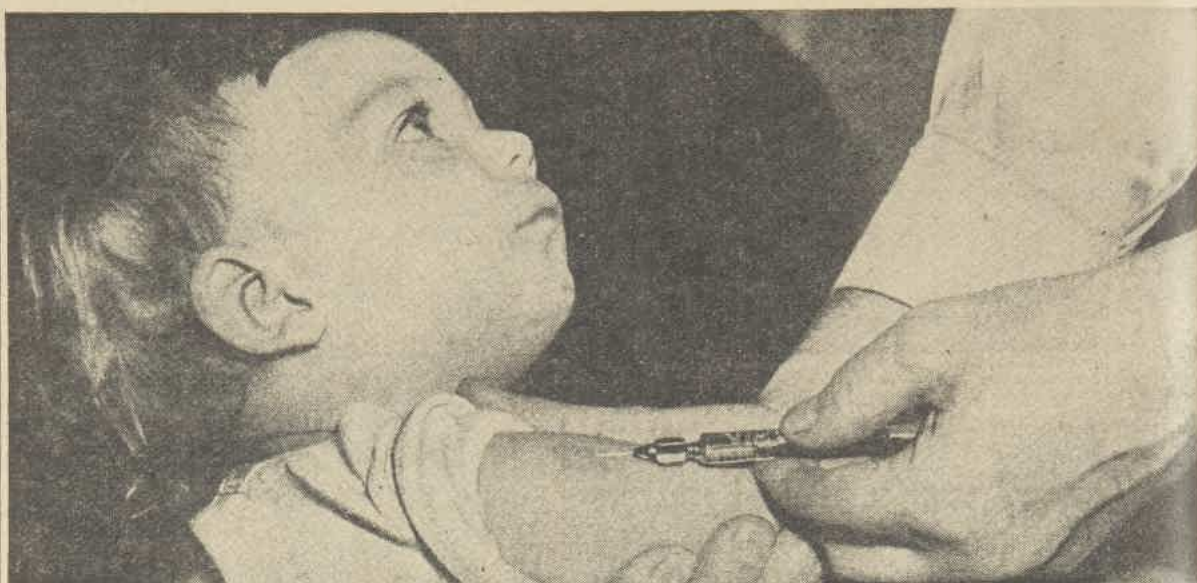
APPLY LIGHTLY TO WINDOW  
— NO HARD RUBBING IS  
NECESSARY

ALLOW A MOMENT TO DRY, THEN  
GIVE A QUICK POLISH WITH  
A DRY DUSTER

No water to splash on carpets — no hard  
rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy — removes grease  
and fly-marks — gives a rich, lasting gloss. It's  
economical, too — a tin cleans over  
200 square feet of glass! Try it on your  
windows and mirrors. Send today for  
a free sample tin of Windolene to  
Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Dept. A  
Bourke Street, Redfern, N.S.W.

**Windolene**  
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

# HOW PARENTS can beat DIPHTHERIA!



"ALL RIGHT, doctor, go ahead."—A delightful study of a young baby contemplating the preparations for diphtheria immunisation.

IMPOSSIBLE —  
NO FOOD CAN RELIEVE  
THIS WRETCHED  
CONSTIPATION...

BUT THIS FOOD CAN!  
WHAT'S MORE IT'S  
THE SAFE METHOD

Not a drug or medicine—

but a crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal that  
relieves constipation naturally

NO ONE likes to have to rely on  
purgings to bring about what  
should be a normal bodily function.  
And no one really needs to. Common  
constipation can and should be  
relieved naturally.

Common constipation is nearly al-  
ways due to lack of "bulk" in our  
food. Daily staples such as meat, fish,  
eggs, white bread, potatoes and milk  
— contain little or no bulk. The resi-  
dues they leave in the bowels is so  
slight that the bowel muscles cannot  
"take hold" of it and so cannot elimi-  
nate it. This explains why habitual  
purgings with gripping cathartics fails  
to give permanent relief. Such medi-  
cines make the bowels act artificially  
— but they cannot make them act the  
way nature intended they should.

What you need is "bulk"

The only way to relieve constipa-  
tion permanently, naturally and with  
perfect safety to your system is to eat  
regularly the kind of food which con-  
tains bulk and forms a bulky residue.  
Fruit and vegetables provide some of  
this bulk — but seldom enough for  
perfect regularity.

But there is a food, no less  
"natural" than fruit and vegetables,  
which is a far more effective correc-  
tive — Kellogg's All-Bran, a crisp nut-  
sweet breakfast cereal!

All-Bran is a "bulk" food that acts  
on your bowels in the same way as  
fruit and vegetables — but much more  
surely, much more thoroughly!

It forms a soft, bulky mass that the  
bowel muscles find easy to "take hold  
of" and which gives them the gentle

exercise they need. And it does more!  
as it passes through the intestines, it  
absorbs water and softens like a  
sponge. This water-softened mass  
gently but effectively aids elimination  
of the clogging impurities that make  
you feel wretched.

And, in addition, All-Bran contains  
the vital health element Vitamin B,  
which "tones" the intestinal tract.  
All-Bran is also very rich in iron.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morn-  
ing — either with milk and sugar or  
sprinkled over your favourite break-  
fast cereal! Do this every day, and  
drink plenty of fluids, and you'll no  
longer be troubled with common con-  
stipation. You'll enjoy the perfect  
daily "regularity" that keeps you  
radiantly healthy and makes life  
worth living! Get a packet of Kel-  
logg's All-Bran from your grocer to-  
day.



## General immunisation would wipe out all risk

By Our Medical Correspondent

A family of seven (four girls and three boys) was  
stricken with diphtheria at Coogee last week.

One girl has since died. None of the children had  
been immunised.

The mother (Mrs. Anne Rigney) is now appealing to all parents  
to immunise their children against diphtheria.

WHEN diphtheria strikes at  
a whole family in this  
manner, it points to special  
susceptibility in the children.

No one can predict whether  
such susceptibility exists in  
any one family, save by some  
tragic result as in this case —  
hence the need for mass im-  
munity as a general safeguard.  
That's how parents can aid  
science to beat diphtheria.

As a rule diphtheria strikes  
here and there in families,  
attacking one child, sparing  
another. Those not attacked  
are usually "naturally im-  
mune."

But doctors believe that  
such "natural" immunity is  
only acquired after minor  
attacks of the germ have been  
suffered, and successfully  
overcome.

In other words, the immune  
child has had mild attacks,  
probably considered in the  
home "feverish sore throats,"  
and as a result developed pro-  
tective antitoxin in the  
system.

### Dangerous age

THE real safeguard for  
mothers to adopt is not to  
depend on this haphazard  
protection, but to get children  
scientifically immunised.

The danger period for chil-  
dren is between the ages of two  
and ten. But specially-sus-  
ceptible people may be at-  
tacked at any age.

Infants up to one year are  
rarely attacked. This is due  
to immunity bequeathed them  
from their mothers.

This does not last long.  
After two years the child is  
either attacked mildly (with  
successful resistance), or is  
attacked violently (being sus-  
ceptible). A certain propor-  
tion escape altogether, but are

liable to an attack when  
grown-up.

So one can see that diph-  
theria is always present; it  
simmers away quietly between  
seasons and epidemics.

HOW is this simmering  
danger (as doctors say,  
"the reservoir of infection")  
kept up? By germ-carriers.

A certain proportion of  
children, who have had either  
virulent diphtheria or a mild  
unnoticed attack, carry the  
germs in their mouths, noses,  
or throats for some time after-  
wards.

In Australia the proportion  
of carriers among healthy  
children may rise to 8 per  
cent.

Such children are quite  
healthy; they are naturally  
immune; they cannot get the  
disease themselves, but they  
can infect others.

### How infection spreads

INFECTION is usually by the  
breath, but can occur from  
drinking vessels or even ob-  
jects handled. It has been  
carried in milk-cans handled  
by an adult carrier.

In such circumstances  
parents can appreciate that  
the best way to safeguard  
their children is to have them  
immunised, because, once im-  
munised, they can play with  
(unsuspected) "carriers" with  
impunity.

Immunisation by the "three  
shot" (three injection)  
method protects a child till it  
grows up. Immunity by the  
"one-shot" method protects  
for about five years.

Where an outbreak has oc-  
curred, parents are often anx-  
ious about a child when it com-  
plains of sore throat, being un-  
certain whether this is a  
milder infection of the dreaded  
disease.

In the preliminary stages, only  
examination by a doctor can make  
sure. But if a child has a per-  
sistent sore throat with high tem-  
perature and a racing pulse; and  
if at the same time it is listless,  
complains of constant fatigue, can-  
not eat, and the face has a dusky  
flush; and if these symptoms get  
progressively worse, a doctor should  
see the child immediately.

Later grey spots will appear at  
the back of the throat, growing to  
form the typical crust or "diph-  
theritic membrane."

But, as white patches appear also  
in acute tonsillitis, and only an  
expert can diagnose between the  
two, any such spots, if visible, should  
be considered suspicious, and a  
doctor consulted. "It is better to  
be sure than sorry."

Diphtheria varies greatly from  
case to case. There is a mild type  
that passes almost unnoticed, and  
a very virulent type that can cause  
a fatal result within 48 hours of  
infection.

In such cases, however, symptoms  
are so alarming that parents have  
no hesitation in immediately rush-  
ing the child to a doctor or hospital.

Treatment in hospital always in-  
cludes administration of antitoxin.  
Since this was adopted at the end  
of last century, those distressing  
cases in which a tube had to be  
passed through an opening made  
in the throat have become rare.

Diphtheria in Australia is, on the  
whole, declining.

Doctors state that if mass-  
immunity of children could be car-  
ried out the disease would vanish  
for want of victims.

This is why immunisation is a  
safeguard all parents owe their  
children, now that general im-  
munisation has begun, for other-  
wise a whole family may be infected  
from the healthy carriers in their  
neighborhood.

## CORNS!

Corns and Calluses banished FOR  
LIFE... or your money returned IN  
FULL. Only charge, 4/- per cure.

## CHILBLAINS!

New French treatment frees you entirely  
from chilblains. Stop the nagging irri-  
tation of chilblains now.

## PERMANENT CURE

OR MONEY BACK

MONSIEUR S. PERRETT

FOOT SPECIALIST,

181 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

Phone: BA1412.

Particulars to Country Clients.

## THE GENUINE 3-IN-ONE OIL



For sewing  
machines,  
typewriters,  
guns, bicycles,  
tools, etc.

**3-IN-ONE OIL**  
"Trade-Mark"



News-making group sacrificed at

# Huge Savings

Fourth Floor bargains

Usually 30/6, below, maternity smock set in navy, wine, blk. 8W, W, OS. 33/3

Usually 42/-, below, Gouard brocade corset. 34-36. 19/10 4/11 brassiere, 38-44, 2/10

Us. 14/11, below, imported dressing jacket in pink silk brocade. Hand q'ted. 10/10

Us. 29/6, right, imported dressing gown, quilted silk. Size, rose. 8W, W, OS. 16/9

Usually 13/9, at right, flannellette pyjamas, pink or yellow. 8W, W, OS. 10/7

Usually 1/9, 2/3, unillustrated, cream wool vests, child 1-6 years, 1/4. 7-14 years, 1/8

Usually 4/11, 5/11, unillustrated, Girls' wool bloomers, fawn, pink, brown, 2-12 years, 2/5

Usually 18/6, unillustrated, Terry Towelling infants' squares, 24 x 24 ins., per dozen, 12/4

All departments, Fourth Floor. Lay-by!



## FARMER'S

When mail orders, please write to F.O. Box 407 A.A., Sydney, Telephone, M 2905.



Super-quality, linen-finish

### OSMAN SHEETS GO

54 x 90 inches, usually priced at 12/6 per pair, now 8/11  
 63 x 100 inches, usually priced at 16/6 per pair, now 12/11  
 70 x 100 inches, usually priced at 18/6 per pair, now 14/11  
 80 x 100 inches, usually priced at 19/6 per pair, now 16/6  
 90 x 100 inches, usually priced at 22/6 per pair, now 19/11

### 29/6 pr. blankets 22/6

Substantial reductions on all-wool, winterweight blankets just as winter begins. Single-bed size, usually 29/6, now 22/6. Double-bed, us. 32/6, now 36/6. Large double-bed, us. 37/6, now 45/-

### 60/- LUNCH SET

Finest lunch set of pure Irish Linen, exquisitely hand-embroidered. Cloth 54x54. 25/-  
 6 matching serviettes.

### 9/11 Dz. SQUARES

200 dozen "Babys" baby squares of soft and highly absorbent towelling. 24 x 24 ins. Per dozen, 7/11

Napery, Ground Floor, Matchless, First Floor. Mail orders.

Flower-Tinted

### ENGLISH

Cardigans for cold-weather

Usually 27/6. We picked this delicately-hued cardigan at random from our big and blossom-bright selection of English wool-lies. Lots of colours in sizes S.W. to O.S. Now 25/-

Sportswear on Second Floor

No mail, phone orders



### 4/11 GLOVES AT 3/11

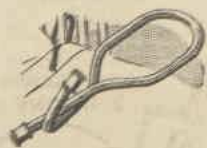
Choose these cosy gloves in anarist or emerald for snow-wear or a wintry day in town. Soft but nobbly astra wool; also in navy or beige... the smartest gauntlets to go at this amazing price.

Gloves, Hosiery, Haberdashery and Neckwear on the Ground Floor. Stocks for mail orders.



### 6/11 HOSIERY AT 3/11

Beautiful chiffon pure-silks, in a three-thread texture, with the dull transparency of amber, made with fine pin-pointed tops, reinforced feet. Special value in the season's loveliest colours.



### 4/6 FASTENERS, 2/3

Sweet sleep for Baby—and you—all night, with one of Kleiner's patent non-slip blanket fasteners. No fear of his ratcheting cold through cover-kicking off; no pins. Pink, blue, 2/3 pair.



### 7/11 Dz. HANKIES, 3/11

Bright sports hankies for frosty outdoor week-ends, delicate lawns, check and stripe designs gayly printed on tinted grounds—all fast to tubbing. Splendid wearing, now at half price.

## SUEDE SHOES CLEAR

At dramatic, exciting new prices

Usually 42/-, Canadian suede court in brown or navy. Sizes 5 to 8 1/2, 30/-

Usually 15/9, Brown suede and calf derby, all-leather heels. 1/2's, 2 to 7, 12/-

Usually 22/9, Brown kid and suede derby, welted soles. 1/2's, 2-4 1/2, 6 1/2-7, 18/9

Usually 29/6, Suede and kid buckle bar, brown, navy. Sizes 3-3 1/2, 5-7, 20/-

Third Floor. No Mail, Phone orders



12/-



18/9



20/-



**Everybody wanted it!  
Everyone praised it!**

# Fashion

Our new journal meets  
with wonderful success

HUGE  
DEMAND  
FOR  
FASHION  
PATTERNS

FASHION, the new style journal for women, met with overwhelming success when its first issue appeared last week. Everybody wanted to buy it.

Congratulatory messages came from all over Australia. The demand for copies was so great that a few hours after it was on sale newsagents were telephoning and telegraphing for extra copies.

It was a wonderful reception for The Australian Women's Weekly's latest publication — a sixpenny monthly fashion and pattern magazine.

In less than a week, FASHION has established itself as the dress guide Australian women were waiting for. The demand has been unprecedented, the enthusiasm beyond all expectations.

The patterns are already selling like hot cakes. FASHION had been selling for only two hours when the sales of the patterns began.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the exciting reports from local agents came congratulatory cables from London and Paris, from the great designers, the very dictators of fashion.



The Queen's dressmaker, Norman Hartnell, who praises FASHION.

Advance proof copies of FASHION were air-mailed to them and here are their cabled comments:—

**MOLYNEUX:—**

"Congratulations! Best wishes for the successful future of the new publication, FASHION, which combines informed views with sophisticated and dignified production."

**HARTNELL:—**

"After seeing proofs of the first issue, I congratulate the promoters of FASHION on their enterprise. It has given me great pleasure to see such a well-produced and well-illustrated periodical."

"I am convinced it will have the great success which it certainly de-



THIS frock was made by a smart reader of FASHION from one of FASHION'S four gift patterns.

serves. Readers will undoubtedly be kept abreast of the latest trend in up-to-date ideas."

**SCHIAPARELLI:—**

whose article, specially written for FASHION, was a feature of the first issue, cabled:

"I've pleasure in greeting FASHION, latest arrival among the journals of the mode. Its practical application of Europe's summer fashions to Australia's winter conditions is in excellent taste and has caught the spirit of present dressing in London and Paris."

**WORTH:—**

"The proprietors of FASHION are to be congratulated on their initiative in producing a paper which so cleverly adapts clothes to suit Australia's own seasons. The paper comes at a most appropriate time when the Duchess of Kent, unquestionably a world's fashion leader, is about to take up residence in Australia."

"It may interest readers to know that the House of Worth, in common with other couturiers, contributed an article to FASHION. The mere act

of having done so shows how much we appreciate this new venture." (The Worth article will appear in the August number of FASHION).

**TEDDY TINLING:—**

"Quite the most comprehensive fashion paper I've seen! The styles are completely up-to-date, and Australian women are fortunate in having at their disposal so complete a service of new ideas and patterns as is brought to them in FASHION."

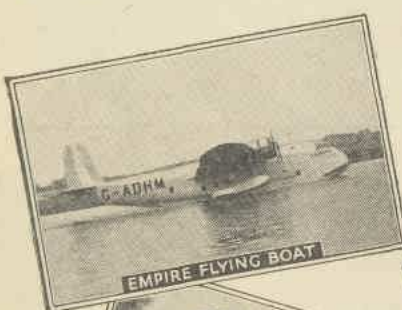
**PAQUIN:—**

"I have pleasure in congratulating you on the new production, FASHION, the general make-up of which seems admirably suited to supply the needs of the women of Australia, where the seasons are at variance with those of London and Paris. FASHION will go a long way to help them maintain their present high standard of dressing."

These are the considered opinions of the greatest designers in the world. You can wear the styles they recommend if you acquire the habit of buying FASHION, 6d. every month.

## A New FASCINATING HOBBY for Boys and Girls

Collect **FOUNTAIN** SELF RAISING **FLOUR** Picture Cards  
There is a Complete Set of 48 Cards of Famous



★ Use  
**FOUNTAIN**  
TOMATO SAUCE  
Home Made Style



Every 2-lb. packet contains Three Cards. Every 4-lb. packet contains Six Cards

**IMPORTANT.**— Only packets which show the Packing Date in GREEN INK on side of packet contain Cards of famous 'Planes and Pilots.

**EXCHANGE CARDS** that you collect with your friends and get your Set in quick time.

This thrilling and fascinating new hobby will delight you; for you can quickly obtain the full set of 48 picture cards of Famous British 'Planes and Pilots—actual photos of the latest and swiftest machines that ensure the safety of the British Empire.

Mother will be delighted too, with Fountain Self-Raising Flour, because it makes the best scones and light fluffy cakes and pastry. Fountain costs no more than other flours, but it is proved the best of all. Used by experts everywhere.

Buy Fountain Flour and all other Fountain Products. Remember, if it's Fountain, it's good!

**OBTAIN A Handsome Album**

Call at your local Grocers and buy your Card Album for Sixpence.

If your Grocer cannot supply you, write direct to Captain Johns, C/o W. C. Douglas Pty. Ltd., Box 218D, G.P.O., Sydney, and enclose Sixpence in stamps to cover cost and postage.

Write now, while you think of it!

# FOUNTAIN SELF RAISING FLOUR

THE KITCHEN TESTED FLOUR



# The Movie World

July 8, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

First Page

1 NEW YORK show girl, Jean Arthur, sees South America.

2 CARY GRANT, manager of a local air mail service, finds Jean attractive.

3 GRANT'S best pilot for trans-Andes flights, Thomas Mitchell, confesses growing blindness.



4 BUT the replace pilot, Richard Barthelmess, is a renegade.

5 JEALOUSY overcomes Jean against Rita Hayworth, Grant's former sweetheart.

6 BUT Jean deliberately shoots Grant to prevent his making a dangerous flight over the Andes in an old plane.

## Moviedom Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood

### Garbo emerges

GARBO is quite a different person since her last trip abroad. Maybe it is Stokowski's influence. Anyway, she no longer takes pains to seclude herself, but goes about freely and normally, usually in slacks. In fact, at the Hollywood fruit market, she was seen strolling along nibbling a corn on the cob.

### Calling Dietrich

MARLENE DIETRICH has the honor of having a screen story specially written for her by Erich Maria Remarque, renowned for his book, "All Quiet on the Western Front." Herr Remarque will sell the story to a movie studio only on condition that his glamorous friend play the stellar role.

### Not permitted

WENDY BARRE has her heart set on visiting her "native" land, China (yes, she was born in Canton), but the studio refuses to give her permission. They feel she would be taking too great a risk in these troubled times. Wendy speaks Chinese fluently.

### Lavish with cash

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has hardly started his picture, "The Dictator," but he has already spent \$100,000 on the production. Charlie takes his own sweet time about things, but once he gets going he spares neither cash nor effort.

### Lays down law

BETTE DAVIS has stated her ultimatum to the Brothers Warner. Either she gets six months' vacation after completing "The Knight and the Lady" or she leaves the studio forever.

### The Robert Taylors

MR. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx were the first hosts formally to entertain the Robert Taylors. The newlyweds were glowing with happiness when they arrived at the party. Barbara's unusual wedding ring of yellow gold, studded with rubies, was greatly admired by the guests.

For the present they are living at Barbara's ranch home, Marwyck. Bob is selling his place, since it was designed for a bachelor, and wouldn't be suitable for family use.

### "Dead end" weds

LEO GORCEY is the first of the "Dead End" kids to be married. He ran off to Yuma, Arizona, with Kay Marvis, but Kay saw to it that her parents followed them in time to see the wedding.

### Beats Garbo

PERHAPS it is the invention of some jealous female, but the story is that Hedy Lamarr's shoes are size eight. And they used to talk about Garbo's size seven! Well, it seems nobody can be altogether perfect—not even Hedy!

## Exotic Flying Tale

● FLYING AIR MAIL over the Andes, a group of reckless pilots risk their lives daily in the air, and find romantic drama on the ground. Unusual in setting and title, Columbia's "Only Angels Have Wings" stars Cary Grant and Jean Arthur. It marks, too, the comeback of former star Richard Barthelmess in the powerful role of an outcast aviator. The story permits Barthelmess to redeem himself—but not before Cary and Jean have fallen in love, adventure has fired the South American landscape, and tragedy has taken the controls of the tickety planes.

### Playing "second fiddle"

STUDIO chiefs at Fox are worried about Sonja Henie's reaction to the title of her next film, co-starring Tyrone Power, entitled "Second Fiddle." Sonja used to be Tyrone's girl friend, and, of course, he is now happily wed to Annabella.

The romance between Tyrone and Sonja was first manufactured in the studio publicity department when both were comparative "unknowns."

In "Second Fiddle" they have a publicity romance that blossoms into the real thing.

A dashing young man was Ted,  
Who didn't expect to be wed,  
But the lady who caught him,  
Wore Kayser and taught him,  
That "K" means "Confetti Ahead!"

I'M A  
One BRAND  
WOMAN NOW

Because beautiful hosiery is an important accessory to the well-groomed woman!... In KAYSER "MIR-O-KLEER" hosiery I've found perfection of fit, and that "luxury look" so essential to smart dressing. "MIR-O-KLEER" Sheers from 4/11 to 7/11. Sturdy Service Weights 4/6 to 7/11.

I insist on  
**KAYSER**  
HOSIERY  
LINGERIE  
GLOVES



H. 9.1



# New MYRNA LOY

AFTER SIX YEARS  
OF WIFELY ROLES  
IS EXOTIC SIREN

By JOHN B. DAVIES  
from Hollywood

**M**YRNA LOY, the perfect wife of the screen, is about to play a siren role again.

As the strong-willed temptress in "The Rains Came," she gets away from "nice girl" roles for the first time for six years.

Just to prove how exotic Myrna is going to be—her rival for the role was the alluring Dietrich herself!

But do not run away with the notion that Myrna is to play an Oriental in "The Rains Came"—just because the Louis Bromfield story is set in India. Her character is that of Lady Heston, an Englishwoman visiting Government House, a selfish sophisticate of creamy pallor and daring, fringed evening gowns.

Already it has been disclosed that Myrna's glittering wardrobe for the film is costing the studio over £A10,500—for 20th Century-Fox, which



• As the perfect wife of "The Thin Man" series, Myrna Loy smiles across Asta at her film husband, William Powell.

borrowed her from MGM especially for this film, is determined to do right by the actress.

Masculine appeal of "The Rains Came," which is regarded by its makers as among the biggest things they have done, centres around George Brent and Tyrone Power. Here is another surprise—Tyrone is not cast opposite Myrna, but has the purely character role, most important, naturally, of the Indian doctor.

But 20th Century-Fox is not to have the "sirenification" of Myrna all its own way. When she returns to MGM she will make "Sea of Grass," in which she plays a wife who is so far from perfect that she deserts husband Spencer Tracy for the gay lights of the city.

Her charming Nora Charles, wife of Nick Charles in "The Thin Man" series, is certainly going to be on the screen again—when Bill Powell is really better and "The Return of the Thin Man" can get under way.

There is no doubt that Myrna is delighted with the opportunity to get away from the domestic pattern. She was in real danger of remaining the modern wife for as long as her career lasted—and Myrna has already had enough of being typed.

Even now she cannot speak without a shudder of the years—from 1925 to 1932—when she was a Chinese, or Japanese, or Malay, or Hindu, or Red Indian vamp, when she wore garish bangles and a thick accent, and spent her time slithering round the scenery.

## Man in her life

**T**HE man who took Myrna out of her Oriental screen garb and restored her face to its natural Western pertness is the man who is her husband to-day—Paramount producer Arthur Hornblow, jun.

Myrna was ready to give up acting entirely, and go back to dancing for a living, when she discovered in Arthur Hornblow a sympathetic listener. He was convinced that Myrna should be permitted to try out her own crisp, clear speech, and

to wash the Oriental make-up from her eyes. He gave her a likeable part in "The Devil to Pay"—and she made good.

That picture, made in 1931, was the beginning of a new life for her. True, she still had to play the lurid vamp on occasions; but she also played in such fine pictures as "Arrowsmith," which earned her a long-term contract with MGM.

Three years later the first of "The Thin Man" films was made—and Myrna became the screen's ideal of the charming, youthful, fun-loving wife.

## Home has charm

**N**O one is more delighted than Mr. Hornblow, however, at Myrna's siren allure in "The Rains Came." For her selection by another studio establishes once and for all her capacities as an actress.

And, in private life, Myrna will go on being the perfect wife. For the Hornblows typify the harmonious sanity of marriage against the glare of Hollywood. They are seldom seen at parties, they rarely visit premieres and night clubs.

Off the screen, this siren is happier and more contented in her own home than anywhere else.

Nestling in Hidden Valley, among wooded hills, the Hornblow home is a simple two-story house of early Californian design, with a garden of flowers and a tennis court. Myrna herself chose the furniture, piece by piece, matched the chintzes, and planted the garden.

Only signs of film-star occupancy are the swimming-pool and the high, wired fence with its curved top.

In these surroundings Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, jun., is the gracious home-maker, and the simple girl with the sense of fun, the sympathetic wife—and just a trace of the tomboy with freckles on a tilted nose.



• Happy wife in real life, Myrna Loy stands before their home hearth with husband Arthur Hornblow, jun., a Paramount producer.

• Siren of yesterday and to-day. In the circle, a slant-eyed Myrna Loy looks mysteriously at the public of six years ago. Above, a perfectly groomed, superbly gowned woman conveys the contemptuous attraction of the modern enchantress for a new film character.

## FASHION frolics back to CHILDHOOD

• Little Boy, or Little Girl, which shall it be? Half of Hollywood is wearing frocks copied from the junior misses,

with prim petticoats, flaring skirts, and embroidered collars. The other half of the film colony has been quietly slipping into Little Boy fashions. Just as smart, say they, and twice as practical.

Brunette Gale Page, of the soulful brown eyes, is wearing a boy's coat of hard grey wool, which designer Howard Shoup admits he copied straight from one in the lads' department of a shop.

This coat has a loose back, a tiny collar, and a row of buttons down the front.

The small boy of yesteryear gave Priscilla Lane an idea for a playtime outfit. She fastens navy-blue flannel slacks to a white pique blouse with big pearl buttons—huge ones. Now she wants tennis or bicycle shorts with the same idea.

Then, remember those Buster Brown collars with the big silk bows in front? Betty Grable is using this memo on a dark green frock of sheer wool. Under her stiff white collar appears a lovely floppy tie of polka-dotted green and white. But the chic Betty cannot resist a Little Girl touch as well. So she has a narrow pleated edging of the polka dot material outlining the hem of her flared skirt.



## Friends of the Famous

STARS MAY CHANGE  
MARITAL PARTNERS  
FREELY, BUT PALS  
LAST A LIFETIME.

From BARBARA BOURCHIER,  
in Hollywood

FILM stars may be quick-change artists as far as marriage is concerned, but their friendships are of long, long duration.

The number of good companions in Hollywood would surprise you.

A film star does not always select another of the clan in whom to confide his secret joys and sorrows, and to bring into his exclusive family circle.

Often they're no account sort of people—to the Great Movie Public, at least.

Take Gary Cooper, for instance. His best friend is extra Harry Mayo. And their friendship is not just a matter of calling up each other when they want a night with the boys. They render mutual aid.

They knew each other as boys in Gary's home town of Helena, U.S.A.

Later they worked together on the same ranch, and discussed their ambitions round the same camp fire.

They went their separate ways, but kept in communication. And when Harry turned up in Hollywood, looking for his friend, Cooper got him extra work, and that has been his job ever since.

A charming aside to Hollywood is the staunch comradeship that exists between star and secretary.

The friendship between Carole Lombard and her former secretary, Madalyn Fielda, is well known. So is that between George Raft and his secretary and adviser, Mark Gray.

But the happy relationship that exists between Marjorie Weaver and her secretary, Judi Parks, is not such common knowledge.

The two girls went to school together. It was Judi who, unknown to her friend, entered Marjorie's photograph in the beauty competition which she won and which led her to Hollywood.

And as soon as Marjorie made good in pictures, she sent for Judi, who has acted as stand-in, secretary, and companion ever since.

Film stars are generally supposed to be mutually antagonistic.

But this is by no means true.

Merle Oberon and Norma Shearer share one of life's beautiful friendships.

Norma was the first person Merle thought of when she was wiring back to Hollywood the announcement of her recent sudden marriage to Alexander Korda.

### Eddy liked critic

BETWEEN Shearer and Joan Crawford, rival stars at MGM, there exists, alas, a marked antipathy.

On the other hand, Crawford is as close as a sister to Eleanor Powell, another star of the same studio.

Similarly with Dorothy Lamour and Martha Raye, at Paramount.

They arrived in Hollywood about the same time, and have come up to the top together.

Recently Dorothy gave Martha a "friendship" bracelet as a token of affection.

Nelson Eddy combines business and pleasure with his best friendship. The lucky man is his instructor, Dr. Edouard Lippe.

Several years ago when Eddy was singing with the Philadelphia Opera Company he heard the voice of criticism raised in the wings of the theatre.

He noted that the gentleman, who thought his voice production was not as it should be, was Dr. Lippe. Later he called on him, full of indignation, but stayed instead to listen.

Lippe has been both Eddy's voice coach and friend from that day to this.



• NELSON EDDY, MGM singing star, whose best friend is his voice coach, Dr. Edouard Lippe. Eddy's next tuneful musical will be "Balalaika," with Ilona Massey.

## Happy Birthday To You

PARTIES GIVEN TO  
VETERAN AND LAD  
OF FILM COLONY.

By JOAN McLEOD  
from Hollywood

I ATTENDED two birthday parties in Hollywood this week—and got a new insight into this bewildering city of ours.

For one party, given in honor of 61-year-old Lionel Barrymore, could have taken place nowhere except inside a film studio.

The other, at which Bobby Jordan danced in his 16th year, could have been thrown in any neighborhood in the world.

More than two hundred stars, executives and directors of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer assembled to wish Lionel a happy birthday—and a continued career in films. They were genuine wishes, for Lionel has inspired respect, affection, and admiration from the movie colony.

By a happy coincidence, the actor was also commemorating the anniversary of his 38th year in films.

The head of MGM—Louis B. Mayer—spoke briefly, saying: "In my 32 years in the entertainment business I have found no greater inspiration than in Lionel's brave spirit."

### Speech by guest

HE presented Barrymore with a ship's clock and barometer on behalf of the studio.

"I am proud of any small contribution I may be able to make in bringing entertainment to a troubled world," said Lionel. "I am proud above all things that I live in a country blessed with the freedom under which all these things are possible."

Barrymore's first role before the camera, 30 years ago, was in "The Barrier," for MGM.

Every one of your favorite stars was there to watch Lionel blow out the candles on his birthday cake, shake hands, and be hugged by the actresses.

Norma Shearer, who has shared a fine friendship with Barrymore ever since they played together in "A Free Soul," was on his right hand during the little ceremony. In her short-sleeved little floral frock, her head bare, she looked about 18!

Back from Selznick studios, where he is working on "Gone With the Wind," came Clark Gable with his 19th century haircut to join in the good wishes.

Bobbie Jordan's birthday party was the home celebration in fancy dress, with exuberant dancing of any group of exuberant youngsters—with the older people sitting round the wall watching.

The "Dead End" gang were there in full force—Bobby is the youngest and one of the most talented members of the group.

Mickey Rooney, the Mauch Twain, Edith Fellows, Bonita Granville, Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew and Bobby Breen all danced their toes off. Young Sybil Jason had the time of her life. Jack Searl was the most dashing young man present—in a jockey outfit.

And, for your information, 18-year-old Bonita Granville, with lace on her ermine frock and gardenias in her hair, was the belle of the ball.

But what charmed me most was the whole-hearted enjoyment of the evening: the absence of any arrogance or film-star nonsense on the part of these gifted youngsters, who might never have been nearer to a film than their suburban theatre on a Saturday night!





# How to be a "stooge"...

## Comedy secret



● John Dobbie registers mirth and George Wallace bemused horror in the coming Cinesound production, "Gone to the Dogs."



● John Dobbie provides cheerful balance for star comedian George Wallace's mood of despair in a scene from Cinesound's next comedy.

## ...By Australian John Dobbie



● The two comedians in a haunted house sequence in the film. Fear is the reaction of both, with spotlight on Wallace.

## A GREAT ADVANCE IN BEAUTY CARE!

Pond's Creams  
containing active

## "SKIN-VITAMIN A"

Now Pond's Creams do more for your skin than ever before... they contain the active "skin-vitamin," vitamin A, which is a direct aid in keeping skin healthy and beautiful.

Your skin—every woman's skin—needs this precious vitamin! Yet sun, wind and washing constantly sap out the supply. Then skin becomes rough, harsh, dull-looking.

But don't let your complexion suffer from lack of this vitamin—restore it, with Pond's two Creams... Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener.

For soft, smooth, radiant skin, use these two creams regularly night and morning, and during the day when you change your make-up.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/- tubes for your handbag, 1/- jars for your dressing table, and economical 2/6 jars containing approximately 3½ times as much.

### Princess Priscilla Bibesco.

"I can't thank Pond's enough for putting the 'skin-vitamin' into Pond's Creams. They've improved my skin texture and color so much."

In Hospitals doctors discovered that a certain vitamin, the "skin-vitamin," when applied direct to wounds and burns healed skin quickly. Then Pond's found a way to include this "skin-vitamin" in their two creams.



**Those We Love.**  
The delightful new radio story presented by Pond's... every Thursday at 9 p.m. on 5CH, 2GZ, 3DB, 4BK, 4RK, 6IX, WB, 7HT, at 7.45 p.m. on 3SR; at 8.30 p.m. on 3AD-MU-PI-SE; every Monday at 7.30 p.m. on 2BK.



**NOW IN POND'S CREAMS—the active "skin-vitamin".**



Women who tested these Creams containing the "skin-vitamin" in place of their usual creams asked eagerly for more... said they had made skin smoother, clearer, fresher in color. Now thousands of women all over the world have recognized this extra beauty care in Pond's!

**FREE!** Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin." Mail this coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope in cover postage and packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams with "skin-vitamin"—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted:

RACHEL (Brunette) ( ) LIGHT CREAM ( )  
SUNTAN ( ) NATURAL ( )  
(Dark Brunette) ( ) ROSE CREAM ( )  
ROSE BRUNETTE ( ) LIGHT NATURAL ( )  
( ) (Naturelle) ( )

POND'S DEPT. (X 58), Box 1111, G.P.O., MELBOURNE

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....

## GOLDEN RULES ON ART OF HELPING A COMEDIAN TO BE FUNNY IN PUBLIC

A "STOOGES" — you won't find the word in the dictionary—is, theatrically, the player who listens, grimaces, makes appropriate comment to allow another comedian to crack jokes—either for stage or screen.

The silent partner, or at least the assistant in a comedy turn.

A simple thing to do, one might think, but it's not as easy as it sounds. In fact, "stooging" is quite an art.

Twenty-three stone Australian John Dobbie, who plays with comedian George Wallace in Cinesound's "Gone to the Dogs," has worked out a few golden rules on "stooge" behaviour.

### Study contrasts

JOHN ought to know all about it, for in his time—and a long time—he has acted as "stooge" not only for Wallace, but for other well-known comedians, such as Joey Porter, Joe Young, Joe Marks and George Gee.

He's known as one of the best "feeds" in the theatrical and film game.

"To give the best climax to a gag," he says, "you must instantaneously express the directly opposite emotion to the comic. If the comedian is meek, you must be ferocious. If, on the other hand, he puts over his gag beaming with delight, you must be sad to the point of tears."

"I think the hardest type of comedian with whom I have worked is what I call the 'cue-bound' comic. These are men who simply cannot 'ad lib.' They rely on their written material, which they learn off by heart. Then, of course, if anything unforeseen occurs, they are simply lost."

"To the 'stooge,' they are not good comics, but merely 'good tradesmen.' Personally, I prefer the 'ad lib.' man every time."

"George Wallace is the man at this game. If the roof fell in, he could still gag his way through a show, and his humor would be as brilliant as ever."

"Of course, with an ad lib. man, the 'stooge' is kept on his toes. I enjoy this, as it makes it infinitely more interesting for me. All the time I must be just one step ahead of the man with whom I am working."

"It is really a matter of sensing the mood of the comedian. With George Wallace, I find that the easiest way is to watch his eyes. They are the most expressive part of his face, and they reflect his mood before he pulls his gag."

"As soon as I sense this change of mood, I am on my toes, and after I have helped him build up to the climax of his joke I endeavor to fade out of the picture as he puts it over."

"But it's hard to make yourself invisible when you're 23 stone."

Dobbie's role in "Gone to the Dogs" illustrates these points.

In a comedy-haunted-house sequence in the film, Wallace and Dobbie have to register the same emotion... fear! As there was very little dialogue, John had to try to build up his comedy on the same lines as George so that the desired impression of horror was conveyed even more strongly to the audience.

But the "stooge" watched throughout the sequences that he did not detract in any way from the star.

### Fashion in "stooges"

IN his own words... "I kept in the picture, but that's all." Again, while Lois Green was dancing in the musical sequence, John and George had to watch. There was no dialogue, merely comedy reaction. All the comedy grimaces were left to Wallace... the face of John was merely wreathed in smiles. The comedy effect, however, was balanced nicely.

"Stooges" have changed in the last few years," says John. "Once we were 'straight' men, always smartly dressed and dapper. Now we wear comedy clothes, and work as a team."

And so, you movie fans, when next you see your favorite comedy team, remember that half the credit is due to the art of the self-effacing "stooge"!



# SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



**CESAR ROMERO,** VILLAINOUS TARGET FOR MANY A CINEMA BULLET, SUFFERED HIS FIRST WOUND IN A HOLD-UP SCENE IN "RETURN OF THE CISCO KID" WHEN THE SHERIFF DROPPED A HEAVY REVOLVER ON HIS FOOT.

**LEON G. TURROU,** SPY-CHASING EX-G-MAN, IS CAST AS A SPY IN "ENEMY AGENT."

## Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

**ERROL FLYNN** has almost completely recovered from injuries sustained last week when the car in which he and his wife, Lili Damita, were travelling ran into a post.

Sticking plaster on the famous forehead is the only outward evidence of the accident.

Flynn suffered minor bruises and cuts and had several stitches put into his forehead but recovered sufficiently to make a world broadcast the next night on the occasion of his thirtieth birthday.

For the first time in two years, Greta Garbo has her grease-paint on again. The picture is "Nin-

otchka," with Melvyn Douglas as her leading man.

Garbo fans, who have been clamoring to see her in modern clothes, will be glad to know that she wears a tailored blue suit in her first scene before the camera.

It is six years since she has appeared in anything but a costume picture.

**ELAINE BARRIE** has turned down numbers of offers to make personal appearances as Mrs. John Barrymore. She is now in Hollywood, night-clubbing with the elite, and plans to air her dramatic talents later in summer stock.

John is a very sick man and has temporarily retired from the cast of his play, "My Dear Children," now running in Chicago.

**MAUREN O'SULLIVAN** has the most beautiful baby in the world—at least that's what she thinks. Maureen says her new eight-pound baby is the image of his dad.

This Hollywood baby is blessed with happy parents. Handsome John Farrow, writer and director, and Maureen are quite the most devoted couple in the colony.

**CARY GRANT** has been so long—some since fiancée Phyllis Brooks sailed for England to make a picture there that he has decided to follow her over just as soon as his studio can release him.

It looks like romance again for Sonja Henie. Sonja and Vic Oursatti have both booked on the same liner for Europe. Sonja will be chaperoned by her mother.

Last April Vic gave a big birthday party for Sonja.

They are both free to wed. Oursatti was divorced from June Lang after two short months of marriage in 1937.

**CAROLE LOMBARD** is scheduled to play a woman mathematical genius—quite a change from her dizzy, madcap roles. The story is Charles Morgan's "Flashing Stream."

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

### ★★ CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY

(Week's Best Release.)

Edward G. Robinson, Paul Lukas, Francis Lederer, Dorothy Tree. (Warner Bros.)

SENSATIONAL in its frankness and thrilling as spy drama, "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" is the first film of its kind to reach the screen.

For it is the first film to tackle the question of modern international politics—and modern propaganda.

Warner Bros. based their drama upon two things: The court records of the recent Nazi espionage trials, held in New York, America, and the writings of Leon G. Thirrou, who, when an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation ("G-Man") helped to bring these spies to conviction.

In dramatising these facts, and weaving them into bold exposures, as well as exciting entertainment, Warner Bros. adopted a novel technique.

A commentator opens the film—he bridges the gaps in the narrative—and he is aided by newscasters, which show the invasion of Austria and Czechoslovakia, and the public celebrations of "Nazi Germany."

"Confessions of a Nazi Spy" traces the methods by which the spies enlist in America, and the methods by which they receive their instructions.

Edward G. Robinson, as the chief Federal agent, enters late in the film—and his work in smashing the spy ring is highlighted.

Outstanding in the cast are Francis Lederer, as the ego-maniac spy, and Paul Lukas, as the organiser of Nazi espionage in America.

You who have seen Lederer only in sugar-spun whimsy will be astounded by his work here.

Others who score are George Sanders, Dorothy Tree, and the German actor who plays "The Little Man."

Anatole Litvak's direction is vital.—Mayfair; showing.

### ★★ ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Don Ameche, Loretta Young, Henry Fonda. (20th-Century Fox.)

TWENTIETH-CENTURY FOX has turned the facts of a commercial invention into absorbing and human entertainment.

The film follows the fortunes of Alexander Graham Bell, young, earnest, and ardent inventor. It details his early struggles with the multiple telegraph. It tells how he starved and fought in order to perfect his most famous invention—the telephone.

Interwoven with this story is the private life of Bell, his love for his deaf sweetheart (Loretta Young), who then, and later as his wife, gave him all the encouragement and faith he desired.

The film reveals, too, that Alexander Graham Bell did more for humanity than the invention of the telephone—he was one of the pioneers in teaching speech to the deaf.

The most moving scene in the picture depicts the first utterances of a small boy who had been mute from babyhood.

As the inventor, Don Ameche gives the most sincere performance of his screen career. He never once drops out of character—and his enthusiasm is contagious.

The film is rich in humor, as well as endeavor. Veteran Charles Coburn's portrait of the methodical Mr. Hubbard is a gem—and, as an effective background, cluster Loretta's three real-life sisters—Sally Blane, Georgiana Young, and Polly Ann Young.—Century; showing.

### ★ SWING, SISTER, SWING

Johnny Downs, Kathryn Kane. (Universal.)

THREE country youngsters introduce their own ballroom dance, the Baltimore Bubble, into New York society, and provide fair to middling song and dance entertainment.

The dancing consists of high-kicking from youngsters, in a fancy version of the Big Apple.

The songs are modestly rendered by Johnny Downs, in threesome romantic interludes with Kathryn Kane. Johnny, infectious on the dance floor, is a fish out of water in song.

Until half-way through, the film

### Watch Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

is good, light inconsequential entertainment. Then the bubble bursts, along come all the familiar angles, and the comedy loses its youthful exuberance.

For Johnny, when the popularity of the dance is on the wane, unexpectedly develops a "swelled" head, and forgets all about his loyal hometown sweetheart—and-eyed blonde, Kathryn Kane.—Capitol; showing.

### ★ THE MYSTERY OF MR. WONG

Boris Karloff, Dorothy Tree. (Monogram.)

SLANT-EYED Orientals add a touch of the sinister to this exciting mystery melodrama.

It's the second appearance of Boris Karloff as Wong, amateur Chinese sleuth, who employs his astute deductive powers in the interests of the police.

Players move in an inexplicably foggy atmosphere, which helps to build up the atmosphere of suspense and enable the double murderer to act without being seen.

The story concerns a sapphire, named, imaginatively, "The Eye of the Daughter of the Moon."

Dorothy Tree, in the wife role, gives distinction to an uninteresting character.—Capitol; showing.

### PANAMA LADY

Lucille Ball, Allan Lane, Steffi Duna. (RKO.)

THIS absurd melodrama is reminiscent of all the old stage pieces about the Lurid East.

Its characters come straight out of the past—the beautiful white girl, the tough white man, the jealous native girl.

There is even the ancient scene in which the native beauty—Steffi Duna—tries to poison the white beauty—Lucille Ball.

If the cast had gone into it properly, and torn the scenery to pieces with emotion, "Panama Lady" might have been rather fun. But the cast is too, too casual about it all.

Lucille Ball just wanders nonchalantly through the part of the penniless girl, who helps to rob an American oil prospector in Panama, then, to pay back the money, goes down to South America with him as his housekeeper. She cleans the house up wonderfully, too, without putting on an overall or ruffling her hair.

Allan Lane is pleasant in the role of the tough American, and Steffi Duna slinks round the corners in that stazy Oriental way.—Mayfair; showing.

### Shows Still Running

★★★Pygmalion. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 30th week.

★★Midnight. Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche in sparkling comedy. Prince Edward, 4th week.

★★The Mikado. Kenny Baker in magnificently-produced screen version of Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. State, 4th week.

★★Trouble Brewing. George Formby in top singing and comedy form. Lyceum, 3rd week.

★★The Cheat. Sacha Guitry in witty French satire. Savoy, 3rd week.

★★Jesse James. Tyrone Power and Nancy Kelly in rousing action drama in technicolor. Regent, 2nd week.

★★The Hardys Ride High. Mickey Rooney in entertaining family comedy. St. James, 2nd week.



## THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures]

My friends, you seem to like my offer of photographic reproductions very much. Many of you who wrote in requesting the souvenirs of Mickey Rooney as "Huckleberry Finn," wanted to know if you could have photos of other Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.

Inasmuch as Leo the Roaring Lion of M-G-M is in business primarily to fulfil your entertainment desires, your pal Leo can't let you down now. Read on!

Because so many of you asked for pictures of her, and in honour of her current M-G-M hit, "Ice Follies of 1939," JOAN CRAWFORD is the favourite whose picture is available to you now!

We will be happy to send to you, at no charge except return postage, a souvenir photographic reproduction of Joan Crawford in her ice skating costume from "Ice Follies of 1939," the spectacular M-G-M production you will be seeing soon.

This fine illustration, one of the loveliest full-length photos of Joan we have seen in many a day, is suitable for framing, and is an ideal memento for all you who have enjoyed the entertainments made all the more enjoyable by this popular M-G-M star, Joan Crawford.

All you have to do is to address your request as follows:

JOAN CRAWFORD,  
Box 2576-E, G.P.O.,  
SYDNEY.

And please enclose 2d. (two pence) in stamps to cover postage on the envelope that will bring this grand souvenir to you!

Yours for the best in entertainment,  
LEO, of M-G-M.

## Get rid of CHILBLAINS



Soothe instantly the fierce itching and burning and reduce the painful swelling with Rexona Ointment. Where the skin is broken, wash the chilblains in very hot water, dry thoroughly, smear Rexona thickly on a bandage, and apply. Rexona's medications prevent infection and soon heal the chilblains. Guard against skin troubles by washing with Rexona Soap which contains the same medications as Rexona Ointment.

thoroughly, smear Rexona thickly on a bandage, and apply. Rexona's medications prevent infection and soon heal the chilblains. Guard against skin troubles by washing with Rexona Soap which contains the same medications as Rexona Ointment.



BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE NOW!

OINTMENT—1/4 per tin. Also extra large tins, three times the quantity, 3/4. SOAP—3d. per tin. (City and Suburbs.)

8.229.12

## DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Wear inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Outstanding for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

NEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

## THEATRE ROYAL

Nightly at 8. Mat. Wed. & Sat. at 2. The Spectacular "Around the Clock" Revue

CASTING VIOLET CARLSON—JIM GERALD

## FRANK NEIL STAGES VARIETY WINNER "BROADWAY HOTSHOTS"

SENATOR MURPHY ★ TIVOLI ★ 4 FRANKS ★

LARRY COHEN ★ CARL & LUCIE BOHNER ★ STANLEY BROS. ★ MIGNONE

60 INTERNATIONAL STARS

TWICE DAILY 2.30 & 8. SPARKLE SENSATION! SPLENDOR!

LEE DONN ★ JACK STOCKS ★ THE MYRONS ★ JOE MELVIN ★ BETTY LAMBERT ★ TIVOLI'S 14

JOHN LAMBERT ★ TIVOLI'S 14

JOHN LAMBERT ★ TIVOLI'S 14



# What Women are Doing

## Sends 14,000 books a year to country people

MISS BEULAH BOLTON, secretary of the Bush Book Club in N.S.W. since 1912, supervises the sending out of over 14,000 books each year to members of the club in country districts.

In recent months she has noticed that there has been a large demand for books on international politics.

All books and magazines are given to the club, and under the supervision of Miss Bolton they are provided with new covers and labelled "Please pass on."

Those who receive them are not required to return them to the club.

Thousands of children's books of all sorts are included in the parcels.

Miss Bolton has also been secretary of the Victoria League in N.S.W. almost since its inception in 1917, and she represented the State branch at the conference of the League in London some years ago.

As local representative of the Society for the Overseas Settlement of British Women she gives valuable assistance and guidance to women migrants.



Miss Bolton

## Valuable education work in Pacific islands

AFTER thirteen years in Tonga, where her husband was principal of a boys' school, Mrs. H. Wood has returned to live in Melbourne. Mr. Wood is the new principal of the Melbourne Methodist Ladies' College.

When Mr. and Mrs. Wood arrived in Tonga there were 20 boys at the school. When they left for Australia the number had increased to 400.

The boys are trained to do their own cooking, and those who are skilled craftsmen make their own mats and build their own canoes.

Lessons occupy five hours a day, and the subjects taught include history, geography, music and mathematics.

Australia knows the musical talent of the Tongans, for a splendid choir was brought here twice by Mr. and Mrs. Wood. The choir always sings without music.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood's six children were all born in Tonga.

Before her marriage Mrs. Wood graduated in medicine at the University of Sydney and practised in Sydney and Brisbane. During the war she and the superintendent, Professor Marshall Allan, were the only members of the resident staff of the Brisbane General Hospital.

A brother of Mrs. Wood is the Commonwealth Film Censor, Mr. Crewe O'Reilly.



Miss Judith Avery  
—Noel Maitland.

## Versatile young Australian

NURSING, teaching English in Germany, working in an antiques library and collecting statistics for the British Markets Research Company are some of the interesting jobs which Miss Judith Avery, of Brisbane, has held since she went to England four years ago.

It was her intention to complete a nursing course at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, but after several months she decided to go to the Continent.

She worked for some time in an antiques library and then went to Germany.

From the British Consulate in Berlin she obtained a list of people who required an English teacher, and for twelve months she lived in the home of a German Doctor of Laws and his family. While teaching the children English she perfected her own German.

When the doctor and his family left Germany, she toured Europe for several months.

Returning to England, Miss Avery was appointed by the Market Research Company to travel throughout England and Scotland collecting statistics on the consumption of foodstuffs.

She liked the work, but it did not occupy her full time, and this energetic young Australian looked for something more absorbing.

In strange contrast was her next position—that of a mannequin in a London salon.

Recently Miss Avery joined the women's naval unit formed by British women. She is also a member of the Youth Round Table Club, an organisation devoted to securing permanent peace among the youth of all nations.

## Successful author of plays and poems

UNLIKE most authors, Miss Doris Waraker, of Brisbane, does not intend to write a novel. She will concentrate on poems and three-act plays.

Her latest play, "Law and the Lady," will be produced by the Brisbane Amateur Theatre this year. It was played in Sydney some time ago under another title.

Miss Waraker's poems have been published in London and in many Australian papers.

Four of her one-act plays have been adapted for radio, and have been broadcast from all three stations in Brisbane. They have all been produced on the stage in Sydney and Brisbane.

## WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG



Amazing Discovery ENDS LINES

WOMEN OF 50 CAN LOOK 35

Make this TEST!

'Biocel' is now contained in Crème Tokalon Biocel. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Successful results positively guaranteed with Tokalon Creams or money refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.



Tangee changes on your lips to bring out natural beauty

In the sick, Tangee is orange. Apply it once or twice over your lips. Like magic, the color changes to a bluish rose—blends instantly to just the shade most becoming to your complexion. No need to fear that painted look.

Tangee, too, with its cream base keeps your lips smooth and soft.

Try Tangee. You'll like its magic color change and its alluring fragrance.

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Asst. Agents, Turnburs, Meib, & Spence

## This Great Healing Oil Quickly Banishes Eczema and Skin Troubles

Make up your mind to-day that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well. Never mind what caused it—you've probably been hit a lot of other people, convinced that the only thing to use was an ointment or salve (some of them are very good), but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply clog the pores, and the condition primarily remains the same.

Go to any good chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil.

The very first application will give you relief, and a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be a thing of the past.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have at last discovered the one and only sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

Remember that Moore's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful, penetrating antiseptic oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue, and its healing properties have given absolute satisfaction for over twenty years.

## All eyes are on your fireplace

THE fireplace is the very centre of your room. There's nothing more inviting than a sparkling, shining grate. And it is so easy now to keep your fireplace bright the whole week round. All it needs is a quick rub over with Zebo—the modern liquid stove polish.

Shake a little Zebo on a cloth or brush, polish the grate briskly.

There are no elaborate preparations!



Also ZEBRA in Paste and Packets

The Modern Polish for Stoves and Grates

## Rheumatism and Backache Gone in 1 Week

Flush Kidneys With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—ends all troubles due to faulty kidneys and in double quick time, so, if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Disasters, Cures under Eyes, frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, Burning, Smarting Passages, or have frequently to Get up Nights, go to your chemist today for Cystex and be fit and well next week.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, worn, sick kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in three ways to end your troubles:—  
(1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your kidneys, bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.  
(2) Gets rid of health destroying, deadly poisons held with which your system has become saturated.  
(3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease, attacks on the delicate filter organs, and stimulates the entire system.

Feels a Different Woman

"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles although I am 42 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."—(Mrs.) M. D. Zeman, Thompsons Kaitia, Brisbane.

Now Able to Walk Without Stick

"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pains in leg and back. In fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint."—(Mrs.) J. A. McPherson, Nangubona Station, N.S.W.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 3 sizes—1/9, 4/6, 8/6.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

## PYORRHOEA HALTED!

"PYORRHOEA" will definitely halt Pyorrhoea. "PYORRHOEA" kills the Pyorrhoea germs, revitalises the gums, which regain their healthy, firm normal condition. Obtainable only at PARISIAN CHEMICAL CO., 11-13 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY. (7th Floor) PHONE 24112. Particulars in Country Clinics.

## Makes her own spoons and kitchen utensils

IMAGINE using in your kitchen spoons and cooking vessels manufactured by yourself! That is what Mrs. D. Nosworthy, of Brisbane, can boast she does. And the fact that these utensils are of practical value is proved by their constant use for six or seven years and sometimes longer.

Mrs. Nosworthy bakes and glazes the cooking vessels to her own liking and shape.

These are only two of the many arts in which she is interested. Remarkably versatile, she studied at Rochdale (England) School of Art before coming to Queensland and won medals for water-color painting.

Soon after the war Mrs. Nosworthy turned her attention to pottery, and made a specialty of underglaze paintings, at which she excels. A particularly fine example of her work was sent to the Wembley Exhibition, and another piece was purchased by the Technological Museum in Sydney.

She has experimented extensively with local clays, and by combining them has obtained very unusual color effects. Of outstanding merit is a small vase just two and a half inches high, made of primrose clay inlaid with pink apple blossom.

Wood-carving is another art at which Mrs. Nosworthy excels. She has made



MRS. NOSWORTHY at work on a pewter spoon.

—Dorothy Coleman.

several large chests richly carved in Gothic style.

Pewter work in the form of household articles and dress accessories is now one of her chief interests. All her work is characterised by tasteful simplicity.

## Arranging pioneer room for N.Z. exhibition

HONORARY organiser of portion of the South Island's contribution to the New Zealand Centennial Exhibition, which will open in November, Mrs. W. A. Moore, of Canterbury, is planning a novel "pioneer room."

Pictures, framed samplers, and other furnishings have been offered already, and Mrs. Moore hopes to obtain on loan an original carpet and curtains typical of the pioneering days.

The walls of the room will be papered with an Early Victorian design, and the casement windows will be from the home of Bishop Harper, first Bishop of Christchurch.

Of particular interest will be New Zealand's first piano, which was brought from England by the Tripp family.

It was in use for years despite the fact that it once fell into a river and was left there for six weeks!

A daughter of the late Sir Joseph Kinney, Mrs. Moore knows the artistic and historical value of the furnishings to be used, for her father owned a valuable collection of antiques.

## Supervises work of Bush Nursing Association

WITH the opening of the new Bush Nursing Hospital at Healesville, Victoria, Miss M. Mathieson, office and nursing supervisor of the Bush Nursing Association, will have another responsibility added to her already numerous list of duties.

Miss Mathieson, an army nurse, who has been connected with the association since 1922, has done much to bring medical help to people in isolated areas.

The first centre of the association was established at Beech Forest in 1911 with the objective of providing trained district nurses and attention for sick or injured people.

To-day there are 51 hospitals and 20 bush nursing centres throughout Victoria, which employ 130 double and triple certificated nurses as well as many temporary ones.

All the centres are well known to Miss Mathieson, who keeps in close touch with cases all over Victoria. She engages and has charge of the staff, arranges regular council meetings and sees to salary lists, as well as checks all medicine reports.



# 5 THEY PRACTISE DIVING—WITHOUT WATER

**E**VEN a duck can't swim without water. But the Fransen brothers, of Chicago, are proving you don't need water to dive in. In their backyard they have erected scaffolding. From it they practise "swallow-dives" and "jack-knives" into a net . . . The diving must be perfectly timed. Otherwise they might break their necks.



**THE DARING YOUNG MEN** . . . sometimes dispense with the net and practise stunts like this on the ground. It loosens the muscles. The net, suspended on strong rubber strips, is checked before each practice to ensure safety.



**"THEY FLOAT THROUGH THE AIR"** . . . often at the same time. Here the Fransen brothers are about to hit their dry pool simultaneously. Bernard (left) is at the height of a graceful swan dive. Roy has just taken off from the board. "They land on mats laid on the net. A mistimed fall is dangerous.



**"WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE"** . . . Bernard Fransen floats through the air in his Running Pike Dive—we call it a jack-knife. It is no easy feat in the very best of swimming pools. The dry-diver must be an expert to do it on dry land without injury. The Fransens have won many diving championships.



# Grace Bros

## WINTER SALE

**2/ IN THE £**  
DEDUCTED  
FROM  
YOUR BILL!

Mail  
Orders  
Supplied



**2/**  
LESS 2/- IN £

**42/-**  
**32/6**  
LESS 2/- IN £

**49/6**  
**35/**  
LESS 2/- IN £

**49/6**  
**30/**  
LESS 2/- IN £

MH13—A Guaranteed Washing Garment of Floral Kabe Crepe. Bright florals on Pink, Green and Blue grounds. Sizes: SSW, SW, W. Usual Value, 30/-.  
**SALE SPECIAL . . . . . 21/-**  
Less 10%

MH14—Two-toned Sheer Evening Gown for the dancing hours. Soft, combined tones of Sky Blue/Lilac, Blue/Pink, Mauve/Blue. Sizes: SSW, SW, W. Usual Value . . . . . 42/-  
**SALE PRICE . . . . . 32/6**  
Less 10%

MH15—Fully-lined Sheer Dinner Gown. Becomingly sheered at waist and shoulder line. Navy, Royal and Brown. Sizes: SOS, OS, XOS. Usual Price, 49/6. **SALE PRICE . . . . . 30/-**  
Less 10%

MH16—Detachable Lace jacket over Georgette and Lace Dinner Gown. Useful for any occasion. In Wine, Powder Blue, Black. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXXOS. Usual Price . . . . . 49/6  
**SALE PRICE . . . . . 35/-**  
Less 10%

**POST ORDERS EARLY**  
Limited Quantity Only

**GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD. BROADWAY PHONE**  
SYDNEY M. 6506

### TO STAR IN VIENNESE COMEDY



THIS STUDY of Miss Lyndall Barbour was taken specially for The Australian Women's Weekly.

MISS LYNDALL BARBOUR, a talented young Sydney artist who has scored many triumphs in radio, will star in the 2GB Radio Theatre production of the Viennese comedy, "The Church Mouse," at 8 p.m. on Sunday, July 9.

Much of Miss Barbour's early dramatic experience was gained with the Sydney University Dramatic Society, and she still maintains that the most difficult role she has ever played was that of the twins—Sebastian and Viola—in the society's production of "Twelfth Night," when it was

presented in the Great Hall at the University.

Previous 2GB Radio Theatre productions in which she appeared were "Magnificent Obsession," "The Old Soak," and "Mary of Scotland."

"The Church Mouse" is the story of a baron banker and his super-efficient secretary, Susie Sachs. The setting is pre-Nazi Vienna, when it was still a city of old-world charm, romance and music.

Mr. John Saul will play the part of the banker, Baron von Ullrich.

## WOMAN DOCTOR on the air

Valuable advice to mothers on children's ailments

Australia's children should be the healthiest in the world.

That is the keynote of a new session, "The Children's Doctor," being broadcast every Tuesday at 3.30 p.m. by Station 2GB.

FROM her own wide experience of health problems, a young Australian woman doctor now practising in a Sydney suburb gives valuable advice to mothers on the prevention and cure of children's ailments. She herself has a family of healthy young Australians.

"We have in Australia all the raw materials necessary for healthy children," she told The Australian Women's Weekly. "Unfortunately, many mothers are inclined to be careless of the needs of a growing child, with the result that its stamina may be undermined, and it may lose its natural protection against disease."

"The average Australian school-child is basically healthy, but it is my view that most of the children are overworked."

"It seems a pity that so many children have to sit up and work at home during hours when they should be asleep."

### Hurried meals

"SUFFICIENT attention may not be given to a growing child's meals. They frequently hurry through their breakfasts, and find no pleasure in the lunches which they take to school with them."

"Then, at night, when they are least capable of digesting their food properly, they receive the only good meal of the day."

"Another matter I intend to discuss over the air is the tendency of some mothers to resent mothercraft methods. It is often felt that the methods are too hard and fast, and involve unnecessary loss of time."

"Actually, of course, the reverse is true. No system could ever save more time and effort than the up-to-date methods of caring for children now being recommended by doctors."

"Many mothers cherish the illu-

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day  
from  
4 to 4.30  
p.m.

WEDNESDAY, July 5—  
Dorothea Vautier in  
Hollywood.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday,  
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday—  
July 6 to July 11—The Australian Women's Weekly  
Music Hall.

Music of the stars with June  
Marsden will be resumed on  
Sunday, July 16, and will be  
heard on five instead of three  
days a week. Miss Marsden  
is at present on holidays.

sion that their children's ill-health is hereditary. How often we hear, 'Oh, yes, but Uncle George (or perhaps Grandfather Smith or Aunt Emily) was just as delicate when a youngster.'

"This tendency to disease can, of course, be inherited; but in most cases it can be corrected."

"Unfortunately, children live in a germ-infested world, and must depend on their parents to give them the highest degree of immunity against ill-health."

### TO PLAY GOOD TENNIS

USE A WELL STRUNG RACKET. Loose broken, or thick strings spoil your game. Send at once your racket to Baker's and have it strung with Benjamin's high tensile, super quality natural gut. 30/-, your game will improve out of sight; there's nothing better. Other reliable re-strings 15/- and 10/-. Return post paid.  
One address: only: Baker's, "Tennis" E. & G. Building, Elizabeth Street (at Park Street).



## Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at top of page 3.



## PIONEER SPIRIT

TRAVELLING recently through vast country areas and waste a few months ago I have been amazed at the amount of reconstruction work already completed.

We laud our early pioneers, but surely a word of praise is due to these splendid men and women of to-day who have carried on undaunted in the face of ruin!

Homes have been rebuilt, gardens replanted, and stock replenished.

As an antidote to city boredom I would suggest a trip through these tracts of land, and contact with these stout-hearted men and women in whom to-day the pioneer spirit lives on!

For this letter to M. Duval, 4 Bourke St., Melbourne C1.

## FEMININE SUCCESS

DESPITE all arguments to the contrary, facts vividly prove that in no other age have women deserved the praise due to them to-day.

Modern women do credit to their sex in professions, business, politics and welfare work, they find time for sport, and yet our homes were never more efficiently run.

The excellence of present-day housewifery speaks for itself. The standard of health is improving, the span of life is lengthening, and ever have children been stronger. Surely women's work is largely responsible for this record.

Josephine Scollan, 302 Goodwood Rd, Clarence Park, S.A.

## TIME FOR CONFETTI

I DO not think it very sporting to tell the bride with confetti when she is on her way to get married.

The bride and her maids spend hours putting final touches to their dresses, especially the bride's, but if she has to "duck" and do her best to avoid the confetti she soon finds her veil and dress all out of order and herself upset and embarrassed.

Every bride is grateful for the good wishes of the crowd, but it would be better to wait and bombard her when she comes out of the church. Strangers hanging around the church door are the worst offenders.

David McGinty, Spring St, North Curl Curl, N.S.W.

## HARD FACES

EVEN a cursory study of the general expression on the faces of the younger generation impresses one with their hardness.

Young faces that should be so pleasing are marred by steely, calculating eyes and mouths.

Apart from their freedom from lines and wrinkles, many faces might be those of hardened, disillusioned women whose entire outlook revolves around the query, "What am I going to get out of this?"

In modern life so trying that even young things of tender age are forced to adopt this attitude in order to exist?

Mrs. L. Griffiths, 8 Erin St., East Melbourne.

## HAPPY DANCERS

MUCH has been said against the Lambeth Walk, but there is much to be said in its favor.

No matter how "blue" you feel, it is almost impossible not to join in the general merriment when the dance is in progress.

People doing the Lambeth Walk always look gay and happy—which cannot be said for many other modern dances.

H. M. Harte, Box 67 P.O., Thangool, via Rockhampton, Qld.

## Is middle-age happiest time of life?

I AGREE with Miss M. C. Floyd (17/6/39) that middle-age is the best stage of life.

How lovely it is to visit the home of a middle-aged couple, whose family has reached adulthood.

In most cases the parents are in comfortable circumstances, and are young enough to enjoy pleasures which they denied themselves when younger, because of their children and lack of funds.

Miss M. Charles, Harlestone, Young Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

## Live more simply

MIDDLE-AGED people often seem happier than young people, Miss Floyd, but don't you think it is because they have learned so much more?

Even if they are not financially independent, they are able to live on less, and do not demand the expensive luxuries that youth regards as its right.

They are less affected by the threatened upheaval of the world because they have realized that most of the things that make us worry never really happen.

Mrs. J. Rose, Whitehorse Rd., Mont Albert, Vic.

## Family worries

IT is quite true that middle-age is the happiest time for parents, but not in the manner you suggest, Miss Floyd.

A small family is arm-aching, but a large adult family is heart-aching! When the children grow up they want to be free and the parents cannot help worrying about them.

The really best time for parents is when the whole family is married and comfortably settled in life. Then can the parents sit back and smile at past worries.

Modern girls and boys only laugh at their parents' advice—in fact, they are the ones to give advice now!

Mrs. E. M. Foote, 4 Bristol St., Eastwood, S.A.

## Can be lonely

MIDDLE-AGE as you describe it, certainly does appear to be an ideal time of life, Miss Floyd; but how many middle-aged people really DO enjoy life?

Many harassed mothers, instead of enjoying a well-earned rest and freedom from home worries after having reared their own families, have to help to rear their grandchildren.

On the other hand, of course, we see parents who bemoan the fact that their children have grown up and left them in loneliness in a large home, with no one to help them.

M. Bottom, Sun Hill, Jindabyne, via Cooma, N.S.W.

## Many need help

MISS FLOYD is lucky to have discovered so many middle-aged parents who are financially independent and able to enjoy life without worry. Has our huge and increasing old-age pensions list escaped her observation?

In addition, the many thousands



"Can take life more easily."

voted annually by the State Parliaments for social services help to supplement the enormous sums raised by private benevolence.

My view is that not even a small percentage of middle-aged parents can be classed as free from work or financial worry.

J. A. Keating, 85 Woodstock St., Mayfield, N.S.W.

## Women's ability to argue intelligently

T. V. GLYNN (17/6/39) says that women can't argue.

Unfortunately, this is very often true. Rather than skilfully marshal facts, many women prefer to score by the technique of personal attack.

For this reason men sometimes prefer to give women the last word, although women may not have produced a single fact to shatter an opponent's argument.

However, women do have superior intuitive faculties and often arrive at remarkable decisions which would have been impossible by mere reasoning.

Mrs. L. Parsons, 22 Tyne St., Gihberton, Adelaide.

## Fail to give facts

MOST women are incapable of stating plain and simple facts and, instead, become involved in a maze of talk.

If more women studied the debates held by men on subjects of current interest and importance, they would learn many valuable lessons on the necessity for conducting an argument in the most straightforward manner possible.

Friendly arguments are good for everyone, but some women persist in making them too personal.

M. L. Goodwin, 27 Glenleith Ave., Geelong, Vic.

## Become personal

THE tendency to become personal when arguing is not confined to women and children, Anyone

## Noise, noise . . . always more noise!

PEOPLE who dislike noise must accept defeat, for the young are rapidly losing all taste for silence.

If you live where motor cycles race around your home, or a wireless runs full strength day and night, you will find that very few of your neighbors who are under thirty will have the slightest objection to the din which is driving you frantic.

To them the noisy street is no more offensive than sheep-bells on a hillside.

There is nothing strange in this. Evolution is hardening our eardrums and toughening the nervous system to meet new conditions of life.

M. Bell, 102 Flinders St., Townsville, Qld.

whether man, woman or child, is liable to desert logic when the subject under discussion is of vital interest.

One frequently reads of Members of Parliament being ejected from the House for exchanging bitter remarks during debates, and the majority of our suburban councils are famous for petty squabbles.

Surely these bodies do not demonstrate very ably that supposed ability of the male sex to argue calmly and logically without involving personalities!

Miss M. Price, 41 Thomas St., Moonee Ponds W4, Melbourne.

## More intuition

COMPARATIVELY speaking, women's ability to argue is superior to that of men.

It must not be forgotten, however, that only in the past twenty or thirty years has woman even been allowed to voice her opinion.

Apart from her natural intelligence, which she shares with man, she has the added advantage of intuition.

Therefore, since Nature has endowed her with superior qualities for argument, woman with equal opportunities is far superior to man.

Mary Heenan, 167 Kerferd Rd., Albert Park SE6, Melbourne.

## Should fathers help with care of children?

IF modern fathers are to become experienced in fathercraft, Mrs. Dunning (17/6/39), it is only fair that mothers should take over some of their husbands' tasks.

When a man comes home at night



"Experienced in fathercraft."

tired out, surely he should not be expected to attend to the children.

I disagree that it helps him to know his children better. He is less likely to look forward to seeing them, and will be less patient in dealing with their misdeeds.

J. L. Canning, Cairns, Qld.

## Cause confusion

THE idea of developing father's ability to look after the children sounds very good, in theory.

But would it really give mother a rest if father took over the reins of the nursery at week-ends, even if he could be coaxed into the attempt?

I rather think that it would result in a grand muddle. Clothes, meals and behaviour would be in such a state that mother's energy and patience would be strained to the utmost for the next few days in restoring things to normal orderliness.

C. L. Louis, P.O. Box 12, Kensington, N.S.W.

## Good for all

WHILE it must take time and patience to instruct a man in fathercraft, the wife who manages to do so is to be congratulated.

She has had the worry of looking after the children all day, and if her husband can take his share at night she will get some much-needed rest and relaxation.

Children enjoy the fun of having their father help them to bed or give them their tea, and, if they are already tucked away, he has little chance of learning to know them.

Mrs. K. Knox, Barkly St., St. Kilda, Vic.

## Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Letters sent to other papers are not accepted. Pen names are not permitted.

## OFFICE UNIFORMS

GIRLS employed in offices, banks, and shops should wear uniforms. They protect clothes from wear and tear, and are a definite saving.

They give a nice uniformity of style suitable to the dignity and appearance of a big office.

Uniforms also prevent extravagant display and place all girls on a level during working hours. They give an "official status" to the worker, who otherwise may be mistaken for a member of the public.

Miss K. Sheehan, 56 Martin St., Thornbury N17, Vic.

## DIFFERING AGES

MANY women marry men much older than themselves. Are the younger men too childish, too fickle, or too stupid, or do women wish to justify their claim to being intellectually superior to men of their own age?

It is women who encourage childishness in men, by their loftily expressed opinion that "every man is just a child."

We only have a woman's own idea to support the theory that she is cleverer than a man of her age.

Can anyone answer the question satisfactorily?

Brian Lynch, 28 Thomas Rd., Parramatta, N.S.W.

## USELESS HOARDING

WHY do we hoard useless trifles? Surely it is not sentiment in this matter-of-fact age.

Is it, then, a habit inherited from the days of our more thrifty ancestors?

Whatever the cause, the fact remains that most women are inveterate hoarders of old letters, photographs, chocolate boxes, and souvenirs of parties.

In the kitchen we accumulate pieces of string, empty jars, corks; broken, chipped, and cracked crockery, which we are loath to throw into the garbage tin. The chances are that none of these things is ever used.

Machine drawers are littered with buttons and press studs cut off old garments, paper patterns which we'll never use again, old belt buckles and so on.

It would be a good plan to go through the house and discard all unnecessary cluttering debris.

The place would be more hygienic and household duties would be lighter in the future.

Mrs. Winifred McLeod, 50 Victoria Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

## IN YOUR MANICURE.

include Hinds Cream to put back the softeners that housework and weathering take away; smooth the skin and soften the cuticle. Hinds Cream soaks deeply in without trace of stickiness. It acts quicker and lasts longer because it is extra rich and creamy. And what a powder base it is! 1/- and 2/- everywhere. The 2/- size contains four times the quantity of the 1/- size.

HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD., Agents.

**HINDS**  
HONEY & ALMOND Cream





## USE THIS 2-PURPOSE SOAP



Cuticura Soap is a MEDICINAL and TOILET Soap combining in one big tablet the soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura, with the mildest most beautifying soap base ever devised. The richly emollient and refining lather of Cuticura Soap penetrates the pores, ridding them of every particle of beauty-spoiling dirt, grease and make-up residue. Your complexion blooms anew with new life, new youth and fascinating beauty.

To heal pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura Ointment. For the perfect finish to your daily bath dust all over with superfine Cuticura Talcum.

## Cuticura SOAP

## Sketching is the hobby that pays!

Would YOU like to take a Staff Position or open your own Studio and sell Sketches to Editors, Publishers, Advertisers, etc.? If you like Drawing, whatever your age, wherever you live, whether you have had little or no previous Training, STOTT'S can train you for this delightful and Lucrative Profession, in your own home.

### Stott's Correspondence College

108 Russell St., Melb. 147 Castlereagh St., Sydney; 290 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 49 Pinders St., Adelaide; 284 Murray St., Perth.

### Post This Coupon — Cut Here

TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address): Please send me free and without obligation full particulars of your Courses in COMMERCIAL ART and Sketching.

My Name .....

Address .....

A.W.W.1439.



## For CONSTIPATION

Mother! Keep baby's habits regular and bloodstream cool during teething by giving Steedman's Powders. The gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for over 100 years—used for children up to 14 years.

## Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

## Continuing Disinherited

from Page 15

"I've heard so much about you," said Eva Carroll. "And read so much." She eyed him coolly, curiously. "So you're the famous Black Vaughan."

"Eva probably means notorious," his brother corrected.

"Don't be ridiculous," she said. "Allan Vaughan interests quite a lot of people." And to Black: "I want to hear all about the wild islands, and some of those terrible things you've done, like fighting cannibals and all that."

"Not really terrible," he said, smiling. "It's just that the Administration's apt to be touchy and give me a bad name. Someone has to tame the Islands."

"Well, tell me, anyway. All Dennis can talk about is coconuts and the Sydney prices for copra. Suppose we walk."

Black looked at his brother and saw he did not care for the idea and was pressing his thin lips together in irritation, and he laughed. Dennis obviously considered, in his own controlled way, that Eva wholly belonged to him. After all, they were engaged. It could hardly be love, though, for somehow one did not associate Dennis with love, and it would be interesting, Black thought, to see if jealousy could stir his precise and well-ordered brother to some genuine emotion.

"You're the first white woman I've seen for months," he said easily as they started off. "So give me time to grow civilised again."

"Eva!" said Dennis sharply. He took a step or two forward as if to stop her.

"We won't be long," she said calmly. "And besides, you just told me you had urgent business in the store sheds." She looked sideways at Black from under her lashes. "Dennis is such a busy man."

They walked through the bungalow garden of hibiscus and passion flowers, and down to where the sand was brilliant white in the sun. Eva Carroll was thoughtful at first and hardly heard what Black was saying. He was so utterly unlike his brother. There was something warm and spontaneous about him, something altogether human, carefree, and friendly.

HE appealed to her already, quite strongly, and she found herself wondering why she had so easily let herself be talked into accepting Dennis. Of course her aunt had expected it, and Dennis had from the first seemed to take it for granted, and Dennis was certainly steady and quite safe. But . . . Black Vaughan! The contrast was startling and set up quick doubts in her. He was a man of the Outer Islands, and really notorious, mysteriously supposed to be no good at all.

The very idea made some spirited, reckless part of her take fire. Everyone had warned her he was a sort of Captain Kidd, stern-browed and forbidding. Yet here he was young and tall and burned almost black with tropical suns, easy, assured, and with a curious air of efficiency that calmed the nerves. She always felt under a tension with Dennis, was always self-conscious about her speech and actions. Yet with this other man, whose reputation should have made a respectable girl a little afraid, she felt entirely different.

They were good friends in almost no time, and they halted on the beach at last beside some huge boulders where the land crabs and terns were busily dissecting a stranded shark.

"One thing," she told him at last, growing serious. "And I had to get you away from Dennis to say it. I'm terribly sorry about uncle . . . your father . . . leaving me half the property. It should have been yours."

Laughing Allan Vaughan ceased laughing and considered for a moment.

"Perhaps it should have been," he agreed carelessly. He waved his hand. "Not that I wanted it. But . . . I don't understand the old man cutting me off like that." He looked at her and smiled then, a little crookedly. "Anyway, I'm glad it's yours and not anyone else's. You'll get along with Dennis. He fits in this sort of life."

"We're already engaged," she agreed uncertainly. "But I'm not sure yet I'm going to care for plantation life. It's pretty flat, though I suppose one gets used to it." He laughed, and a malicious little devil stirred inside him . . . Oh, Dennis

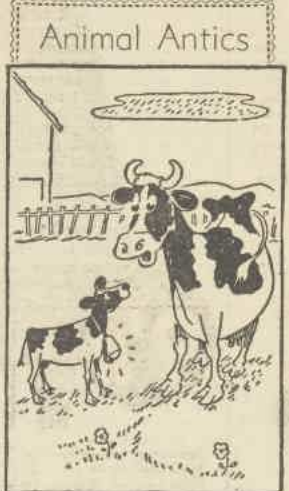
was so sure of himself . . . so he put his arms about her and kissed her. Easily, carelessly, confidently. A sailor of the Outer Islands.

He had a way with women. Anyone in the South could have told her that.

"I've got to talk to you," said Dennis in the bungalow two weeks later. "I don't care for the way you monopolise my fiancée. There's some pretty ugly gossip going about the compounds. I won't repeat it because I don't believe Eva could be guilty of much conduct. But as far as you're concerned anything despicable is possible."

Black Vaughan eyed him with an unusual bitterness, and then nodded. "You're in love with her, Dennis? By heavens, I didn't believe it, but I begin to. I just wonder how much. It wouldn't be with her half of the plantation, too, would it? You'd hate to see a stranger move in if she married anyone else."

Dennis went quite white. "How dare you intimate . . . ?" "Forget it!" Black shrugged. "I guess you like her well enough." He considered his brother, and added between his teeth. "You've had everything, you always did have, and you've got everything! I suppose you deserve it. You're respectable and correct, so they all say, and I'm just a crazy freelance, gambling and



"NOW, if you want anything, dear, just ring."

drinking and battering around . . . like father used to. But I think Eva likes me a little."

"You've turned her head, that's all, with your mad stories of the Islands," blazed Dennis. "Why don't you tell her the truth? You're nothing but a waster, and just a plain damned killer, however else you try to explain it."

His brother reached for a bottle and slowly poured a drink.

"That's the first human thing I've known about you," he observed quietly. "So maybe you are in love." He mused for a moment and his eyes grew hard. "I could take her with me, Dennis, just like that." He snapped his fingers. "And he ended in a strained whisper, 'I love her too.'"

"What could you do for a woman?" his brother choked. "A dirty pearl poacher, a smuggler, a gunman . . ."

"Why draw it out?" said Black Vaughan wearily. "Dennis, you're all sorts of a fool, and I guess I am too. Each in our own way. Let me be."

Dennis flung savagely out of the room, while Black slowly swallowed his drink and nodded as Grant, the plantation manager, lounged in.

"May I?" said Grant easily, filling a glass. Black hitched his thumbs in his belt and eyed him somberly. He never had liked the man and could never understand why his father had trusted him, for he personally knew Grant had been collecting graft from copra cargoes by signing short-weight receipts. He had heard that in Sydney, and on good authority, but he had never told his hot-headed father, who wouldn't have believed it, and would in any event have grown furious at what he would have considered unwarranted interference.

"You got a tough break getting

left out of the will," said Grant sympathetically. He rubbed his thin nose and his eyes were speculative.

"Probably," Black agreed. "I can always use money and land."

Grant shrugged. "Who can't?" He slipped his drink, smiling crookedly. "You've got a reputation, Black. And you're not too particular, from all I hear."

"Meaning?" inquired the other indifferently.

"Well, you sort of like Miss Carroll, don't you?"

Black stiffened. "For a paid manager, Grant, you talk too much," he said flatly. Grant shrugged and agreed.

"Perhaps. But has it ever occurred to you that if anything happens to you . . . er . . . brother, you could inherit everything, including the girl?"

THERE was a long silence. Black rubbed his thumbs along the top of his belt and smiled thinly. He had been too long in the Islands to be seriously shocked by any such proposal. He eyed the manager with curiosity.

"You're quite a swine, aren't you?" he said, without heat. "Ten years robbing the old man and getting rich in an easy job. And now this?"

Grant's eyes narrowed.

"You're no lily," he said thinly.

"Never was," Black admitted. "But get out of my sight! I didn't know my reputation was that bad!"

Grant licked his lips, started to protest, and then shrugged. You never could tell what this man might do. "Think it over, anyway," he muttered. He left the room, and Black moodily took another drink before going to the garden to find Eva Carroll.

"Drinking again," she said, in mock reproval. "And you told me it was a bad habit in the morning."

He stared at her, unsmiling for once, and shook his head. She did not understand, he thought. If he had done what was right, he would have sailed long since. But somehow he did not wish to sail, and neither did he wish things to continue as they were. He hardly knew what he wished. He had gone out of his depth.

"I've a lot on my mind," he said harshly. "Dennis and you—and a lot more."

She colored a little and crushed a crimson hibiscus in her hand.

"Is it Dennis and I . . . that matter so? We must tell him, Allan. I should have insisted days ago. We haven't exactly played the game . . . my being engaged. But . . . you don't regret anything . . . ?"

"I don't know," he said uneasily. And with a short laugh, "It won't break Dennis' heart. It's just a question now of what makes common sense."

She put her cool, slim hands about his neck and kissed him. He started as from a shock of cold water and then straightened his shoulders. He might as well get it over with, finish the whole business. Her eyes were misty with sudden apprehension.

"Just what is it, Allan? About us, I mean. Have you changed . . . about me?"

"I think so," he said through tight lips. "You'd have no business sailing with me in the Outer Islands. You need a home like all this here, the plantation, and a man you can rely on. There's nothing for a woman, wandering over the Pacific in a crazy schooner like the Cormorant. It's a mad life. There's always fever and hurricanes and fighting. I can't ask you to face all that. You'd never see another white woman for months on end. You might go mad with the loneliness. Only the schooner, and a Kanaka crew. Bad food and worse water. Nothing a woman likes or needs. My father had the right idea. The last two decent members of the family brought together. You'd better marry Dennis. You like him anyway."

She shook him desperately, almost panic-stricken.

"But that's not love, Allan . . . and with you it is. It was different before you came. It all seemed reasonable then. Now I know . . . Something for life. I'm not going to marry Dennis and stay here. I'm going with you. Look at me, Allan. You can't leave me!"

"Let's not talk that way," he said roughly. "I've figured it out from all angles. I guess I'm not a marrying man myself. It's all been wonderful, but anything more would be madness."

Please turn to Page 40



are lips by  
**TATTOO**  
CORAL EXOTIC  
NATURAL PASTEL  
HAWAIIAN BLACK MAGIC  
Startling NEW Shade  
**Black Magic**  
Voodoo BLACK in the Stick—  
Pagan RED on your lips.

## HOW TO AVOID INFLUENZA

Never yet has there been an Influenza epidemic that included everybody. Always some escape. Is this just luck? No, the answer in one word is RESISTANCE, bodily resistance. If you can keep up your resistance sufficiently you, too, can be immune.

But, you ask, how is it to be done? The simplest, safest and surest way is to see that your body receives every day the Vitamins that are necessary to good health. You can ensure this by taking a daily spoonful of Bemax, the richest Vitamin tonic food.

In a recent severe Influenza epidemic, the Bemax staffs were given Bemax daily. At the height of the epidemic the Company was able to report to the Ministry of Health that not one Bemax employee was absent through 'Flu or for any other reason.

Keep free from 'Flu—keep fit on

## BEMAX

THE RICHEST NATURAL VITAMIN TONIC FOOD  
From Chemists and Stores.  
3/6 & 12/- a month's supply for an adult.



## RELAX ACHING MUSCLES

drive pain clean out!

Give your poor, aching back quick, glorious relief! One application of St. Jacob's Oil—and your stiff muscles relax . . . pain goes. You can actually feel this soothing, penetrating oil sinking deep into the aching muscles. You can feel it drawing the pain clean out! St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Always keep a bottle handy. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.



BON MARCHE LTD.  
1 BROADWAY, SYDNEY, N.S.W.  
Please send me ..... garments. Enclosed find  
£ 5 4 0 by C.O.P.

Mrs. Miss .....

Garment No.	Size	Quantity

1st colour choice .....

2nd colour choice .....

# BON MARCHE

## Price Slashing Reductions

### OPEN ANNUAL WINTER SALE

#### Famous MANCHESTER Parcel Contains:



1 pair of "Challenger" Australian Wool Blankets. Size 72 x 90.  
1 pair of Double Bed White Hemmed Sheets. Twill or Plain Weave. 80 x 90.  
1 Jaspé Bedspread. Double Bed size, assorted colours.  
1 Bungalow Cloth. Size 52 x 52. Assorted gay colours.  
4 Taped Pillow Cases. "Primrose" brand. British Guaranteed two years. 19 x 29.  
6 Linen Tea Towels, coloured borders.  
6 Coloured Bath Towels. Strong, absorbent quality. 22 x 44.

Metropolitan Terms Only.

5' dep.  
2'6 weekly

The parcel contains superior quality goods that will give lasting service in your home. SPECIAL PRICE

£5

NO INTEREST

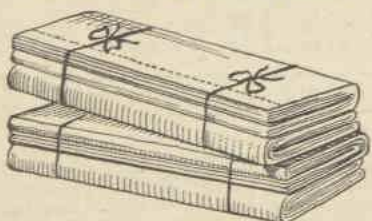
You get Extra Value for no extra charge.

METROPOLITAN TERMS ONLY. 5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Free of Interest if paid for in 19 months. Country Terms on application.

#### Special Sale Clearance

##### HEMMED SHEETS

Generous Double Bed Size



Now being offered at astounding reduction. Strongly woven medium-weight cloth that is definitely unbleached. Well made, with no seams. Usual Price, pair, 10/11. SPECIAL SALE PRICE, pr.

6/11



(A) Keep warm and snug in an All Wool Brushed Cardigan. Choose from 12 beautiful shades of rust, light grey, burgundy, turquoise, brown, red, rose, sage, whitegold, and laurel-green. 8SW to W. Usual Price, 15/11. BON MARCHE SALE PRICE

10/6



(B) Heavyweight All Wool Tweed Skirts. Well cut on generous fitting lines. Plain tonings of navy, black, brown, bottle-green, and burgundy. Usual Price, 12/11. BON MARCHE SALE PRICE

6/11

(C) Girls' smart Tweed Coat as illustrated. Well made and finished with effective velvet trimming. Brown and fawn tonings. Sizes 18, 20, 22, 24. Usual Price, 22/11. SALE PRICE

15/11

(D) Maiden's smart D.B. Coat as illustrated, in quality All Wool Coating. Fully lined. Teal, green, wine, blue, navy. Sizes 33, 36, 39. Usual Price, 29/11. SALE PRICE

19/11



(E)

Winterweight Silk PROCKS for 9/11. Continental satin back winterweight Silk Procks illustrated is one of three smart styles. In wine, teal, purple, plum, navy black. A wonderful offer. X 8 SW to W. Usual Price, 22/11. BON MARCHE SALE PRICE

9/11

(F)

All Wool BOUCLE COAT for 39/11. Smartly made with fur cuff as illustrated, with two way collar and belt. Very cosy style cut on generous fitting lines. Wine, green, blue, rust, brown, navy, black. X8SW to OS. Usual Price, 59/11. BON MARCHE SALE PRICE

39/11

(G)

Man Tailored BOUCLE COAT for 19/11. Illustrated is one of three styles available in this quality All Wool Boucle. D.B. with four buttons, also D.B. 6 buttons and single breasted with belt. Fawn, green, laurel, teal, wine, brown, navy, black. X8SW to W. Usual Price, 29/11. SALE PRICE

19/11



(H)

15/11

(I)

19/11

All Wool Jersey Suits for 19/11. In smart, snappy dressmaker style. A cosy woollen material in shades of wine, teal, sage, laurel-green, tan, navy, black. Sizes X8SW to W. Usual Price, 29/11. BON MARCHE SALE PRICE

19/11

Also Girls' D.B. Tweed Coats, fully lined. Fawn, red, blue, green. Sizes 24, 27, 30. Usual Price, 29/11. SPECIAL SALE PRICE

19/11

BON MARCHE LTD. 1 BROADWAY. SYDNEY



## Continuing Disinherited

from Page 38

"YOU can't say that . . . she started passionately. "Not after . . ." He covered her mouth with his hand.

"Let's have no more," he said between his teeth. "I'm thinking of you. I started it as a joke and it got beyond me, that's all; got beyond you too. But now it's time for common sense. Stay with Dennis. He'll give you what you should have. I . . ." he hesitated and then added, brutally, "well, anyway, I've a dozen women through the Islands. It's just a game. Forget it." He pushed her away.

She was still for a moment, staring at him with unbelieving eyes. And then her face grew crimson.

"I hope you found the game amusing," she said unsteadily as she turned away. "I apparently had the wrong impression."

He wiped sudden sweat from his forehead, swore, and walked towards the Kanaka compounds where his brother was overseeing a whitewash job. He'd cut all things short and get out.

"Dennis," he said abruptly, "get rid of Grant. He's been robbing the plantation for years by signing short-weight cargoes, and he offered to kill you a short while ago, so I could inherit. I suppose he figured I'd pay well."

Dennis stared cold-eyed. "You've been drinking again. Grant's been with us ten years. I wouldn't know what to do without him. Go to sleep and sober up."

"I'm not drunk," said Black harshly. "You get rid of Grant! I'll send you proofs of the robbing from Sydney. I'm sailing to-morrow at dawn."

"I can't feel sorry," said his brother, thin-lipped.

"Well," said Black, "that's all. But get rid of Grant."

"That's my affair," said his brother. "I need Grant and he's been faithful. I don't know what your idea is in lying about him, but it's probably something rotten."

"Probably," agreed Black, smiling again. "But you've funny ideas yourself."

That afternoon behind the store sheds Grant, the head foreman, rubbed his thin nose and looked sharply at Freen, his first assistant. They were much alike. Sharp-featured, shrewd and unscrupulous, and Freen had been in with Grant on

the signing-short business with the copra so that the two of them had prospered.

"It's the big chance, Freen," Grant was saying. "I've sounded out Black, but the fool's not as tough as they say, and he's got family ideas. When I suggested getting rid of Dennis, he just went wall-eyed and told me to get out."

"Then what next?" Freen inquired. "Do we quit?"

"Don't be a fool. This is our chance, and the time right now. We'll ease Dennis out first and get the blame thrown on Black. Any jury will see the motive."

"That's clear. But how?"

"I've got hold of one of his guns. You plug Dennis . . . I'll give you the signal pretty soon. Then throw the gun down and skip. We'll both swear we saw Black shoot. I'll fix up a yarn to fit the facts. They'll pinch Black and hang him. That'll leave the girl. She can't run the plantation without us, and perhaps she'll sell cheap after we've looted it a bit. Be glad to. Savvy?"

"I'm ahead of you," agreed Freen, grinning. "Give me the gun. You can count on me."

"I am," said Grant thinly. "And don't slip up. He sails at dawn."

Freen pocketed the gun Grant handed him and went away, laughing silently as he eased through the scented wattle and the banana plants that fronted the bungalow.

Black was leaning on the verandah rail, turning a glass in his hand and staring moodily before him, while at a table some distance away Eva Carroll talked listlessly to Dennis. Tim, the head houseboy, hovered about, and after a while Grant lounged from the bungalow and lit a cigar. Freen let the banana plant he crouched behind rustle a little and Grant nodded. Very soon now.

"Allan is sailing in the morning," Dennis was saying quietly. "And I'll send a houseboy to Hallam's Cove for the missionary. We can be married by noon."

"I see," said the girl, staring at her clasped fingers.

"It will be better after Allan is gone," he observed, thin-lipped. "He was always a disturbing element. I know he attracted you at first, but I am glad to see you are over that."

He never had a really serious moment in his life, as you have probably discovered.

"I think so," she said calmly, while inwardly she was screaming. "Why doesn't he get furious? Can't he see I don't love him? Can't he tell that Allan and I . . . ? Does he have to take everything so much for granted?"

"We can go to Sydney for our honeymoon next month," he said complacently. "I have business there, anyway, and some machinery to buy for the plantation."

"The plantation's very important, isn't it?"

He looked surprised.

"Of course. It's our livelihood, my dear. And since luckily it won't be divided I intend to expand. I'm going to try cotton and perhaps coffee."

"Couldn't we go on a long trip before we . . . settle down?" she asked desperately. "I mean to England, perhaps, or America. Something different."

HE was a little shocked. "There's far too much to do here," he protested. "Not to speak of the expense. I should think you'd be anxious to remain close to your own interests." He looked along the verandah and his lips tightened. "I suppose Allan's wild talk still makes you restless."

"Perhaps," she agreed with repressed exasperation, and looked round, relieved, as Grant lounged up.

"I'd like to talk with you, Miss Carroll," he said easily. "In the bungalow. Your aunt's got some ideas about redecorating the place, and I've dug up some paints and things from the stores you might like."

She rose thankfully and followed Grant, while Dennis smiled tolerantly. Women liked such things as redecorating. Everything was turning out all right after all, and he felt pleased. To-morrow Allan would be gone too, and everything would be simplified and well ordered. He felt he could afford to be charitable.

"Come and have a drink over here,

Allan," he called. "And wish me luck." And to the houseboy, "Tim, glasses and my best whisky!" He bent his head to light a cigar then and so did not see what happened next.

Tim clucked and hurried away while Black, rousing himself from the verandah rail, smiled with faint amusement and drew out a chair. The moment was perfect. Behind the banana plant Freen sighted his gun and fired.

Dennis twisted in his seat and then toppled backwards. Black stopped dead, and then whipped about as something curved across the verandah and fell with a thud. He saw it was a gun, and dived for it before he recognised it as his own. Grant pounded out of the bungalow swearing thickly and almost collided with Black.

He stared at the still-smoking gun Black held and at the huddled figure of Dennis with a stream of blood running from the head, and he looked shocked.

"You've killed him!" he said, and swung back to where Eva Carroll stood in the bungalow door, her face ashen and her eyes big with amazement. It was all perfectly timed, as well as if it had been rehearsed, Grant thought exultantly. Black had even picked up the gun. The girl put her hands to her face and whispered, "Allan . . . what have you done?" and walked unsteadily to where Dennis lay. Tim's brown face peered from the bungalow and his shrewd eyes were perplexed. Black looked at Grant for a long moment and then gestured at the wattle and banana beyond the bungalow.

"The shot came from over there," he said hard-eyed. "I've an idea you ought to know."

Grant shook his head. "All I know is Mr. Vaughan's been shot and you're holding a gun."

"I see," said Black quietly. "It's like that, eh?"

"Like that," Grant agreed. He went over to where Eva was kneeling beside Dennis, mopping at an ugly wound along the top of his head. "I think I ought to tell you, Miss Carroll," he said in a low voice. "Mr. Vaughan, Allan Vaughan, came to me earlier to-day and hinted it might be a good idea if something happened to Mr. Dennis. Then he would inherit, and he hinted I might profit by it."

SHE looked up, startled, and then looked at Black. He was standing quietly by the verandah rail, frowning a little and gazing at the banana plants, holding the gun in his hand.

"He wouldn't . . . wouldn't do that," she managed. "Do you know what you're saying, Mr. Grant?"

"Enough for me to send a boy for the Resident Magistrate," observed the manager harshly. "There seems to be no doubt."

Black Vaughan crossed suddenly to where the perplexed houseboy stood.

"You used to be a bushman, Tim. Take a look out there and see if there's any sign. I didn't shoot my brother."

"I savvy that plenty," grunted the old Kanaka. "You big fella with gun. You shootum close, man die too much. Brother belong you not dead."

He glided across the verandah and went towards the bananas and the wattle. Black looked down at Dennis and saw he was still bleeding profusely. Tim was right. Dead men do not bleed very much.

"He's only wounded," he said. "Better take him inside. He'll likely get over it." Grant was swearing under his breath. Freen should have aimed lower, but maybe things could still be arranged. A wounded man could always die.

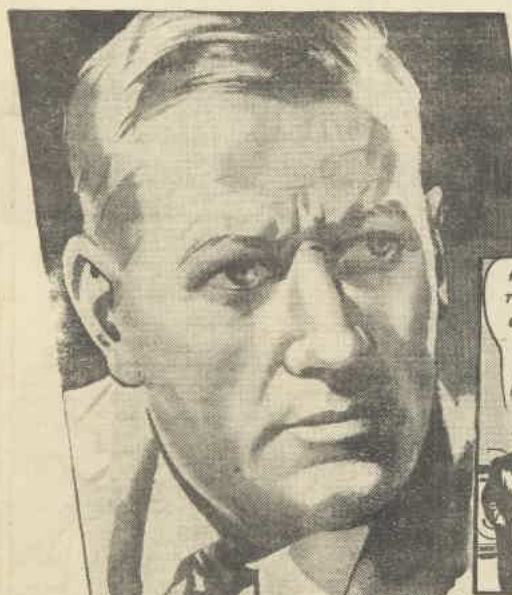
"Is that all you care . . . of have to say?" said the girl tensely. She stared at Black, stony-eyed. "I never believed the things they said about you . . . the worst things . . . not even after you told me . . . it was just a game. But after this . . . She got up and went inside, calling for the houseboys to bring hot water. Grant laughed a little. "You'd better have listened to me, Black, instead of trying things yourself."

"You're a clever man," said Black Vaughan softly. "Too darned clever. But you forget I'm no lily as you put it. And I've no time to argue with the law." He flipped up the gun and the hammer clicked back. "No one's going for the Magistrate," he said fiercely. "No one at all, Grant. But you're sailing with me as soon as we know Dennis is all right. If he happens to die you won't sail at all, anywhere . . . ever."

The sweat grew big on the foreman's forehead and he swallowed hard.

"I didn't shoot him, that's certain," he managed. "I was with Miss Carroll."

Please turn to Page 42



# I'm nearly 40

## ... where'll I be 10 years from now?

HEAD OFFICE SENT ME DOWN TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HOLDING UP THE JOB, MR. WILLIAMS

THINKS— WHAT A HUMILIATION SENDING THIS YOUNGSTER TO TEACH ME MY JOB



AT HOME

I'M NOT GETTING ANYWHERE, MOLLY, AT MY AGE TOO! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR THESE YOUNG CHAPS, BUT WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE A WET RAG, TIRED ALL THE TIME LIKE I DO...



DARLING, DON'T BE SILLY!

YOU'RE NOT OLD! BUT I AM WORRIED ABOUT THAT TIREDNESS OF YOURS. I WISH YOU'D SEE A DOCTOR



AT THE DOCTOR'S

I DON'T KNOW. I EVEN WAKE TIRED THESE DAYS, DOCTOR. I SUPPOSE IT'S USUAL AT MY AGE?



YOUR AGE!

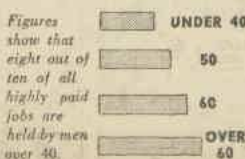
YOU'RE A YOUNG MAN! YOU NEEDN'T START WORRYING ABOUT THAT FOR ANOTHER TWENTY YEARS. NO, IN MY OPINION YOUR TROUBLE IS NIGHT-STARVATION. YOU SEE—



— EVEN AT NIGHT YOU GO ON USING UP ENERGY ON BREATHING, HEARTBEATS AND OTHER AUTOMATIC ACTIONS. IF THIS ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED DURING SLEEP YOU WAKE TIRED, FEEL TIRED ALL DAY, NOT UP TO YOUR WORK. MY ADVICE IS, DRINK A CUP OF HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT BEFORE YOU GO TO BED



... AND SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT



SIX WEEKS LATER

WE'VE FINISHED THAT JOB DEAD ON TIME, MOLLY. THE BOSS CAME DOWN TO CONGRATULATE ME!



DARLING, THAT'S MARVELLOUS! YOU'VE GOT ALL YOUR OLD DRIVE BACK SINCE YOU STARTED TAKING HORLICKS



ARE YOU TIRED ALL THE TIME? WORRIED ABOUT YOUR JOB?

Do you wake tired in the morning, feel worn out during the day? Find it hard to concentrate on your work? Then the chances are that you, too, are suffering from Night-Starvation. You see, while you sleep your body goes on burning up energy on breathing, heartbeats and other automatic actions. Naturally, if energy isn't replaced during sleep, you wake feeling tired and stay washed out for the rest of the day. Remember what the doctor said—a cupful of Horlicks before bed brings back your life and vitality. Horlicks is priced from 1/6. Economy size 2/9. Special pack with mixer, 2/.



**HORLICKS** guards against NIGHT-STARVATION





# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, as had been predicted by **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, was victorious in his tennis match with

**NICK BLOZZ:** International champion athlete, who thereupon challenges Mandrake to a golf match, the loser to pay a large sum to charity. Blozz is conceited and rude to Mandrake, who, with one stroke, plays the

whole course and wins the match. This mystifies Blozz until he finds out that Mandrake is the famous magician, and in his anger he attempts to strike Mandrake when he is walking off the course with

**BETTY:** A pretty girl, formerly a friend of Nick's. Mandrake magically makes Blozz fall into the 18th hole, and then he is chased by a huge golfball. Furious with rage, Blozz plans to get even with Mandrake. NOW READ ON.



FORGET ABOUT MANDRAKE FOR A WHILE, BLOZZ. YOU NEED SOME MONEY, DON'T YOU? WELL, THIS WILD-CAT OIL STOCK IS GOOD FOR PLENTY

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WILD-CAT?



WILD-CAT MEANS IT ISN'T WORTH THE PAPER IT'S PRINTED ON, BUT IT'S WORTH PLENTY TO YOU AND ME. SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH SOME OF YOUR RICH FRIENDS.



I'VE NEVER HEARD OF YOUR COMPANY, BLOZZ. IS IT SOUND?

OF COURSE, SIR! BETTY, YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T SELL YOUR FATHER ANYTHING THAT WASN'T THE BEST.



I CAN GIVE YOU MY PERSONAL GUARANTEE ON THIS OIL STOCK. IT'S GILT-EDGE--AND SOLID AS A ROCK. YOU CAN'T GO WRONG.



BETTY'S FATHER FELL FOR THIS WILD-CAT OIL STOCK. HE'S BUYING UP TO THE HILT! I'M GOING TO SELL SOME TO MANDRAKE, TOO. THAT'S MY WAY OF GETTING EVEN WITH HIM.



LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES, MANDRAKE. I WANT TO LET YOU IN ON A GOOD THING. THIS OIL STOCK IS CHEAP AND YOU'LL MAKE A FORTUNE OUT OF IT.

REALLY?



DADDY'S GOING TO BUY SOME, SO IT MUST BE GOOD, MANDRAKE.



HERE'S THE STOCK. IT'S THE BEST--HUH!

SOUNDS LIKE A WILD-CAT.



BY GOSH--IT SCRATCHED ME!

THERE GOES THAT WILD CAT AGAIN!

MEOW--YIP! MEOW--YIP!



"WILD-CAT" OIL STOCK MEANS WORTHLESS OIL STOCK, BETTY. HOW DID YOU KNOW, MANDRAKE?

I DIDN'T KNOW. I JUST GUESSED.



SOME MORE OF MANDRAKE'S HOCUS-POCUS. NO MATTER WHAT I TRY TO DO, HE STICKS HIS NOSE IN. I TELL YOU, SLICK, I'M GOING TO SETTLE HIS HASH--IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



BETTY, YOU MUST MARRY ME. I ADORE YOU! I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU!

PLEASE, MR. BLOZZ, CAN'T WE TALK ABOUT SOMETHING MORE INTERESTING--LIKE THE WEATHER?



I WORSHIP YOU! ONE KISS, PLEASE! ONE KISS FROM YOUR RUBY LIPS!

PLEASE, MR. BLOZZ--!



POOR BETTY, I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING TO FREE HER FROM THAT PEST!



ONE KISS ON YOUR RUBY LIPS--HUH!



MY GOSH! AN ALLIGATOR!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. BLOZZ?



HELLO, MANDRAKE. WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? HIS FACE TURNED WHITE AS A SHEET AND---

I SAW THAT HE WAS PESTERING YOU, BETTY, SO I USED A SIMPLE HYPNOTIC TRICK.



HE THOUGHT HE WAS SEEING THINGS--ALLIGATORS.

MANDRAKE, IF YOU COULD TEACH A GIRL IN TEN EASY LESSONS HOW TO TURN INTO AN ALLIGATOR AT THE RIGHT TIME--YOU'D MAKE A FORTUNE!

TO BE CONTINUED



## Unattractive, Fat and Lazy

### SIGNS OF CONGESTED DIGESTION

Quickly will a sufferer from constipation and sluggish liver lose attraction, fresh appearance and fitness. A food tract clogged with waste accumulations causes too many unpleasant symptoms to be tolerated for long. Puffy bad skin, unhealthy fat, distention, liver and bilious attacks, sick headaches are a few of the possibilities.

A simple gentle treatment for constipation can be obtained by taking Pinkettes. These little pills are most pleasant to use and unfailing in action. Pinkettes painlessly exercise and strengthen lazy bowels and stir the liver, because they are compounded of harmless vegetable ingredients. A suitable dose for a few nights will clear away the waste matter, making a marked difference in your fitness and appearance. Get a 1/2 bottle of Pinkettes to-day and see for yourself how peacefully bowel regularity is restored and unhealthy fat banished. Product of The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australia, Pty. Ltd.

## FACIAL HAIRS

### Removed by ELECTROLYSIS AT HOME

the Only Permanent Way

Unightly hair may now be removed in the privacy of your home by using the latest Electrolysis outfit—identical with that used in world-famous salons. No chemicals. Contains own electricity. Results obtainable cheaply at any torch counter. Never fails, and is so simple and safe a child could use it.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. PRICE £1. Complete with Full Directions, post free. (Dept. WW), 28 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

F. MAHER

## NIGHT NERVES

Half awake, half asleep—alert but tired—sleep remote but wanted. Get Bromural sedative and sleeping tablets—then sleep the night through—deeply, refreshingly. Non-depressive, non-habit-forming.

**BROMURAL** (ANAL)

ASK YOUR CHEMIST. (S. K. 39)

## "YOU'RE in it up

to your neck," said Black, and his eyes were bitter hard. "I'll find who shot him and he'll sail with me too. Until I leave the plantation I'm taking charge."

"This isn't the Outer Islands. The houseboys will do as I say!" Grant snapped, and Black shook his head and laughed.

"But you won't say," he observed cheerfully. "And I'm making it the Outer Islands. It's all clear of your hands." He stepped forward, lifted the gun and smashed Grant across the head with it, so the manager dropped like a wet sack. Tima padded on the verandah again and grunted.

"You killum well?" he asked hopefully, and then clucked his disappointment as he saw the growing bump on Grant's head. "Man him hide behind banana. Wait short time maybe. Breakum leaf to see this feller verandah. Then him run. Secum boot sign. White man."

"That'd be Freen then," said Black. "Only other white man here. You sendum boy along Cormorant, tellum Kanaka come get feller Grant and takum on board. You and me findum feller Freen."

"We findum," Tima chuckled. "Him talkum too much."

Eva Carroll came out on the verandah just as the sun dropped behind the palms.

"He's conscious now," she said. Black stepped by her without a word, but she caught his arm, and he waited.

"Tell me just one thing, Allan. Why did you shoot him?"

"I didn't shoot him," he said simply. "Freen shot him from cover. He told us the story after a little persuasion. It was Grant's idea."

She drew a deep breath. "But Grant told me . . . you wanted Dennis out of the way. And Dennis says you tried to tell him something about Grant suggesting that. It's all confused. Dennis believes you lied to him to cover up anything Grant might warn him about, after you knew Grant had turned you down."

"And what do you believe?" he asked, quietly. She bit her lips.

"I don't know what to believe. It seems you must have. . . . Dennis is sure."

He nodded and went into the room where Dennis Vaughan sat propped with pillows, his head bandaged and his face pale and set.

"What has happened to Grant and Freen?" he demanded coldly. "I understand from the houseboys they are being forcibly detained on the Cormorant."

"I'm getting rid of them for you," said Black. "You won't want that sort about here. I'll probably drop them off on some quiet island where they'll have time to think."

"I presume your idea is to put them where they can't testify against you," said Dennis grimly. "It's your sort of game. I suppose I can consider myself lucky to be alive."

"Very lucky," Black agreed. "But I didn't shoot you."

"Naturally," said his brother, sarcastically. "But Eva has told me what Grant said to her after the attempt. You'd approached him."

Black Vaughan looked thoughtfully at the girl and then looked at his brother.

"Never mind, Dennis," he said wearily. "Nothing would ever convince you, I guess. I'm sailing tonight anyway instead of at dawn, and I just wanted to make sure you were out of danger . . . and say good-bye."

"Don't expect to get off scot free!" Dennis choked savagely. "I give you warning. I'm filing charges with the Resident Magistrate. Perhaps he'll put you somewhere this time where you'll never bother the plantation again."

"Dennis!" cried the girl, frightened. "You won't do that? It's all over now."

"I hate you!" the wounded man said to his brother. His eyes were flaming and his whole body shook. "I've always hated you. You were always Father's favorite, curse you, and he thought we never knew it! But he'd let things drop now and then. I wonder what he'd think if he were here now. Trying to kill your own brother!"

Black Allan Vaughan stood as if turned to stone.

"Father's favorite," he whispered. "Are you mad? After his cutting me off!"

"Allan," the girl whispered, "Allan!"

## H

He hardly heard her as he groped for the door and went out on the verandah again. He was never quite sure how he managed to reach the beach where his Kanakas waited with the Cormorant's boat. And once on board he stood solidly on his poop deck and stared blankly at the growing stars. He did not understand. It was enough to have left everything behind, to have left Eva behind. But why did Dennis have to mock him with such talk? The old man had hated him. Everyone had agreed on that.

He gave listless orders to his mate to get up the anchor and make sail, and he stared at Freen and Grant standing sullenly on the main deck, unbound and unwatched, but frightened clean through and knowing there was no escape. Black Allan Vaughan did not bluff, and he had stated they would sail with him. And it was death not to sail. They knew that now. He cursed suddenly and called to his mate to put the two men to work, and then he groped below. He needed a drink again.

But he ached somewhere inside. He had loved his father, in a queer way, perhaps. But he had loved him. And he had thought his father, under all, had loved him, too. What had he ever done that the old man hadn't done in his youth? Wild and free! Lusty and strong and efficient! Dennis was so much as the old man had been in his later days. But in his youth . . . Black Vaughan couldn't understand. Cutting him off with a shilling! Leaving him only his old guns and a letter, as yet unread. It hurt somehow. The hurt was perhaps even worse than the hurt of Eva Carroll. Many men had said he was no good, but when his father had confirmed it . . . He bit his lip. And what did Dennis mean by saying he was the old man's favorite? Dennis must have been delicious.

He took the old man's guns from

## Continuing Disinherited

from Page 40

his desk drawer and hefted them with calculation. In their time they had blazed in New Guinea, in the Bismarcks, in the Solomons, in the Carolines; even in the now half-tamed Fiji, when the world was young and savagery ran through all the South. They had made Clint Vaughan's name and his fortune. Black shook his head. He did not understand.

There was a step on the companion from the main deck, but he ignored it, thinking it was the mate. He could feel the schooner getting under way. In an hour Morres Island and the Vaughan plantation would be sunk in the night astern, and he would never see them again. He hefted his father's old guns and laughed softly to himself. Whatever

bered something, and took his father's guns from his pockets again. "I ought to throw them overboard," he said, laughing a little. "But maybe they've brought me luck."

He stared through the open port and saw a shark's fin slicing phosphorescence through the dark sea about twenty yards away, and an impulse he aimed one gun and fired. Braced for the shock of the recoil he was surprised when the hammer clicked dead. He shot again, and again the hammer clicked. Deliberately then he pulled the trigger of each gun six times, and six times with each there was no explosion. Yet they were loaded. He had already ascertained that, and it was not like his father to keep blank cartridges in his guns.

He spilled the cartridges out, examined them carefully, and then with a surprised whistle pried the lead from one loose. In the empty brass cylinder that remained was a tight-wadded paper. He teased it out and smoothed it. It was a Bank of England note for five hundred pounds! And every one of the shells contained that, save one, and that held a brief message.

## "YOU'RE no good,

anyway, Black, but you're me, perhaps the real me! This money will probably go in a poker game or in some wild idea, but so be it. I'm not worried about your not finding the stuff. Sooner or later you'll try the guns out. But don't tell Dennis. By the way, the gun with the notches in the handle shoots a little off to the right. Remember this if you have to use it. Good-bye, my boy. You are all that Clint Vaughan was once, and I'm not too worried. I know you'll understand. Dennis won't, and your mother never would have."

"He did love you, Allan," said Eva Carroll gently. "Dennis was right. He tried to hide it, but somehow they all knew, all except you, and you really knew, too. It must have been for your mother's sake he pretended."

Black nodded. "He was always wanting to sail again . . . deep down . . . I guessed that. But she never would have approved. And he left me a letter. I'd almost forgotten. I thought it was telling me just what he thought of me. Something pretty bad."

He brought the crumpled and neglected letter from his pocket and opened it. It contained nothing in his father's writing, only newspaper clippings about his younger son, fragments from Australian and New Zealand papers, which the old man had obviously been at pains to save even if they were mostly severe condemnations of a certain notorious Captain Vaughan who seemed always in trouble.

It made Black choke a little. They had quarrelled and fought so! Two men who knew the Outer Islands! And so Dennis had been doubly right.

The mate of the Cormorant stuck his head through the main cabin skylight which was open above.

"What course, air?"

"Port Under Bay. There's a pocket game . . ." Black Vaughan started to say, and then he laughed. "No, it's all different now. I've got responsibilities." He put an arm about Eva Carroll and considered. "Sydney," he said. "We'll get a legitimate charter and find out what it's like to trade respectably. But first we'll make Hallam's Cove and make it fast. I need a missionary!"

(Copyright.)

**"Don't Forget this Day"**

SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT

**FRIDAY NIGHT 'FREDDO' NIGHT**

Always let Friday remind you of "Freddo". Friday is THE big chocolate-buying night of the week, with all Saturday and Sunday to be thought of, so take home plenty, one bag of "Freddos" for the kiddies and another for Chocolate Puddings! Chocolate Icing! and all the other delicious things you make with chocolate! The choice of 12 delicious kinds—in that exquisitely smooth chocolate for which MacRobertson's are famous.

**BE SURE TO BUY—**

**1 BAG FOR THE KIDDIES**

**1 BAG FOR COOKING . . .**

**MacRobertson's**

**"FREDDO"**

**CHOCOLATE FROGS**

ONE OF MacRobertson's FAMOUS PRODUCTS

**"Every winter had terrible COLDS!"**

**NURSE'S GRATEFUL LETTER**

"I want to thank you for the wonderful cough and cold medicine, Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture. I bought the first bottle last winter, for the old gentleman I am taking care of, for he has had terrible colds every winter. The first dose helped, and after the third dose cold was gone—it does such quick work."—Mrs. C. Davis.

Don't take chances. For even the most stubborn, tacking hane on cough swiftly yields to the powerful influence of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting), the largest selling medicine for coughs, colds and bronchitis in bitterly cold Canada.

A SINGLE DIP PROVES IT—Get a 2/3 bottle at any chemist or store.

**Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE**



# Real Life Stories

## Short and Snappy

### AS TO THE MANNER BORN

A NEW hand had been put on at our farm to help through the harvesting, and although he proved a good worker he hated early rising. The third morning, as he failed to appear for breakfast, Dad decided to try a plan which had proved successful with other laggards.

Placing a cloth on a tray he set out a dainty breakfast complete with flowers in a bowl and proceeded to the laborer's bedroom.

Instead of the look of embarrassment and quick hop out of bed which Dad expected the man sat up in bed, took the tray, and said, "Gee, boss, this is awfully good of you."

10/6 to Mrs. H. Marshall, Doveton St., St. Ballarat, Vic.

### BULLET IN STOVE

AFTER brushing down a bench on which my brother had cleaned his rifle, I threw the rubbish into a wood stove.

A sharp crack followed, and on looking for the cause I found a .22 bullet on the floor on the opposite side of the room.

Mother had been kneeling in front of the stove, and the bullet must have missed her by inches.

2/6 to Mrs. L. Busted, Marford Court, St. Paul's Tee, Brisbane.

### FRIENDS OF THE AIR

ENTERING a shop in Adelaide I heard a man speak to one of the assistants. His voice was familiar, but his face was unknown to me.

On reflection, I decided that the voice belonged to VK5, with whom I had conversed many times by amateur radio.

When signing the register at a city hotel later in the day I saw the name of the radio man and that night two friends (both from the country) who previously had only spoken to each other over the air met in the flesh.

2/6 to William L. Heinrich, Box 5, Bute, S.A.

### BATHROOM HAT

COMING to work in the tram I noticed people looking towards me and smiling. At first I took no notice, but after a while I began to feel uncomfortable.

When I arrived at the office I was greeted with laughter and, wondering what it was all about, I asked one of the girls what was wrong.

Laughingly she told me to look in the mirror. I did so and hanging in the veil on my hat was a toothbrush.

Just before leaving for work I had gone into the bathroom to put on my hat and evidently picked up the brush then.

2/6 to Miss J. Chalmers, Gray St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

### GOT THE BIRD

WHEN my friend took a long shot at a duck, Mick, his cocker spaniel, immediately entered the water to retrieve.

As he reached the bird the duck suddenly revived, and as Mick was about to pick it up went for the startled spaniel.

Upset by this unusual behaviour, Mick turned and swam for the shore and the duck, in a frenzy, grasped the fleeing dog by the tail and expired.

It was not till he got ashore that the agitated dog was released from the firm grip of the dead duck. And my friend had to force the bill apart to set the animal free.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Simon, Gwalia, W.A.

### SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column. Full address at top of Page 3.

## Australian Girls' Adventure in Spain

### Held up at night by soldiers

WITH two girl friends my sister and I bought a car and had a wonderful time caravanning through Europe.

Shortly before the Spanish Civil War we were travelling through that country, which, although hostilities had not begun, was in a state of political upheaval.

Although warned on all sides that as British subjects we would not be popular, we refused to be deterred.

About 10 o'clock one night we decided upon a camping spot in a ditch just off the main road to Madrid.

My sister and I were to sleep in the car, as it was our turn to do so, so the other girls took their ground sheets and blankets to camp in the open.

Not long afterwards, when we were getting off to sleep, we were suddenly disturbed by shouts from men on the main road.

Having heard much about the "wicked and cruel" Spaniards, our



ARMED SOLDIERS had surrounded our car—bayonets flashed in the glare of our headlights.

hearts almost stopped with fright. We clutched each other and waited breathlessly, hoping the intruders would conclude that our car was empty and continue on their journey.

But, no! Suddenly footsteps sounded near the car.

With a burst of courage and at the same time winding up the windows of the car, we flashed on the headlights, and to our dismay saw bayonets all round us.

For a moment fascination over-

came fear as we gazed at them, but slowly our eyes travelled up the steel blades till at last, as our eyes became accustomed to the light, we saw that soldiers had surrounded the car.

They had been sent to investigate. Four British women without an escort had been reported in one village and had not arrived at the next. It simply wasn't done!

It took hours of talk through the medium of a dictionary to satisfy the soldiers, but so great was our relief that anything was welcome.

In the early hours of the morning we settled down to snatch what sleep we could, and with hearty assurances from the soldiers of our safety.

21/1/- to Mollie Watt, Davidson Pde., Cremorne, Sydney.

### Stage fright

IN a remote country town where I was stationed, I was asked to arrange a one-act play in aid of the local Bush Nursing Hospital. I was warned that whatever I did, and whomever else I selected, I MUST include the son of the Shire President.

The lad was very shy, but I found a line I thought he could be trusted with, and gave him explicit directions that, when he heard a pistol fired, he was to say: "Hark! It is the pistol!"

His mother told me that the only words she could get out of him for days was, "Hark! It is the pistol!" If he were called to breakfast, he would say, "Hark! It is the pistol!" and it became an obsession with him.

Naturally, I was satisfied he would do all right. But I did not reckon with "stage fright."

As soon as the curtain went up on the fateful night, his knees began to tremble violently, and when the pistol went off he bawled out: "Good gracious—WHAT'S THAT!"

2/6 to Miss M. O'Meara, Burke Rd., Glen Iris, Vic.

### True till death

IT was my first taste of the outback in Central Australia, and although only a youth fresh from Adelaide I had to take a mob of cattle, with a black boy to guide me, to Kanowna station. It was a journey of 100 miles over trackless, treacherous sandhill country that "bushed" men who had spent all their lives there. But I was assured that my black guide was as clever as a homing pigeon.

The Spanish flu was raging and a few hours after setting out Jackie became violently ill and, lying in a semi-delirious state in the saddle, let the horses wander at random.

My plight was desperate. The journey should have taken only two days, but nearing the end of the fifth day we were still wandering, Jackie becoming worse, and our last drop of water used up.

Just at dusk I saw a fence. I shook Jackie vigorously and by a supreme effort he revived momentarily, and, turning his horse round, soon led me to Kanowna homestead.

An hour later Jackie died.

2/6 to H. J. Stafford, Hughes St., Mile End, S.A.

### Not a lullaby

ALONE in the house with my little daughter, I was putting her to bed when I saw a pair of boots sticking out from under my own bed.

Although terrified I could not tell my daughter what was wrong, so I started to sing her to sleep. But I sang in Rumanian, a lot of which I had picked up from my neighbor, who was a native of that country.

Pinching my poor child to make her scream I sang all the louder, calling for help in Rumanian, as I knew that if I could make my neighbor hear she would know something was wrong.

Amid all the tumult the doorbell rang, and I said in English: "Just a minute." With shaking arms I grabbed my daughter from her bed and went to the front door, and there stood my neighbor with a policeman.

The intruder was caught and I was praised for the deception that made the capture possible. But I did hate having to pinch my little girl to make her scream.

The man admitted afterwards that he thought I was merely singing her to sleep.

2/6 to Mrs. Tom Stokes, Garrick St., West End, Townsville, Qld.

### Sailor's Dilemma

THIRTY-SIX hours out from Fremantle, bound for Newcastle (N.S.W.) in an interstate freighter, I was working in a lower hold loading reserve bunker coal into large baskets when there was a terrified yell of "Under below!"

Glancing up I saw a huge black shape hurtling down—a steel beam weighing about a ton, which had become dislodged when a basket of coal caught under it while being hoisted.

I was trapped. It would have been certain death to have turned about. I was blocked on either side and did not know what to do.

The beam struck the bulkhead with a shower of sparks, bounced off, missing my head by inches and caught me on the left hip, pinning me down into the coal.

The remaining eleven days of the voyage to Newcastle were agonising, and on arrival there I was admitted to hospital, suffering from a fractured pelvis, and other injuries.

Still I was extremely lucky I was not killed.

2/6 to Marc Soltan, Royal South Sydney Hospital, Sydney.

## The Modern Miss



# takes Beecham's Pills



Of course she takes a laxative. She takes Beecham's Pills. They are her Golden Rule of Health. Her Mother takes them, and her Grandmother. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, gentle, yet always effective. Take them yourself to avoid sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upset. Beecham's Pills will give you a naturally lovely complexion and keep you in perfect health.

Worth a Guinea a Box



# "I READ THE DAILY



**BRIDE:** It gives me everything I want in a newspaper . . . an easy-to-read interesting presentation of general news so that I can follow the world's events and carry on an interesting discussion with John . . . a selection of splendid features on cooking, home-making and other household interests, which are particularly interesting to one just starting out—and, being an enthusiastic reader of good books, Mr. Montaigne's bookshelf in the Saturday magazine Section is one of my private joys. The Monday Magazine stands alone . . . I read it from cover to cover.



**SOCIALITE:** There is so much of interest in the Daily Telegraph. The social columns are authentic and particularly well compiled, and the Monday Magazine is a grand piece of reading . . . Jo Fallon's Candid Camera I always enjoy. I am particularly interested in special features in relation to fashion and beauty, and I find that the Daily Telegraph has more of these and better than any other paper.

*No other Australian daily newspaper contains so much news—so many features of interest to women as the Daily Telegraph*

Many and varied are the reasons why so many women read and enjoy the Daily Telegraph, chiefly because so many women have such a wide variety of interests. No matter where your interests lie, the Daily Telegraph brings you just those things you want to read, in a manner that makes their reading easy.

Comprehensively covered and handled in a modern and refreshing way, general news is presented in an easy-to-find, easy-to-read manner that appeals to the modern woman.

But news alone does not make the Daily Telegraph. A host of features of true feminine appeal are to be found every day. Chosen and competently handled by some of

Australia's foremost journalists, these features include articles and stories on Fashion, Social, Household, and hundreds of other "women interest" items.

These **EXTRA** features amount to an additional page of interesting reading for women every day . . . as well as the two splendid Daily Telegraph Supplements — The Monday Magazine — a complete publication in itself — and the Saturday Magazine Section with its special week-end features.

Keep abreast of the times . . . read the news as it happens, at home and abroad . . . Arrange with your newsagent today for regular home delivery of **YOUR** copy of The Daily Telegraph . . . the one daily newspaper that gives accent to women's interests.

# THE DAILY

The one Daily Newspaper that gives



# TELEGRAPH" because



**BUSINESS GIRL:** Being a member of the 9 o'clock army doesn't provide one with the leisure to become an authority on the international situation, but the interesting manner in which general news is presented in the Daily Telegraph does give me a chance to keep in touch with the world's events... and who wouldn't enjoy those special beauty culture articles by Toni Gay in the Monday Magazine... It is the grandest magazine section I have ever known.



**HOUSEWIFE:** Getting a husband off to work and kiddies away to school, to say nothing of a spot of housework, doesn't give one much time to study a newspaper, but I find that the "easy-to-find" news and easily read articles in the Daily Telegraph keep me in touch with what is going on. I am particularly interested in the splendid cooking articles, and the Monday Magazine is something I would never care to miss.

## HERE ARE A FEW OF THE MANY FEATURES OF THE NEXT 6 DAYS



**WEDNESDAY  
JULY 5th**

"Entertaining needs to be an Extravagance"—If you follow expert advice, Jane Dodd describes a Ritz dinner that costs practically no more than an ordinary meal. Four courses that sound good and taste better.



**THURSDAY  
JULY 6th**

"You'll be a man, my son." On the eve of her son's 21st birthday a mother takes stock of her emotions and thoughts... decides that the event means for her a beginning and not an end... and explains why.



**FRIDAY  
JULY 7th**

"Men prefer blondes—and why." An American doctor advances a novel theory based on recent scientific research that men are attracted to blondes because physically they are more like blondes themselves.



**SATURDAY  
JULY 8th**

Week-end Magazine Section marks "Quiz"—"In using you know?" What do the "Political Merry-go-round" that reveals Australian political articles from the inside and a variety of topical articles that will help to keep you well informed.



**MONDAY  
JULY 10th**

24-page Home Magazine Supplement... special articles, jokes, beauty, cooking and gardening advice, Mark Hellinger's short story, and George Antheil's "Boy Advises Girl."



**TUESDAY  
JULY 11th**

"Worry and grow fat!" It's true. What you think affects more than what you eat. "In seven days out of ten," says who the specialist article, "the cause of fatness is mental and not physical." This fascinating study of weight diet and psychology will interest thin people as much as fat.

# TELEGRAPH

greater Accent to Women's Interests!



## VITALITY AND STRENGTH WITH ROBOLEINE



It is when you feel run down, nervous and with little appetite, that colds, flu and other ailments get a hold. The best protection is a fit and well-nourished body, and for this purpose there is nothing so good as Roboleine.

Because Roboleine is not just a tonic, it is a delicious concentrated food that builds up strong, healthy bodies with rich, red blood, that renews and feeds the starved nerves and tissues.

Buy a jar to-day—there is a need for it in every home. Roboleine has been recommended by the Medical Profession for over 40 years, and its value in the treatment of Anaemia, Rickets, Malnutrition, and in convalescence has been proved by the test of time.

"A teaspoonful of Roboleine in a glass of warm milk is the best restorative in bodily weakness and nervous debility," says a leading Doctor.

Made in England

In 6oz., 12oz. and 36oz. glass jars.

# ROBOLEINE

THE NERVE AND BODY-BUILDING FOOD



BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d sent for postage to Deputy P.A. Mr. Clifford, 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

# BACKACHE

There's something very serious  
about that Constant Pain!



You have  
been  
warned of  
**KIDNEY  
TROUBLE**

Did you wake again this morning with a bad back? Are you struggling through the day, every twist or turn of the body causing dreadful pains? Are you feeling easily exhausted and experiencing cruel down-dragging weakness? It is time you knew that you are the victim of kidney trouble which only a definite, specific kidney medicine can end. That medicine we assert is De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

When kidneys are not doing their work, pains appear in all parts of the body. Backache is the first sign that all is not well with the kidneys. Rheumatism, joint pains and lumbago are other symptoms which quickly develop if the first signs are ignored. Restless nights, bad taste in the mouth, bagginess under the eyes and urinary irregularities all tell you your kidneys are weak and sluggish.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills cleanse, heal and strengthen your kidneys, enabling them once again to rid your body of the harmful impurities and poisons that have been causing your pain.

Start with De Witt's Pills to-day. Take them to-night before you go to bed. Within 24 hours you will know that your kidneys are being cleansed. Soon your kidneys are restored to health and medicine is no longer required. Your pain goes for good. You feel and look years younger.

# DE WITT'S KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

## MARY

tip-toed to the door and glanced down the hall. She came back to his desk, stood close to him, and lowered her voice. "I wouldn't trust him very far!" she confided.

"Oh, he's harmless. He's feeble and timid, but he's no crook. The Chief's got him pretty much under his thumb."

"Personally," the girl said, "I wouldn't trust the Chief either."

"Oh, now you are seeing things! Why, the Chief's the head of the Department. It's to his interest to have the Department make a big showing."

"The Chief's awfully smooth," Mary said softly. "He watches which way the wind is blowing. But his interest is sort of divided in this case. He's got a few investments of his own. He's pretty chummy with some of the men you're going to subpoena."

"Mary Steel!" Jerry looked at her sternly. "You're being disloyal!"

"Oh, am I?" she blazed. "I don't call it being disloyal—I'm for the team. And if the captain gets in the team's way—well, I put the Department before the Chief—that's all!"

"Where do I come in the line-up?"

He looked at her curiously. He was aware of a sudden strange stirring. Mary was confused and hot and very pretty. There was a lovely high color in her cheeks.

She dimpled now, unwillingly. "You're the poor fool who runs interference. Er—the Division meets to-morrow, doesn't it?"

He groaned. "Yes. Two hours of undiluted applause. But I'm going to get in my word on those subpoenas whether they like it or not. We don't have any time to waste."

"Better have me there," she said.

"to take down what you say."

He laughed and patted her hand.

"You've been reading too many mystery stories."

"All right, laugh!" she said coldly.

"But you'd better make a memorandum of what you're going to say. With twelve carbon copies."

He saw her in the corridor later with her friend, Minnie Smead.

Minnie was a mousey little under-typer, who did odd jobs about the Department.

"I hope," he said, "no bad little

girls are going to put a snake in anybody's desk!"

Minnie looked down at her hands and Mary made a face.

The Division meeting went just as Jerry had predicted. The Second Assistant came in promptly, looking pompous. The junior officers lounged in lazily. The Chief entered smartly, fingering his tie, followed by his secretary. The minute clerk was a little late, his arms full of records, Minnie Smead tagging patiently at his heels.

There was much courteous inquiry, much timid proffering of opinion, much sifting and shifting and pulse-taking, much backing and filling. The Chief presided suavely, his secretary beside him.

"And now," he said at last, "I think we have gone over the investigation thoroughly. I don't think there is anything more—"

"Just a minute!" Jerry broke in. "I notice I haven't been asked my advice about those subpoenas, but I'm going to give it. The more we let them stall and delay, the weaker our case gets. We've got to—"

"I'm sure when the question arises—" the Chief began.

"Chief, it's arisen! I'm dragging it up by both ears. I'm absolutely in favor of getting out those subpoenas now. That's my advice as counsel."

The Chief bit his lip. The Second Assistant looked at the ceiling. The secretary earnestly scrutinized the smooth folds of her hair in a little pocket mirror, her pencil gripped between her teeth. Jerry noticed idly there was a little smear of lip rouge on the yellow pencil.

"All right," said the Chief, "thank you very much, Mr. Stone. We appreciate your advice."

Jerry went back to his office un- easily, his red hair all on end. Mary Steel looked up from her typing.

"How did it go?"

"I PUT in my oar, all right. They were going to pass right over those subpoenas—"

"The Chief has his reasons for not wanting those subpoenas served. You'd better send a memo. to the Chief, putting your statement in writing."

"Well, if it makes you happy, I will. And I tell you what else I'll do—I'll send you a nice big package of red tape for a Christmas present!"

The hearing was delayed. Jerry raged and fumed and stormed up and down his office. He appealed to the Chief, and the Chief agreed blandly with every word he said. But the hearing was delayed. And Jerry was switched to another line of work. The Second Assistant took over the evidence he had gathered.

"They're railroaded me out of it!" Jerry stormed. "I started the whole thing. I put blood and sweat into it, and they're shouldering me out!"

"You won't be out of it!" Mary Steel told him cryptically. "I think they have plans for you."

The next night he was restless. He refused an invitation to dinner and another to play cards. He wandered around morbidly, and decided to go back to his office. A good stiff couple of hours with some law books—that might put him in a better mood.

He was startled to find a thin slice of light under his door, to hear the busy chattering of a typewriter. What the—he stabbed the lock with his key and stepped in quietly.

One light threw a soft glow over the bent curly head of Mary Steel. She looked up from her typing, wide-eyed and startled. A large paper file and a pile of carbons lay beside her.

"Why, Mary—aren't I pretty late for little girls to be working?"

"Well, somebody has to do things properly around here! I'm behind on my carbons. You've kept me so busy typing your notes—"

"Oh, let the carbons go! After all, there's a world of flowers and stars and—I'll tell you what! Let's do something! I'm in no mood for work, and you certainly need a little play! We'll get dressed up and go dancing at the Madrilon."

He found her staying late the next night, still with the same thick file beside her, making carbons.

"Of all the morbid exhibitions of industry!" he groaned.

"If you won't look after your inter- ests, I will," she replied.

The investigation dragged along. Mention of it was no longer made around the Department. When Jerry asked questions, he got evasive answers. The Second Assistant was always glib and hurried. The Chief was always busy at the moment.

"How's your investigation going?" Jerry's Senator asked one day.

"Slowly and mysteriously."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I can't find a thing about it. They took me off, you know. And the case is dying a natural

## Carbon Copies

Continued from Page 5

death, it seems. It's a good case—we could build an awful bonfire under certain gentlemen. Do something big and useful. And we're stalling and quibbling. To tell you the truth, Senator, I don't think those subpoenas I advised were ever served!"

"H-m-m. Funny! We voted a big appropriation for your investigation."

That was all. But a week later the bomb exploded. Phones shrilled. Reporters clamored. Assistants scuttled about. Stenographers gasped in thrilled, horrified groups.

There was a Senate investigation. Of the Department. The sword that hung by a hair over all Federal groups had fallen. The Department had failed with its investigation, and the Senate was investigating it.

There was pandemonium in the Department. But Jerry, who had always stormed and thundered first, was suddenly cold and quiet. And one other person was calm. That was the Chief. Calm and urbane and smooth.

"Don't worry!" he told Jerry. "There's nothing much to it. A lot of noise in the papers and some angry speeches in the Senate—for the constituents back home. Then everything will blow over. There's only one thing that worries me—who tipped off whom about our investigation?"

Jerry met the charge halfway. "I did, sir. I was asked what we were doing. I couldn't see we were doing anything, and I said so. I saw no reason to lie."

"None of us lies, I'm sure. But some of us are—er—politic."

"No doubt of it!"

"And," the Chief added, "loyal."

"That," said Jerry, "I do doubt!"

He little dreamed how true that was until the investigation opened, and the Chief went on the witness stand.

There were the usual elaborate preliminaries, the name-taking, the date-fixing, the sparring over definitions. And then, thought Jerry, the works!

"Why was this investigation dropped?"

"Insufficient evidence to justify it."

"What about the company files?"

"Some were inaccessible. Others were—in perfect order."

"What about the officers of the companies?" Jerry's Senator asked.

"Why weren't they questioned?"

"We had no opportunity to question them."

"You could have issued subpoenas."

"We were advised not to," said the Chief suavely. "We acted on advice of counsel."

"Who is your counsel?"

"Mr. Jerry Stone."

Jerry felt the blood boiling to his head. Indignantly he leaped to his feet, but strong hands pulled him back. Why, the fool! The Chief couldn't get away with that! What about the minutes of the division meeting? What about his own memorandum to the Chief?

"What?" Jerry's Senator was thunderstruck. He shot a strange look at Jerry.

"I refer you," said the Chief, "to the minutes of our division meeting, July twenty-first. May I introduce them as evidence?"

"THE minutes may be admitted as evidence."

Jerry felt a strange cold chill creep up his spine. There was something sinister here—the Chief calling for the minutes. The minutes he should have wanted hidden. Perhaps they were hidden. Perhaps there would be some elaborate farce about their being lost. No, there they were, the minute clerk was bringing them forward. The minute clerk was clearing his throat and reading. That was what the Chief said, that was what the Second Assistant said. He checked off their remarks in his mind. Yes, that bit of business he remembered. But, no—that was strange. It wasn't the Chief who had brought subpoenas up. The Chief had avoided any mention of them. He, Jerry, had thrust subpoenas boldly at him. The Chief had tried to sidestep. He had said they would be discussed when the question arose.

And Jerry had said, "But, Chief, it's arisen. I'm dragging it up by both ears!"

And that wasn't in the minutes. He was bewildered as the reading went on. It was a lie. It was incredible. He hadn't said any such thing. The Chief's secretary herself had taken down his words. He stopped. Something in his mind clicked like a camera shutter.

## HE

remembered a red smear of lip rouge on a yellow pencil. The Chief's secretary hadn't taken down a word all the time he talked. She hadn't even lifted her pencil. She'd held it between her teeth while she fixed her hair, looking carefully in her little pocket mirror. She had deliberately left out his testimony, and they had fixed it up afterward, she and the Chief.

"I protest!" he shouted, jumping to his feet. Hands pulled him back. The Senate committee frowned, annoyed.

The questioning went on. The Chief was sad, but firm. No, Mr. Stone had never given any other advice as counsel. He had counselled against the subpoenas.

Then Jerry himself was called to the stand.

"Mr. Stone, has your advice been accurately recorded?"

"It has not!" said Jerry hotly. "It has been maliciously falsified."

"Then, Mr. Stone, how do you explain the minutes? You don't deny those were your words?"

"I certainly do deny it. Those minutes were tampered with!"

"That's a startling statement, Mr. Stone. Are you prepared to prove it?"

"Yes! Er—perhaps not prepared. Naturally, I couldn't anticipate such a ridiculous charge. I was the first to advocate subpoenas—"

A hand tugged at his sleeve, a small hand. A note was passed to him. It bore Mary Steel's writing. "Put Minnie Smead on the stand!" it read.

He smiled a little grimly. One of Mary's conspiracies, no doubt. Well, she couldn't be more fantastic than the others. He might as well try her little scheme.

"I can prove my statement," he said, "if you will permit me to call Miss Minnie Smead to the stand."

Minnie took her seat, pink with importance. She clutched a large folder under her arm.

"Th-th-his," she said, "is the real record of the division meeting."

"How do you know that?"

"I took it down. Mary Steel told me to."

"You were at the meeting?"

"Yes. I carried in some records for the minute clerk. I help him lots of times. And then—I stayed. No-body ever notices me. I just sat down and took my own set of notes."

"Why did you take the notes?"

"Miss Steel, Mr. Stone's secretary, told me to. She s-s-suspected that would be some s-s-skullduggery. I have made out an affidavit that this is the real record."

"Will you read it, please?"

Everything was there, the Chief's crafty evasions, Jerry's own bold stand, his insistence on the subpoenas. Jerry himself was thunder-struck. He looked at Mary with wild, unbelieving rapture. Bless his heart, the little devil! Bless Minnie Smead, too. Another note was slipped into his hand.

"Put me on the stand next!" wrote Mary Steel.

"Well," said the chairman un- easily. "This is strange. One officer of the department swears one thing. The other swears the opposite. Each has documentary evidence."

"I have other evidence!" said Jerry. "I sent a written memorandum to the Chief, incorporating my advice. I ask him to produce that memorandum."

The committee turned to the Chief. He was pale but still bland.

"I have no memorandum from Mr. Stone," he said steadily. "He never sent me one. If he's so sure he did, ask him to produce his own carbon of it."

Again the camera shutter clicked. He saw the Chief stroking his chin and asking softly, "Are you—always too busy to keep carbons, Mr. Stone?"

But, remembered Jerry, the Chief had reckoned without Mary Steel.

He put her on the stand. She too carried a large folder under her arm.

"I have here," she said, "a carbon copy of the Chief's personal file. I—I brought it out of his room, and stayed after hours copying it."

"Why did you make a copy of his personal file?"

"Because," she said clearly, "it contains absolute evidence he did receive the written memorandum from Mr. Stone. I have it here."

The Senators glanced at it. The Chief turned livid. Jerry drew a sigh so deep it seemed to touch his toes.

"Well," he said, when he put Mary Steel alone in the corridor, "it's just a case of Steel wearing down Stone!"

And then he kissed her impulsively.

"Now," he said huskily, "make me twelve copies of that!"

(Copyright.)



# ETIQUETTE

By  
Mrs.  
MASSEY  
LYON

## INTRODUCTIONS . . . how, when and why

Even in these less formal days there are definite social rules governing introductions.

In this instalment of "Etiquette," which is being published by The Australian Women's Weekly in serial form, MRS. MASSEY LYON, noted authority on social procedure, tells of the correct methods of introducing friends and acquaintances.

Published by special arrangement.

WHEN must two people be introduced?

Does one bow or shake hands when one is introduced?

Did the man to slight me when she did not introduce me?

These are some of the questions that arise.

An introduction may be, and often is, a ceremonious affair, hedged around by rules and regulations.

Occasions for such introductions are when newcomers to a neighborhood are asked to meet residents by mutual friends, when a bride is presented to her husband's social circle, or when someone of importance is introduced to a new "milieu" in which she will have a prominent part.

Similar to these are introductions made or received by the wives of Service men when entering a new circle, or when the wife of a new Member of Parliament is introduced to people in her husband's constituency.

Apart from ceremonious introductions, there are many which are casual in their nature, but not in their performance—introductions that are not arranged for but just "happen," and carry no special significance.

Then there are introductions made merely for the present moment.

In this category are those made at dances and at bridge parties when the object is to bring partners together for the time.

Methods of making introductions vary with the occasion.

First of all, if there is any difference, it is always the woman of lesser rank who is introduced to the one of more exalted station. But men are always introduced to women. The exception is found when a young woman is introduced to an older man of great position.

Other things being equal, an unmarried woman is introduced to one who is married, unless there is very considerable difference in age, when an exception may be made.

Again, in the case of anyone who has prominence at the moment, as, for example, the wife of a new Member of Parliament, those present would be presented to her, unless there were any marked difference in rank.

### Tact necessary

BEFORE introductions of a formal character are made, the wishes of those concerned should be ascertained.

At a large party the hostess may be two friends who, she thinks, may have interests in common. She should see what they feel about acquaintance before taking the one up to the other for introduction.

In the case of those of higher rank than the friend wishing to make the introduction, the request should be more formally made.

For instance, one might say, "May I introduce Mrs. A. to you, Lady B.?" This would naturally be said out of the hearing of the person to be introduced.

When there is any difference in rank, the wish of the more socially important must be consulted.

In the case of a peeress, an introduction takes this form: "May I introduce Mrs. B., Lady So-and-so?" the lower to the higher, or simply "Mrs. B.—Lady So-and-so!"

Those who are introduced in this way should bow only, and one should make a pleasant remark, the initiative being taken by the more socially important of the two.

When there is a good deal of difference in rank, the more important shakes hands as a means of show-

ing greater cordiality than the mere bow. This would be correct also when a young woman was introduced to older people or a near relative of the hostess was singled out. Otherwise a bow is the accepted etiquette.

When introducing young girls or unmarried daughters, the Christian name is used. For example, "This is my daughter, Betty, Mrs. A."

The exception is found in introductions to men. When she is introduced to one who is quite old and of outstanding position, the words "my daughter" are used, not the Christian name.

"Miss So-and-so" is quite wrong except when the girl is not a relative of the person performing the introduction.

In making introductions, the good hostess tries to mention some little point in common to serve as a basis for conversation. For instance, "Mrs. A., I am so anxious to introduce Mrs. B. to you. She is one of the committee for the Red Cross, as you are." In the same way, relationship or old friendship might be mentioned.

### Don't stand up

WHEN an introduction is made it is incorrect to stand up.

The less important or younger person, or the man, is brought forward and therefore is standing when introduced.

If both persons to be introduced are seated in close proximity, a woman remains seated, but a man makes the motion of rising, even if he does not get right up.

The exception to this is in very crowded rooms, when so many people are standing around that it is impossible to speak unless both are standing or sitting. On such occasions the woman stands up when anyone is introduced to her, as this makes conversation easier.

At dances a man should be asked whether he would like to be introduced, because an invitation to dance follows such introduction, and he may not wish to dance with the girl or woman mentioned.

If a man wishes to be introduced to a woman guest he should seek his hostess or a mutual friend and ask to be introduced.

Introductions between men and women are acknowledged with bows.

Should the lady wish to show special cordiality she shakes hands, but the initiative in so doing rests with her, and not with the man.

An exception to the rule of bowing only is when the relatives of either side are introduced to newly-married people or members of the two families to each other. This is a special occasion, and it is followed by handshakes.

The same holds good of introductions made to a hostess in her own house if someone has been brought by a friend.

At small tea parties, or when callers meet by chance in the drawing-room of a mutual friend, a quasi-introduction is given.

For instance, if a hostess finds two women sitting near each other at



A WOMAN remains seated when the hostess introduces another guest to her, except at a large party where the room may be crowded. It is then easier for conversation to stand up when the introduction is made.

tea, she would say, "I think you know Mrs. A. Mrs. B.?" And what of the other side of the



A MAN is introduced to a woman, not vice versa, but a man may bring refreshments to a woman guest if he has not been introduced.

question? What makes a "good guest"?

As I have said, the introduction is met by bows or, to display special cordiality, by a handshake.

Another point which causes doubt is the procedure of leave-taking after two people have been introduced. Again the answer is a bow.

The only occasion on which shaking hands would supplant it would be when the discovery of intimate mutual friends or some other cir-

cumstance has led to a more personal acquaintanceship.

### Next week:

How would you address a duchess—in conversation or in a letter? What is the correct way to address a letter to an Australian Governor?

These and other questions concerning modes of address will be answered in next week's instalment of "Etiquette."

*No Drugs,  
No Danger,  
No Delay.*

## End Children's Colds Quicker This Safe, Direct Way



Massage VapoRub briskly on throat, chest and back; spread it thick on the chest and cover with warmed cloth. No "dosing"—no stomach upsets. Relief begins instantly—in two direct ways.

### Internal dosing for children's colds is Dangerous

So often, it upsets a delicate little stomach, spoils the appetite, tears down a youngster's resistance... just when all his strength is needed to fight the cold.

### Dosing is Round-about and Slow

The cold is not in his stomach. It is in the air-passages of his nose, throat, and chest.

### Dosing is Needless

Because there is a better way. A way that is safe, direct, fast. It is Vicks VapoRub, the world-famous vaporizing salve that you just rub on!

### No waiting for relief to begin

Relief begins instantly when you rub Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest, and back. You can actually hear and see the results.

Listen to the little one's breathing grow easier as he inhales VapoRub's medicinal vapours through the irritated air-passages in his nose and his throat, and all the way down to his chest.

Watch him relax as he feels the warm tingle on his chest, which means that VapoRub is beginning to work direct through the skin.

### He'll sleep like a top

VapoRub's poultice-and-vapour action gets right at the roots of a

cold. It loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, clears the air-passages. And it keeps on working for hours while the little one sleeps in comfort. In fact, it breaks up almost anyone's cold overnight.

### 26 million mothers proved it best

VapoRub's quick relief—and safe relief—have made it the standby of mothers in 71 different countries all over the world. More than 26 million jars are used every year. You'll bless the day you try it.

ESPECIALLY GOOD  
FOR CHILDREN'S COLDS

**VICKS**  
VAPORUB

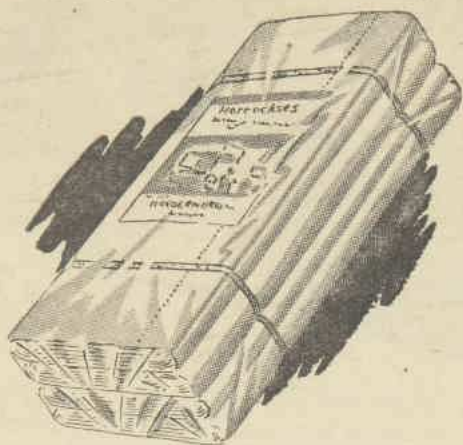
QUICK RELIEF  
WITHOUT DOSING



# HORDERN BROTHERS

## Great Winter SALE!

Mail Orders Post Free. Box 2526 BB, G.P.O., Sydney



## HORROCKSES'

famous quality sheets

**Hemstitched Double Bed Sheets**, guaranteed for 5 years, size 80 x 100. Usually 22/11 pair. By a special concession from this famous firm we can offer these to you at only . . . . .

**3/11 Hemstitched Pillowcases** to match the above sheets. Popular Housewife style. Size 20 x 10. Usually 3/11 each. **SALE PRICE**, Why not Lay-by six for only 14/6 the lot?



Furnishing, 1st Flr.

## LOOSE COVERS

from 20/-

A bargain you'll remember! Yes! including material and a charming Shadow Tissue at that! No extras! Covers will be perfectly tailored in Shadow Tissue for the average easy chair at special prices from 20/- only!

**Modern Cotton Folk Weaves & Repps** Save 5/- to 10/- in the £! Handsome stripes and good neat plain colors in these furnishing fabrics. Rust, blue, green, off-white, etc. The last pieces of good sellers to be cleared at less 25% to 50%. Be early for these! **No phone or mail orders.**

Address: 203-7 Pitt and 420-2 George Streets

## Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 6

**P**OIROT was a silent minute or two. He felt that, dead, Mrs. Lorrimer constrained him to her will, as she could not have done if she were living.

He said at last, slowly:

"I was in error. . . ."

They were unaccustomed words on his tongue, and he did not like them. "You made a mistake, eh?" said Battle. "All the same, she must have thought you were on to her. It's a bad business—letting her slip through our fingers like this."

"You could not have proved anything against her," said Poirot.

"No—I suppose that's true. Perhaps it's all for the best. You—er—didn't mean this to happen, M. Poirot?"

Poirot's disclaimer was indignant. Then he said:

"Tell me exactly what has occurred."

"Roberts opened his letter just before eight o'clock. He lost no time, dashed off at once in his car, leaving his parlormaid to communicate with us, which she did. He got to the house to find that Mrs. Lorrimer hadn't been called yet, rushed up to her bedroom—but it was too late. He tried artificial respiration, but there was nothing doing. Our divisional surgeon arrived soon after and confirmed his treatment."

"What was the sleeping stuff?"

"Veronal, I think. One of the barbiton series, at any rate. There was a bottle of tablets by her bed."

"What about the other two? Did they not try to communicate with you?"

"Despard is out of town. He hasn't had this morning's post."

"And—Miss Meredith?"

"I've just rung her up."

"Eh bien?"

"She had just opened the letter a few moments before my call came through. Post is later there."

"What was her reaction?"

"A perfectly proper attitude. Intense relief decently veiled. Shocked and grieved—that sort of thing."

Poirot paused a moment, then he said:

"Where are you now, my friend?"

"At Cheyne Lane."

"Bien. I will come round immediately."

In the hall at Cheyne Lane he found Dr. Roberts on the point of departure. The doctor's usual florid manner was rather in abeyance this morning. He looked pale and shaken.

"Nasty business this, M. Poirot. I can't say I'm not relieved—from my own point of view—but, to tell you the truth, it's a bit of a shock. I never really thought for a minute that it was Mrs. Lorrimer who stabbed Shaitana. It's been the greatest surprise to me."

"I, too, am surprised."

"Quiet, well-bred, self-contained woman. Can't imagine her doing a violent thing like that. What was the motive, I wonder? Oh, well, we shall never know now. I confess I'm curious, though."

"It must take a load off your mind—this occurrence."

"Oh, it does, undoubtedly. It would be hypocrisy not to admit it. It's not very pleasant to have a suspicion of murder hanging over you. As for the poor woman herself—well, it was undoubtedly the best way out."

"So she thought herself?"

Roberts nodded.

"Conscience, I suppose," he said as he let himself out of the house.

Poirot shook his head thoughtfully. The doctor had misread the situation. It was not remorse that had made Mrs. Lorrimer take her life.

On his way upstairs he paused to say a few words of comfort to the elderly parlormaid, who was weeping quietly.

"It's so dreadful, sir. So very dreadful. We were all so fond of her. And you having tea with her yesterday so nice and quiet. And now to-day she's gone. I shall never forget this morning—never as long as I live. The gentleman peeling at the bell. Rang three times, he did, before I could get to it. And, 'Where's your mistress?' he shot out at me. I was so flustered, I couldn't hardly answer. You see, we never went in to the mistress till she rang—that was her orders. And I just couldn't get out anything. And the doctor, he says, 'Where's her room?' and ran up the stairs, and me behind him, and I showed him the door, and he rushes in, not so much as knocking, and takes one look at her lying there, and, 'Too late,' he says. She was dead, sir. But he sent me for brandy and hot water, and he tried desperate to bring her back, but it couldn't be done. And then the police coming and all—it isn't—it isn't—decent, sir. Mrs. Lorrimer wouldn't have liked it. And why the police? It's none of their business, surely, even if an accident has occurred and the poor mistress did take an overdose by mistake."

Poirot did not reply to her question.

He said: "Last night, was your mistress quite as usual? Did she seem upset or worried at all?"

"No, I don't think so, sir. She was tired—and I think she was in pain. She hasn't been well lately, sir."

"No, I know."

The sympathy in his tone made the woman go on.

"She was never one for complaining, sir, but both cook and I had been worried about her for some time. She couldn't do as much as she used to do, and things tired her. I think, perhaps, the young lady coming after you left was a bit too much for her."

With his foot on the stairs, Poirot turned back.

"The young lady? Did a young lady come here yesterday evening?"

"Yes, sir. Just after you left, it was. Miss Meredith, her name was."

"Did she stay long?"

"About an hour, sir."

Poirot was silent for a minute or two, then he said:

"And afterwards?"

"The mistress went to bed. She had dinner in bed. She said she was tired."

Again Poirot was silent; then he said:

"Do you know if your mistress wrote any letters yesterday evening?"

"Do you mean after she went to bed? I don't think so, sir."

"But you are not sure?"

"There were some letters on the hall table ready to be posted, sir. We always took them last thing before shutting up. But I think they had been lying there since earlier in the day."

"How many were there?"

"Two or three—"

"I'm not quite sure, sir. Three, I think."

"You—or cook—whoever posted them—did not happen to notice to whom they were addressed? Do not be offended at my question. It is of the utmost importance."

"I went to the post myself with them, sir. I noticed the top one—it was to Fortnum and Mason's. I couldn't say as to the others."

The woman's tone was earnest and sincere.

"Are you sure there were not more than three letters?"

"Yes, sir, I'm quite certain of that."

Poirot nodded his head gravely. Once more he started up the staircase. Then he said:

"You knew, I take it, that your mistress took medicine to make her sleep?"

"Oh, yes, sir, it was the doctor's orders. Dr. Lang."

"Where was this sleeping medicine kept?"

"In the little cupboard in the mistress's room."

Poirot did not ask any further questions. He went upstairs. His face was very grave.

On the upper landing Battle greeted him. The superintendent looked worried and harassed.

"I'm glad you've come, M. Poirot. Let me introduce you to Dr. Davidson."

The divisional surgeon shook hands. He was a tall, melancholy man.

"The luck was against us," he said. "An hour or two earlier, and we might have saved her."

"Hm," said Battle. "I mustn't say so officially, but I'm not sorry. She was a—well, she was a lady. I don't know what her reasons were for killing Shaitana, but she may just conceivably have been justified."

"In any case," said Poirot, "it is doubtful if she would have lived to stand her trial. She was a very ill woman."

The surgeon nodded in agreement.

"I should say you were quite right. Well, perhaps it is all for the best."

He started down the stairs.

Battle moved after him.

"One minute, doctor."

Poirot, his hand on the bedroom door, murmured, "I may enter—yes?"

Battle nodded over his shoulder.

"Quite all right. We're through."

Poirot passed into the room, closing the door behind him. . . .

He went over to the bed and stood looking down at the quiet, dead face.

He was very disturbed.

Had the dead woman gone to the grave in a last determined effort to save a young girl from death and disgrace—or was there a different, a more sinister explanation?

There were certain facts. . . .

Suddenly he bent down, examining a dark, discolored bruise on the dead woman's arm. . . .

He straightened himself up again.

There was a strange, cut-like gleam in his eyes that certain close associates of his would have recognised.

He left the room quickly and went downstairs. Battle and a subordinate were at the telephone. The latter laid down the receiver and said:

"He hasn't come back, sir."

Battle said:

"Despard. I've been trying to get him. There's a letter for him with the Chelsea postmark all right."

Poirot asked an irrelevant question.

"Had Dr. Roberts had his breakfast when he came here?"

Battle stared.

"No," he said, "I remember he mentioned that he'd come out without it."

"Then he will be at his house now. We can get him."

"But why—?"

But Poirot was already busy at the dial. Then he spoke:

"Dr. Roberts? It is Dr. Roberts speaking? Yes, it is Poirot here. Just one question. Are you well acquainted with the handwriting of Mrs. Lorrimer?"

"Mrs. Lorrimer's handwriting? I—no, I don't know that I'd ever seen it before."

"Thank you."

Poirot laid down the receiver quickly.

Battle was staring at him.

"What's the big idea, M. Poirot?" he asked quietly.

Poirot took him by the arm.

"Listen, my friend. A few minutes after I left this house yesterday Anne Meredith arrived. I actually saw her going up the steps, though I was not quite sure of her identity at the time. Immediately after Anne Meredith left Mrs. Lorrimer went to bed. As far as the maid knows she did not write any letters then. And, for reasons which you will understand when I recount to you our interview, I do not believe that she wrote those three letters before my visit. When did she write them, then?"

"After the servants had gone to bed?" suggested Battle. "She got up and posted them herself?"

"That is possible, yes, but there is another possibility—that she did not write them at all."

Battle whistled.

"You—you mean—"

The telephone trilled. The sergeant picked up the receiver. He listened a minute, then turned to Battle.

"Sergeant O'Connor speaking from Despard's flat, sir. There's reason to believe that Despard's down at Wallingford-on-Thames."

Poirot caught Battle by the arm.

"Quickly, my friend. We, too, must go to Wallingford. I tell you, I am not easy in my mind. This may not be the end. I tell you again, my friend, this young lady, she is dangerous."

"Anne," said

Rhoda.

"Mum?"

"No, really, Anne, don't answer with half your mind on a crossword puzzle. I want you to attend to me."

"I am attending."

Anne sat bolt upright and put down the paper.

"That's better. Look here, Anne."

Rhoda hesitated. "About this man coming."

"Superintendent Battle?"

"Yes, Anne, I wish you'd tell him—about being at the Bensons."

Anne's voice grew rather cold.

"Nonsense. Why should I?"

"Because—well, it might look as though you'd been keeping something back. I'm sure it would be better to mention it."

"I can't very well now," said Anne coldly.

"I wish you had in the first place."

"Well, it's too late to bother about that now."

"Yes." Rhoda did not sound convinced.

Anne said rather irritably:

"In any case, I can't see why it's got nothing to do with all this."

"No, of course not."

Please turn to Page 49



# Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 48

"I WAS only there about two months. He only wants these things as—well—references. Two months doesn't count."

"No, I know. I expect I'm being foolish, but it does worry me rather. I feel you ought to mention it. You see, if it came out some other way, I might look rather bad—your keeping dark about it, I mean."

"I don't see how it can come out. Nobody knows but you."

"N-no?"

Anne pounced on the slight hesitation in Rhoda's voice.

"Why, who does know?"

"Well, every one at Combeacre," said Rhoda after a moment's pause.

"Oh, that!" Anne dismissed it with a shrug. "The superintendent isn't likely to come up against any one here either. It would be an extraordinary coincidence if he did."

"Coincidences happen."

"Rhoda, you're being extraordinary about this. Puss, fuss, fuss."

"I'm terribly sorry, darling. Only you know what the police might be like if they thought you were—well—doing things."

"They won't know. Who's to tell them? Nobody knows but you."

It was the second time she had said those words. At this second repetition her voice changed a little—something queer and speculative came into it.

"Oh, dear, I wish you would," sighed Rhoda unhappily.

She looked guiltily at Anne, but Anne was not looking at her. She was sitting with a frown on her face, as though working out some calculation.

"Rather fun, Major Despard turning up," said Rhoda.

"What? Oh, yes."

"Anne, he is attractive. If you don't want him, do, do, do hand him over to me!"

"Don't be absurd, Rhoda. He doesn't care tuppence for me."

"Then why does he keep on turning up? Of course he's keen on you. You're just the sort of distressed damsel that he'd enjoy rescuing. You look so beautifully helpless, Anne."

"He's equally pleasant to both of us."

"That's only his niceness. But if you don't want him, I could do the sympathetic friend act—console his broken heart, etc., etc., and in the end I might get him. Who knows?"

Rhoda concluded inelegantly.

"I'm sure you're quite welcome to him, my dear," said Anne, laughing.

"He's got such a lovely look to his neck," sighed Rhoda. "Very brick-red and muscular."

"Darling, must you be mawkish?"

"Do you like him, Anne?"

"Yes, very much."

"Aren't we prim and sedate? I think he likes me a little—not as much as you, but a little."

"Oh, but he does like you," said Anne.

Again there was an unusual note in her voice, but Rhoda did not hear it.

"What time is our sleuth coming?" she asked.

"Twelve," said Anne. She was silent for a minute or two, then she said, "It's only half-past ten now. Let's go out on the river."

"But isn't—didn't—didn't Despard say he'd come round about eleven?"

"Why should we wait for him? We can leave a message with Mrs. Astwell which way we've gone, and he can follow us along the towpath."

"In fact, don't make yourself cheap, dear, as mother always said!" laughed Rhoda. "Come on, then."

She went out of the room and through the garden door. Anne followed her.

Major Despard called at Wendon Cottage about ten minutes later. He was before his time, he knew, so he

was a little surprised to find both girls had already gone out.

He went through the garden and across the fields, and turned to the right along the towpath.

Mrs. Astwell remained a minute or two looking after him, instead of getting on with her morning work.

"Sweet on one or other of 'em, he is," she observed to herself. "I think it's Miss Anne, but I'm not certain. He don't give away much by his face. Treats 'em both alike. I'm not sure they ain't both sweet on him, too. If so, they won't be such dear friends so much longer. Nothing like a gentleman for coming between two young ladies."

Pleasantly excited by the prospect of assisting at a budding romance, Mrs. Astwell turned indoors to her task of washing up the breakfast things, when once again the door-bell rang.

"Dra't that door," said Mrs. Astwell. "Do it on purpose, they do. Parcel, I suppose. Or might be a telegram."

She moved slowly to the front door.

Two gentlemen stood there, a small, foreign gentleman and an exceedingly English, big, burly gentleman. The latter she had seen before, she remembered.

"Miss Meredith at home?" asked the big man.

Mrs. Astwell shook her head. "Just gone out."

"Really? Which way? We didn't meet her."

Mrs. Astwell, secretly studying the amazing moustache of the other gentleman and deciding that they looked an unlikely pair to be friends, volunteered further information.

"Gone out on the river," she explained.

The other gentleman broke in: "And the other lady? Miss Dawes?"

"They're both gone."

"Ah, thank you," said Battle. "Let me see which way does one get to the river?"

"First turning to the left, down the lane," Mrs. Astwell replied promptly. "When you get to the towpath, go right. I heard them say that's the way they were going," she added helpfully. "Not above a quarter of an hour ago. You'll soon catch 'em up."

"And I wonder," she added to herself as she unwillingly closed the front door, having stared inquisitively at their retreating backs, "who you two may be. Can't place you, somehow."

Mrs. Astwell returned to the kitchen sink, and Battle and Poirot duly took the first turning to the left—a straggling lane which soon ended abruptly at the towpath.

Poirot was hurrying along, and Battle eyed him curiously.

"Anything the matter, M. Poirot? You seem in a mighty hurry."

"It is true. I am uneasy, my friend."

"Anything particular?"

Poirot shook his head.

"No. But there are possibilities. You never know."

"You've something in your head," said Battle. "You were urgent that we should come down here this morning without losing a moment—and, my word, you made Constable Turner stop on the gas! What are you afraid of? The girl's shot her bolt."

Poirot was silent.

"What are you afraid of?" Battle repeated.

"What is one always afraid of in these cases?"

Battle nodded.

"You're quite right. I wonder"

"You wonder what, my friend?"

Battle said slowly:

"I'm wondering if Miss Meredith knows that her friend told Mrs. Oliver a certain fact."

Poirot nodded his head in vigorous appreciation.

"Hurry, my friend," he said.

They hastened along the river bank. There was no craft visible on the water's surface, but presently they rounded a bend, and Poirot suddenly stopped dead. Battle's quick eyes saw also.

"Major Despard," he said.

Despard was about two hundred yards ahead of them, striding along the river bank.

A little farther on the two girls were in view in a punt on the water, Rhoda putting—Anne lying and laughing up at her. Neither of them was looking towards the bank.

And then—it happened. Anne's hand outstretched, Rhoda's stagger, her plunge overboard—her desperate grasp at Anne's sleeve—the rocking boat—then an overturned punt and two girls struggling in the water.

"See it?" cried Battle as he started

to run. "Little Meredith caught her round the ankle and tipped her in. My Heavens, that's her fourth murder!"

They were both running hard. But someone was ahead of them. It was clear that neither girl could swim, but Despard had run quickly along the path to the nearest point, and now he plunged in and swam towards them.

"Mon Dieu, this is interesting," cried Poirot. He caught at Battle's arm. "Which of them will he go for first?"

The two girls were not together. About twelve yards separated them. Despard swam powerfully towards them—there was no check in his stroke. He was making straight for Rhoda.

Battle, in his turn, reached the nearest bank and went in. Despard had just brought Rhoda successfully to shore. He hauled her up, flung her down and plunged in again, swimming towards the spot where Anne had just gone under.

"Be careful," called Battle.

He and Battle got to the spot at the same time, but Anne had gone under before they reached her.

They got her at last and between them towed her to the shore.

Rhoda was being ministered to by Poirot. She was sitting up now, her breath coming unevenly.

Despard and Battle laid Anne Meredith down.

"Artificial respiration," said Battle. "Only thing to do. But I'm afraid she's gone."

He set to work methodically. Poirot stood by, ready to relieve him.

Despard dropped down by Rhoda. "Are you all right?" he asked hoarsely.

She said slowly:

"Ah, thank you. You saved me."

She held out her hands to him, and as he took them she burst suddenly into tears.

He said, "Rhoda..."

They held hands together...

He had a sudden vision—of African scrub, and Rhoda, laughing and adventurous, by his side...

"Do you mean to say," said Rhoda incredulously, "that Anne meant to push me in? I know it felt like it. And she knew I can't swim. But—but was it deliberate?"

"It was quite deliberate," said Poirot.

They were driving through the outskirts of London.

"But—why—why?"

Poirot did not reply for a minute or two. He thought he knew one of the motives that had led Anne to act as she had done, and that motive was sitting next to Rhoda at the minute.

Superintendent Battle coughed.

"You'll have to prepare yourself, Miss Dawes for a bit of a shock. This Mrs. Benson your friend lived with, her death wasn't quite the accident that it appeared—at least, so we've reason to suppose."

"What do you mean?"

"We believe," said Poirot, "that Anne Meredith changed two bottles."

"Oh, no—no, how horrible! It's impossible. Anne? Why should she?"

"She had her reasons," said Superintendent Battle. "But the point is, Miss Dawes, that, as far as Miss Meredith knew, you were the only person who could give us a clue to that incident. You didn't tell her, I suppose, that you'd mentioned it to Mrs. Oliver?"

Rhoda said slowly:

"No. I thought she'd be annoyed with me."

"She would. Very annoyed," said Battle grimly. "But she thought that the only danger could come from you, and that's why she decided to—er—eliminate you."

"Eliminate? Me? Oh, how beastly! It can't be all true."

"Well, she's dead now," said Superintendent Battle, "so we might as well leave it at that; but she wasn't a nice friend for you to have, Miss Dawes—and that's a fact."

The car drew up in front of a door.

"We'll go in to M. Poirot," said Superintendent Battle, "and have a bit of a talk about it all."

In Poirot's sitting-room, they were welcomed by Mrs. Oliver, who was entertaining Dr. Roberts. They were drinking sherry. Mrs. Oliver was wearing one of the new hazy hats and a velvet dress with a bow on the chest on which reposed a large piece of apple core.

"Come in. Come in," said Mrs. Oliver hospitably and quite as though it were her house and not

Poirot's. "As soon as I got your telephone call I rang up Dr. Roberts, and we came round here. And all his patients are dying, but he doesn't care. They're probably getting better, really. We want to hear all about everything."

"Yes, indeed, I'm thoroughly fogged," said Roberts.

"Eh bien," said Poirot. "The case is ended. The murderer of Mr. Shaitana is found at last."

"So Mrs. Oliver told me. That pretty little thing, Anne Meredith. I can hardly believe it. A most unbelievable murderess."

"She was a murderess all right," said Battle. "Three murders to her credit—and not her fault that she didn't get away with a fourth one."

"Incredible!" murmured Roberts.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Oliver. "Least likely person. It seems to work out in real life just the same as in books."

"It's been an amazing day," said Roberts. "First Mrs. Lorrimer's letter. I suppose that was a forgery, eh?"

"Precisely. A forgery written in triplicate."

"She wrote one to herself, too?"

"Naturally. The forgery was quite skilful—it could not deceive an expert, of course—but, then, it was highly unlikely that an expert would have been called in. All the evidence pointed to Mrs. Lorrimer having committed suicide."

"You will excuse my curiosity, M. Poirot, but what made you suspect that she had not committed suicide?"

"A little conversation that I had with a maid-servant at Cheyne Lane."

"She told you of Anne Meredith's visit the former evening?"

"That among other things. And then, you see, I had already come to a conclusion in my own mind as to the identity of the guilty person—that is, the person who killed Mr. Shaitana. That person was not Mrs. Lorrimer."

"What made you suspect Miss Meredith?"

Poirot raised his hand.

"A little minute. Let me approach this matter in my own way. Let me, that is to say, eliminate. The murderer of Mr. Shaitana was not Mrs. Lorrimer, nor was it Major Despard, and, curiously enough, it was not Anne Meredith."

He leaned forward. His voice purred, soft and cat-like.

"You see, Dr. Roberts, you were the person who killed Mr. Shaitana; and you also killed Mrs. Lorrimer."

There was at least three minutes' silence. Then Roberts laughed a rather menacing laugh.

"Are you quite mad, M. Poirot? I certainly did not murder Mr. Shaitana, and I could not possibly have murdered Mrs. Lorrimer. My dear Battle—he turned to the Scotland Yard man—"are you standing for this?"

"I think you'd better listen to what M. Poirot has to say," said Battle quietly.

Poirot said:

"It is true that though I have known for some time that you—and only you—could have killed Shaitana, it would not be an easy matter to prove it. But Mrs. Lorrimer's case is quite different. He leaned forward. "It is not a case of my knowing. It is much simpler than that—for we have an eye-witness who saw you do it."

Roberts grew very quiet. His eyes glittered. He said sharply:

"You are talking rubbish!"

"Oh, no, I am not. It was early in the morning. You bluffed your way into Mrs. Lorrimer's room, where she was still heavily asleep under the influence of the drug she had taken the night before. You bluff again—pretend to see at a glance that she is dead! You pack the parlormaid off for brandy—hot water—all the rest of it. You are left alone in the room. The maid has only had the barest peep. And then what happens?"

"You may not be aware of the fact, Dr. Roberts, but certain firms of window cleaners specialise in early morning work. A window cleaner with his ladder arrived at the same time as you did. He placed his ladder against the side of the house and began his work. The first window he tackled was that of Mrs. Lorrimer's room. When, however, he saw what was going on, he quickly retired to another window, but he had seen something first. He shall tell his own story."

Please turn to Page 50

**BUSINESS GIRL** A GOOD COMPLEXION IS SUCH AN ASSET IN BUSINESS. REXONA KEEPS SKIN HEALTHY—AND A HEALTHY SKIN, OF COURSE, IS A LOVELY SKIN

REXONA IS MORE THAN A BEAUTY SOAP... IT'S A COMPLETE SKIN TREATMENT

REXONA SOAP MEDICATED with CADYL

Rexona Proprietary Limited R.302.22

"IT GAVE ME A NEW LEASE OF LIFE"

"I was tired, dispirited and run down after Flu. I gave Cream of Yeast a trial and I must say it gave me a new lease of life almost overnight."

Why be nervous, weak-looking, faded, or depressed? You can quickly, surely, safely put new, lasting pep into your body; new sparkle into your eyes, and improve your blood, nerves and figure amazingly—just by taking CREAM OF YEAST.

Scientists and Doctors say that the constituents of Cream of Yeast are unrivalled for the benefit of every-day life and before-pat testing. This great remedy makes you feel and feel better and brighter. In a few minutes, brings about the removal of Blood Trouble, Pasty Skin, Eczema, Disorders, Nervous Upset, and loss of Bodily Condition. Cream of Yeast never fails—obtainable from all Chemists 1/2 2/- 3/- and 5/-

**Cream of Yeast**

CY851-893



Free FRIENDLY ADVICE on all Travel subjects.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

ST JAMES BUILDINGS 107-109 ELIZABETH ST. SYDNEY

MA 4496

CORRECT LINES COMPETITION RESULTS

The authors correct words in the proper order were as follows: (1) "Silver Threads Among the Gold" (old song); (2) "There is no new thing under the sun" (Ecclesiastes); (3) "Let Haze the Gentle Lark" (Shakespeare); (4) "Accidents will occur in the best-regulated families" (Dickens); (5) "Though this be madness, yet there is method in it" (Shakespeare); (6) "The nations are as a drop of a bucket" (Isaiah XL); (7) Twenty-two competitors sent in the correct solution. C. N. BARTHELEMY, C. H. O. BELL.

Advertisement.

## Growing Deaf with Head Noises? Try This

If you are growing hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness or if you have roaring, rumbling, hissing noises in your ears go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parment (double strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who is threatened with Catarrhal Deafness or who has head noises should give this prescription a trial.



## 30 to 40 are difficult years

Many a man or woman who has enjoyed a vigorous, healthy youth seems to go "all to pieces" in the thirties. There may be a variety of reasons for it . . . responsibilities . . . unusual worries . . . anaemia . . . but there is ONE sure remedy. WINCARNIS . . . the no-waiting tonic. Unlike pain killing drugs which lower the whole system, Wincarnis is rich in natural, nourishing foods . . . which are more beneficial for being blended in a full bodied wine. Yet Wincarnis is quick! You actually feel better after the first glass . . . and before a bottle is used up you are well on the path back to vigorous health. That's the great advantage of Wincarnis . . . a long course is unnecessary. It's the no-waiting tonic!

Read this:—"My nerves were all to pieces. I was worried, couldn't sleep. Nothing did me any good until I tried Wincarnis. After the first glass I knew I was going to get well again. My confidence and spirits came back like magic, and in a short time I got healthy and cheerful again." These words are typical of thousands of letters received by Wincarnis.

Thirty or forty . . . there's no need to feel old because one's actual youth has passed. WINCARNIS will make you fit and happy again. From all Chemists.

CONSULT YOUR OWN BUREAU  
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St.,  
Sydney.

POIROT stepped lightly across the floor, turned a door handle, called:

"Come in, Stephens," and returned. A big, awkward-looking man with red hair entered. In his hand he held a uniformed hat bearing the legend, "Chelsea Window Cleaners' Association," which he twirled awkwardly.

Poirot said:

"Is there anybody you recognise in this room?"

The man looked round, then gave a bashful nod of the head towards Dr. Roberts.

"Him," he said.

"Tell us when you saw him last and what he was doing."

"This morning it was. Eight o'clock job at a lady's house in Cheyne Lane. I started on the windows there. Lady was in bed. Looked ill she did. She was just turning her head round on the pillow. This gent I took to be a doctor. He shoved her sleeve up and jabbed something into her arm just about here— he gestured. "She just dropped back on the pillow again. I thought I'd better hop it to another window, so I did. Hope I didn't do wrong in any way?"

"You did admirably, my friend," said Poirot.

He said quietly:

"Eh bien, Dr. Roberts?"

"A— a simple restorative—," stammered Roberts. "A last hope of bringing her round. It's monstrous—"

Poirot interrupted him.

"A simple restorative?—N-methyl-cyclo-hexenyl-methyl-malonyl urea," said Poirot. He rolled out the syllables unctuously. "Known more simply as Evipan. Used as an anaesthetic for short operations. Injected intravenously in large doses it produces instant unconsciousness. It is dangerous to use it after venereal or any barbiturate have been given. I noticed the bruised place on her arm where something had obviously been injected into a vein. A hint to the police surgeon and the drug was easily discovered by no less a person than Sir Charles Imprey, the Home Office Analyst."

"That about cooks your goose, I think," said Superintendent Battle.

"No need to prove the Shaitana business, though, of course, if necessary we can bring a further charge as to the murder of Mr. Charles Craddock—and possibly his wife also."

The mention of those two names finished Roberts.

"He leaned back in his chair."

"I throw in my hand," he said. "You've got me! I suppose that sly devil Shaitana put you wise before you came that evening. And I thought I'd settled his hash so nicely."

"It isn't Shaitana you've got to thank," said Battle. "The honors lie with M. Poirot here."

He went to the door and two men entered.

Superintendent Battle's voice became official as he made the formal arrest.

As the door closed behind the accused man Mrs. Oliver said happily, "I not quite truthfully:

"I always said he did it!"

It was Poirot's moment. Every face was turned to his in eager anticipation.

"You are very kind," he said, smiling. "You know, I think, that I enjoy my little lecture. I am a proud old fellow."

"This case, to my mind, has been one of the most interesting cases I have come across. There was nothing, you see, to go upon. There were four people, one of whom must have committed the crime, but which of the four? Was there anything to tell one? In the material sense—no. There were no tangible clues—no fingerprints—no incriminating papers or documents. There were only—the people themselves."

"And one tangible clue—the bridge scores."

"You may remember that from the beginning I showed a particular interest in those scores. They told me something about the various people who had kept them and they did more. They gave me one valuable hint. I noticed at once, in the third rubber, the figure of 2250 above the line. That figure could only re-

## Cards on the Table

Continued from Page 49

present one thing—a call of grand slam.

"Now if a person intended to commit a crime under these somewhat unusual circumstances (that is, during a rubber of bridge) that person was clearly running two serious risks. The first was that the victim might cry out and the second was that even if the victim did not cry out some one of the other three might chance to look up at the psychological moment and actually witness the deed."

"Now as to the first risk, nothing could be done about it. It was a matter of a gambler's luck. But something could be done about the second. It stands to reason that during an interesting or an exciting hand the attention of the three players would be wholly on the game, whereas during a dull hand, they were more likely to be looking about them. Now a bid of grand slam is always exciting. It is very often (as in this case it was) doubled. Every one of the three players is playing with close attention—the declarer to get his contract, the adversaries to discard correctly and to get him down."

"It was, then, a distinct possibility that the murder was committed during this particular hand and I determined to find out, if I could, exactly how the bidding had gone. I soon discovered that dummy during this particular hand had been Dr. Roberts. I bore that in mind and approached the matter from my second angle—psychological probability. Of the four suspects Mrs. Lorrimer struck me as by far the most likely to plan and carry out a successful murder—but I could not see her as committing any crime that had to be improvised on the spur of the moment. On the other hand her manner that first evening puzzled me. It suggested either that she had committed the murder herself or that she knew who had committed it. Miss Meredith, Major Despard and Dr. Roberts were all psychological possibilities, though, as I have already mentioned, each of them would have committed the crime from an entirely different angle."

"I next made a second test. I got everyone in turn to tell me just what they remembered of the room. From that I got some very valuable information. First of all, by far the most likely person to have noticed the dagger was Dr. Roberts. He was a natural observer of trifles of all kinds—what is called an observant man. Of the bridge hands, however, he remembered practically nothing at all. I did not expect him to remember much, but his complete forgetfulness looked as though he had had something else on his mind all the evening. Again, you see, Dr. Roberts was indicated."

"Mrs. Lorrimer I found to have a marvellous card memory, and I could well imagine that with any one of her powers of concentration a murder could easily be committed close at hand and she would never notice anything. She gave me a valuable piece of information. The grand slam was bid by Dr. Roberts (quite unjustifiably)—and he bid it in her suit, not his own, so that she necessarily played the hand."

"The third test, the test on which Superintendent Battle and I built a good deal, was the discovery of the earlier murders so as to establish a similarity of method. Well, the credit for those discoveries belongs to Superintendent Battle, to Mrs. Oliver and to Colonel Race. Discussing the matter with my friend Battle, he confessed himself disappointed because there were no points of similarity between any of the three earlier crimes and that of the murder of Mr. Shaitana. But actually that was not true."

"The two murders attributed to Dr. Roberts, when examined closely, and from the psychological point of view and not the material one, proved to be almost exactly the same. They, too, had been what I might describe as public murders. A shaving brush boldly infected in the victim's own dressing-room while the doctor officially washes his hands after a visit. The murder of Mrs. Craddock under cover of a typhoid inoculation. Again done quite openly—in the sight of the world, as you might say. And the reaction of the man is the same. Pushed into a corner, he seizes a chance and acts at once—sheer bold audacious bluff—exactly like his play at bridge."

"Now just at the moment that I had decided quite definitely that Roberts was the man, Mrs. Lorrimer asked me to come and see her—and quite convincingly accused herself

of the crime! I nearly believed her! For a minute or two I did believe her—and then my little grey cells reasserted their mastery. It could not be—so it was not!"

"But what she told me was more difficult still."

"She assured me that she had actually seen Anne Meredith commit the crime."

"It was not till the following morning—when I stood by a dead woman's bed—that I saw how I could still be right and Mrs. Lorrimer still have spoken the truth."

"Anne Meredith went over to the fireplace—and saw that Mr. Shaitana was dead! She stooped over him—perhaps stretched out her hand to the gleaming head of the jewelled pin."

"Her lips part to call out, but she does not call out. She remembers Shaitana's talk at dinner. Perhaps he has left some record. She, Anne Meredith, has a motive for desiring his death. Everyone will say that she has killed him. She dare not call out. Trembling with fear and apprehension she goes back to her seat."

"So Mrs. Lorrimer is right, since she, as she thought, saw the crime committed—but I am right, too, for actually she did not see it."

"If Roberts had held his hand at this point, I doubt if we could have ever brought his crimes home to him. We might have done so—by a mixture of bluff and various ingenious devices. I would at any rate have tried."

"But he lost his nerve and once again overbid his hand. And this time the cards lay wrong for him and he came down heavily."

"No doubt he was uneasy. He knew that Battle was nosing about. He foresaw the present situation going on indefinitely, the police still searching—and perhaps, by some miracle—coming on traces of his former crimes. He hit upon the brilliant idea of making Mrs. Lorrimer the scapegoat for the party. His practised eye guessed, no doubt, that she was ill and that her life could not be very much prolonged. How natural in those circumstances for her to choose a quick way out, and before taking it, confess to the crime!"

"So he manages to get a sample of her handwriting—forges three identical letters and arrives at the house hot-foot in the morning with his story of the letter he has just received. His parlormaid quite correctly is instructed to ring up the police. All he needs is a start. And he gets it. By the time the police surgeon arrives it is all over. Dr. Roberts is ready with his story of artificial respiration that has failed. It is all perfectly plausible—perfectly straightforward."

"In all this he has no idea of throwing suspicion on Anne Meredith. He does not even know of her visit the night before. It is suicide and security only that he is aiming at."

"It is in fact an awkward moment for him when I ask if he is acquainted with Mrs. Lorrimer's handwriting. If the forger has been detected he must save himself by saying that he has never seen her handwriting. His mind works quickly, but not quickly enough."

"From Wallingford I telephone to Mrs. Oliver. She plays her part by lulling his suspicions and bringing him here. And then when he is congratulating himself that all is well, though not exactly in the way he has planned, the blow falls. Hercule Poirot springs! And so—the gambler will gather in no more tricks. He has thrown his cards upon the table. C'est fini!"

There was silence. Rhoda broke it with a sigh.

"What amazing luck that window-cleaner happened to be there," she said.

"Luck? Luck? That was not luck, mademoiselle. That was the grey cells of Hercule Poirot. And that reminds me—"

He went to the door.

"Come in—come in, my dear fellow. You acted your part marvellously."

He returned accompanied by the window-cleaner, who now held his red hair in his hand and who looked somehow a very different person.

"My friend Mr. Gerald Hemmingsway, a very promising young actor."

"Then there was no window-cleaner?" cried Rhoda. "Nobody saw him?"

"I saw," said Poirot. "With the eyes of the mind one can see more than with the eyes of the body. One leans back and closes the eyes—"

Despard said cheerfully:

"Let's stab him, Rhoda, and get if his ghost can come back and find out who did it!"

(Copyright.)

## Californian Poppy BRILLIANTINE

transforms dull, flat hair to sleek,  
shining loveliness



HATS off to the exciting, enchanting new hair styles! Hats off to Californian Poppy Brilliantine that makes lifeless hair glossy and glorious. Dark hair sleek as a raven's wing . . . blonde hair glinting like gold . . . with one touch of this exquisite Brilliantine.

### CALIFORNIAN POPPY BRILLIANTINE

Approved by Women of Distinction

Blended from precious delicate oils, Californian Poppy is the one brilliantine specially made to suit the finest hair, the most sensitive scalp. Put a little Californian Poppy Brilliantine between the hands and pat it lightly on your hair before combing through.

It will keep your hair smooth and immaculate for hours, the wave perfectly set without frizziness. So appealingly perfumed, too . . . and fragrant hair wins a man's heart.



Californian Poppy  
Brilliantine<sup>2</sup>  
ATKINSONS OF LONDON

ATKINSONS BRILLIANTINES ALSO IN  
ENGLISH LAVENDER, WHITE ROSE OR UNSCENTED

1/6  
Per Bottle





# THE HOMEMAKER

July 8, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

NAOMI WATERS *writes about—*

Be a wintertime lovely

ONCE more winter is in high command. And you, I hope, are enjoying it thoroughly—going out to meet it each day with a sparkle in your eyes, a spring to your step, a bloom to your skin, and lots of healthful energy.

For winter should bring you these assets. You should be able to face even the coldest days confident that yours is not a fair-weather beauty—that the picture you present in winter is just as lovely as the one you present in summer—the same you, but in a different frame.

By NAOMI WATERS

SO many girls manage to look radiantly lovely in warm weather, but change from beautiful butterflies to drab moths in winter.

They just seem to fade out the moment a winter wind sweeps through their hair and rain spatters their make-up.

There's no reason why you can't look beautiful in winter. You can be just as lovely as in the warmer months, but in a different way. In fact you can, if you try, really look dazzlingly lovely for all those parties and dances on the calendar just now.

Start by giving yourself regular extra beauty care so that the picture you present in winter is just as lovely as the one you present in summer—the same you, but in a different frame.

Just before you step into your next bath, put into the water a small teaspoonful of olive oil.

You will find this softens your skin in the most amazing way. It removes any tendency towards scalliness which your summer tan might have left.

When you come out of the bath, give yourself a brisk rub down with a strong eau-de-Cologne.

## For hair lustre

TO put back a lustre into your hair, rub hot olive oil well into the roots the night before you wash. And through the winter months continue to use a shampoo which has an oil base.

Olive oil has endless uses connected with beauty.

The merest trace patted under your eyes at night will do a lot towards keeping tiny lines at bay.

A tiny spot smeared over your mouth after you have put on your lipstick will not only give your mouth a lovely moist and shining look, but will protect your lips from cracking under the sting of winter winds.

If you run out of your usual face-packs, olive oil mixed with the yolk of an egg and a little lemon juice makes a quick and effective home-made treatment.

Rub a little well into the cuticle of your nails to keep the skin pliable and supple.

And to prevent breaking or cracking nails . . . white iodine.

I have tried everything under the sun to stop my nails splitting, from evil-smelling concoctions bought in chemists' shops to cold tea and onions, with no avail; yet by the regular use of white iodine, after a few weeks my nails have remained long and strong.

Put your summer make-up away in a drawer and turn the key on it. Don't try to overlap your coloring from one season to the next. You cannot do it with success.

NAOMI WATERS is an Australian girl who achieved fame abroad as a mannequin with a flair for clothes and as an actress. This series of articles on beauty, which she has written for The Australian Women's Weekly, are appearing from week to week. In private life Miss Waters is Mrs. Dale Bourn.

The orange lipsticks and tan powders have no place in the winter color-chart, so concentrate on the warmer reds and the creamy powders which will bring to your face the necessary contrasts against the darker clothes you are wearing.

As to clothes, remember that during the past year your personality has changed.

You are a year older . . . a year wiser . . . and more mature. You have developed; you have discarded some ideas and adopted new ones.

Don't think that it is easy to be well dressed on a small income. If you can sweep into a store and pick and choose without looking at the price-tag, of course you can be smart.

It's when you have to work out what you can buy that ingenuity proves its worth. You must see that you get value for your money.

When choosing a frock of a woolen material or tweed hold it up to the light and make sure it is not too loosely woven.

By having a piece of Jap. silk sewn in the back of your skirt, you will keep it in shape and stop it getting that "seamy" look.

## Adds guineas

BY replacing the buttons and belt of a frock by more expensive ones you can add guineas to its value.

The sign of a model frock is the amount of handwork upon it. The hem, all bindings and facings are done by hand.

So, if you buy a dress with a machined hem, unpick it and sew it by hand. Not only will the skirt hang better, but it will have gained that something that justifies the fabulous sum asked by famous dressmakers for the little "dress," which is nothing more than a couple of yards of silk and an inspiration.

By now you know the fashions for the present season. Your job is to mould these styles to fit your own personality.

Your clothes should be more than a mere covering. They should be the outward sign which at a glance expresses that inner charm which is you.

You  
HER FEATURE  
—and her subject—  
EVERY WEEK



IN WINTER sports ensemble Naomi Waters, whose article on beauty appears on this page. Notice the effective way in which her striped coat is linked to the plain wool frock by a banding on the pocket of the frock.

## Everybody Knew . . . what she meant by "Headache"

### NEW FACTS ABOUT PERIOD PAIN

Specialist Tells about Amazing New  
—Relaxing—Way to Relieve Pain—  
You Can't "Explain" . . .

"I wish that every woman in this country could realise just how much they cheat themselves when they allow unnecessary, weakening Pain and sickening headache to rob them of that calm poise which is so essential to charm!

When your poor back feels it is being drawn in—when you want to sit down and cry with the Pain, and that terrible feeling of weakness and "blues" . . . let Myzone bring you wonderful comfort—better than anything you've ever known!

### New Freedom for Women

Scientists have discovered new facts about Pain—and with them has been found a new—safe—way to relieve Pain, by relaxing nervous and muscular tension—(instead of "doping").

Already five out of every nine women are blessing this marvellous new relief. For Myzone's special octevin (anti-spasm) compound brings instant ease from most severe period pain, headache or sick-feeling.

### TWO Tablets

Yes!—Just two tiny Myzone tablets, with drink of water, or cup of tea, at the first sign of pain. . . . How comforting! And in a few minutes you feel Pain fading away—you look brighter—and feel better.

The Myzone box is neat and inconspicuous. The price is 2/- for three months' supply at your chemist or pharmacy counter.

Let Myzone help you to look your best at all times.





# Fashion

6<sup>d</sup>  
EVERY MONTH



NEW MONTHLY STYLE MAGAZINE  
PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY  
**THE AUSTRALIAN  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

**You, too,**  
*can have*  
**FREE** ★ ★

*these*  
**4** **Lovely**  
**ARTIST DESIGNED PATTERNS**  
WITH THE FIRST ISSUE OF  
*"Fashion"*

**T**HOUSANDS have acclaimed **FASHION** the greatest sixpence-worth of style news ever published in Australia. Thousands have been amazed at the smartness and wonderful value of the four Free Patterns selected for **FASHION** by Miss Margaret Vyner.

These are still available—if you act **now**. Go to your newsagent and get the first issue of **FASHION** from him before he sells out. Or post the special coupon below to us, and we will see that a copy reaches you.

Never before has a new publication reached such sensational heights of success as has **FASHION'S** first issue. Already it has proved a helpful, practical guide, not only to women who make their own clothes, or those who have their clothes made, but also as an inspiration to those who shop keenly in search of the newest, smartest styles to suit their individual types.

**FASHION** tells exactly what you should wear to be smart—to be different. It tells you in a way which makes it easily possible, no matter what your income, no matter what your type, to have the styles which suit you best.

It provides 64 pages of style news—25 of them in magnificent colour—the whole magazine packed full of fashion facts, ideas and wonderful illustrations of practical, stylish patterns.

Don't delay one minute—act to-day. Order **FASHION** for your home.

Ask your newsagent for **FASHION**. If he is out of stock, ask him to get **FASHION** for you—or mail this coupon to us, and we will see that you receive your copy. But—post urgently so as to avoid disappointment.

## Special Reservation Form

The Editor,  
**FASHION**,  
G.P.O. Box 4088W., Sydney, N.S.W.  
Please arrange for me to receive the first issue of **FASHION**.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

**GET your COPY NOW!**



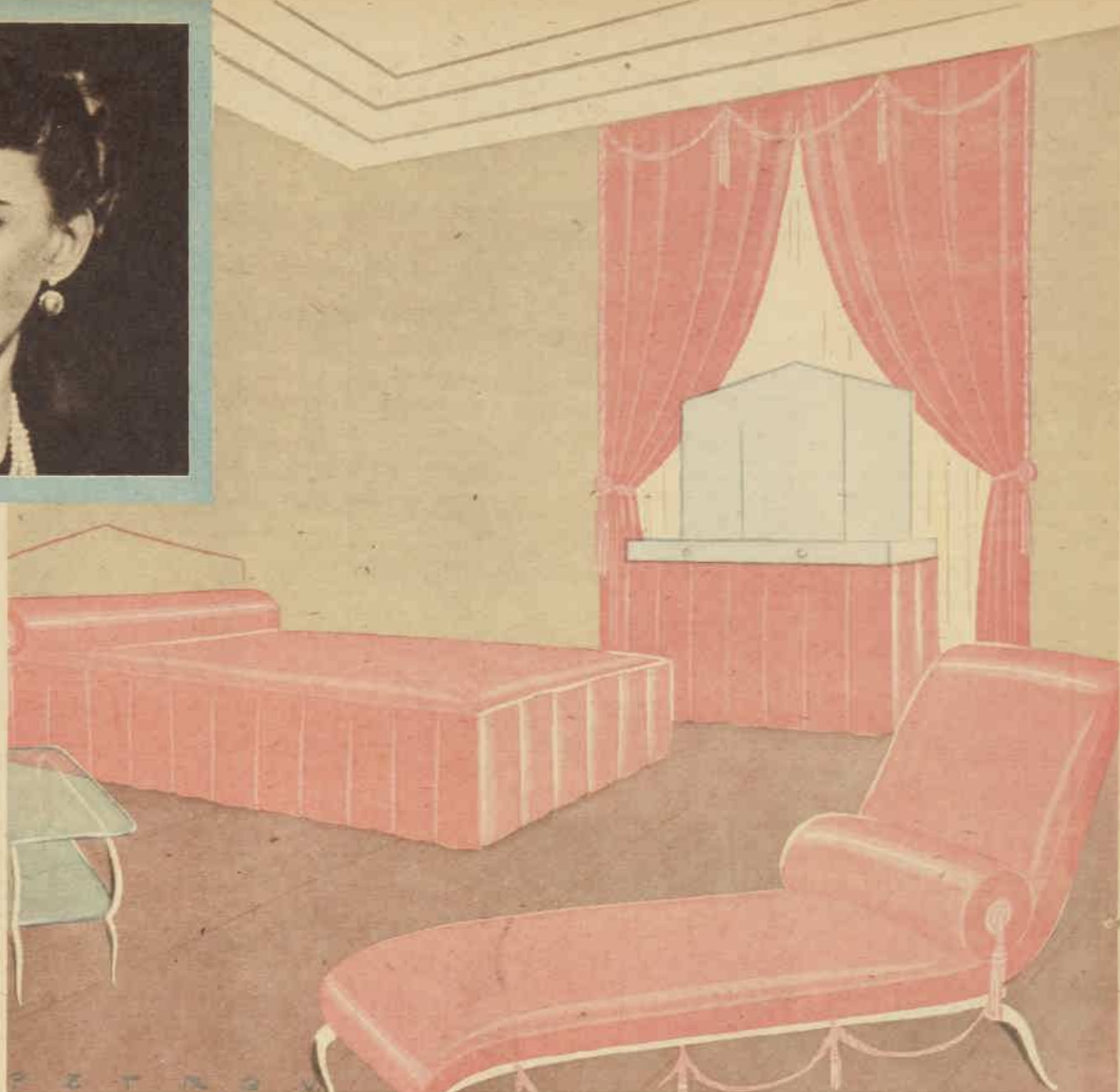


ABOVE: Duchess of Kent, wife of the Governor-General designate of Australia. She has spent many hours sketching the broad outlines of furnishing schemes and evolving new shades for interior decorating for Yarralumla, Government House, Canberra.

(3)

RIGHT: The Duchess' bedroom at Yarralumla, painted by our artist, Petrou, from the description given in the air mail article below. Curtains, bedspread and lounge upholstery are all in tailored peach satin against an off-white background.

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London



## MARINA'S OWN BEDROOM... will look like this

MODERN decorations and furnishings for Yarralumla, Government House, Canberra. Pastel color schemes for various rooms against off-white backgrounds planned throughout.

**YARRALUMLA'S** furnishing scheme, as at present envisaged, will revolutionise conceptions of interior decoration, not so much by the pieces it will contain, but by those it omits.

The scarcity of furniture, the use wherever possible of built-in pieces, the uniform off-white of walls, ceilings and woodwork, and the dependence on matching color in hangings and upholstery combine to give that effect of luxurious spaciousness so sought after in modern decor.

But if there is an economy of furniture no effort has been spared in picking the chosen pieces. They have been carefully selected to combine naturally with the architectural scheme of the room, and just as the modern architect achieves his end by simplicity of line, so the furniture and hangings complement that simplicity.

Based on an all-white background, a variety of color schemes have been evolved, so that each room is quite distinctive, forming a striking contrast to the others.

The Duchess, whose exquisite taste is a by-word in smart circles, has, in co-operation with Fortnum and Mason, planned everything down to the last detail.

Her own bedroom will reflect that flair for coloring and modernity which will characterise the whole house. Bed, dressing-table, chaise-longue and window curtains, in a

new shade of deepest peach-pink, will introduce a note of warmth against the off-white background of walls, carpeting, and woodwork. The striking combination of color and the almost spartan scarcity of furniture achieve an efficiently modern effect that is yet subtly feminine.

In keeping with the simplicity of the decor, all frounces and upholstery in the bedroom will be on strictly tailored lines. The ends of the low three-quarter bed will be upholstered in peach satin, with tailored satin cover and bolster. At the long window the Duchess' dressing-table will stand, with window-curtains draped on either side. The Victorian dressing-table, rectangular in shape, of white wood, will have a glass top and triple mirror, and will be lit by concealed lighting.

An extremely modern bedside table, in white-painted wrought iron on classical lines with glass top and glass shelf, will strike an unusual note. It is rectangular in shape, harmonising with the scheme of dressing-table, pelmet, bed, and lounge.

For her sitting-room the Duchess has chosen all-white with splashes of turquoise-blue. Low bookshelves and built-in cabinets will be a feature of the room, upholstery of lounges and armchairs, cushions, curtains, and pelmets being carried out in dull-finished satin.

The carpet is of such a pale beige as to be almost off-white, toning in

with the white walls, woodwork and occasional tables.

Perhaps the most revolutionary room of the whole house will be the Duke's study. It will be stripped of its dark woodwork and heavy furniture. Low, open bookshelves will stretch from either side of a small modern fireplace of severe lines which bespeak a scholarly austerity.

The walls, carpet, and built-in furniture will be in a clear, calm shade of buff that tones with the rich brown furnishing tweed used for lounge and low square chairs, of unit furniture design. These are very different from the capacious leather armchairs usually found in studies. Little touches of bright green are introduced in pipings, book-ends, and desk-set, matching the conventional book-back color.

### Duke's bedroom

IN keeping with the rest of the house the Duke's bedroom and dressing-room will have the same utter simplicity. Two sides of the dressing-room will have built-in wardrobes and the color scheme is carried out in off-white with light green curtains, bedcover, and easy chair. A rough finish woven material is used for upholstery.

Reception rooms at Yarralumla, too, will have an all-white theme, with palest gold satin hangings in rough silk and wool. White furniture on contemporary lines upholstered in a rough woven fabric of off-white flecked with gold complete a picture of cool loveliness that avoids severity.

As with the nurseries at Belgrave Square and The Coppins, the nurseries of Yarralumla will have light painted furniture with rounded corners. In contrast to the brighter hangings of the rest of the house, the linen curtains are in blue, yellow and pale green, patterned in nursery rhymes.



# Silvacros that STOVE

You can quickly Silvacros the rustiest stove, bath-heater, copper, pipes or any metal-work inside or outside the house. Silvacros can stand any heat—any bad weather. Makes metal work easier to clean! Saves it from rust.

**NO MORE POLISHING! THIS  
GLEAMING SILVERY  
FINISH STAYS ON  
FOR GOOD!**

Every shop that sells paint  
Sells Taubman's Silvacros





## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME + BY A DOCTOR

**D**OCTOR, I am worried about my ears. I can't hear very clearly.

Perhaps your ears need syringing. Wax often collects in the external ear, you know, especially in adults.

Do you think that is all it is, doctor? I had that idea myself, as a matter of fact, and tried to clean them out with a bit of cotton-wool on the end of a hairpin. But it didn't seem to do much good.

You were very lucky it didn't do harm instead, Miss Brown. People who explore in the external ear with a hairpin with the idea of removing wax or some foreign object take a big risk.

It is a good rule that nothing smaller than the tip of the little finger should be introduced into the ear for any reason.

Really, doctor? I had no idea that I had done anything dangerous.

The point is, Miss Brown, that the ear is such a delicate organ that any unskilled meddling is apt to damage it.

Wax or foreign objects can quite easily be removed by a doctor, who

## Be wise . . . don't treat ear troubles at home

DOCTOR tells why meddling with the delicate mechanism of the ears is dangerous and how it may lead to deafness.

has special syringes and instruments for the purpose, but if you start operating on yourself with a hairpin you are much more likely to drive whatever is causing the trouble farther in, and perhaps even injure your eardrum.

I can understand that now, I only hope what I have done is not the cause of my present trouble. I had no idea the ear could be damaged so easily.

There are many people who do not realise the danger. It is a great pity, too, that they don't. There would be far fewer deaf people if everyone knew something about the structure of the ear, and the way it functions.

I wonder if you would mind explaining a little about it to me, doctor. My ideas are rather hazy on the subject, I'm afraid.

Well, Miss Brown, I suppose you know that the ear is divided into three compartments called the external, middle, and inner ear.

A little passage about an inch long runs from the external opening to the actual hearing apparatus, and to make certain that the eardrum will always have the same pressure of air on each side of it there is a narrow tube running from the inside of it to the throat.

Isn't that the eustachian tube, doctor? I happen to remember the name because before my young nephew had his adenoids and tonsils out the doctor said something about the danger of the inflammation being carried to his ears by the eustachian tubes.

Quite probably, Miss Brown. The eustachian tubes often carry infection from the throat to the middle



PRETTY little Warner Bros. star Marie Wilson uses a clean soft towel very gently when cleansing the ears.

## Now it's time again for . . . CHOCOLATE CRACKLES easy to make with Copha



Now cooler days are here these crisp delicious Chocolate Crackles are just the things to please. Give the family a treat this tea-time; they'll ask for Chocolate Crackles again at supper—so make plenty! Make them for your next party, too—intrigue your friends with these novel enticing dainties. They'll be your special triumph—but only for once, because after that everyone will be making them.

Here's the recipe—simple, quick and interesting by the new Copha Cookless method.



### RECIPE

(No cooking needed).

- 5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups)
- 2½ ozs. Cocoa (3 tablespoons)
- 2½ ozs. Fine Coconut (1 cup)
- 8 ozs. Icing Sugar
- 8 ozs. COPHA.

Mix dry ingredients, melt COPHA and pour over them. Thoroughly mix and spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. The above quantity makes from 2½ to 3 dozen.

# COPHA

100% PURE WHITE SHORTENING

EDIBLE OIL INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD.

**FREE! NEW COPHA RECIPE BOOK**

Here's the right-up-to-the-minute answer to that ever recurring question—"What shall I cook to-day?" A pastries, puddings, cookies, savouries . . . and a new healthful method of cooking vegetables. Write to: THE COPHA COMPANY, Dept. W.O., At your nearest address: SYDNEY: Box 2625 EE, G.P.O., MELBOURNE: Box 240 V, G.P.O., BRISBANE: Box 1879 W, G.P.O., ADELAIDE: Box 1123 G, G.P.O., PERTH: Box C104, G.P.O., HOBART: Box 95 D, G.P.O.

ear, and the most common source of infection is unhealthy adenoids and tonsils.

The infection from the throat first spreads to the inner side of the eardrum, and if pus forms there the pressure will burst through the membrane and cause a discharging ear.

And is that very serious, doctor?

It is, Miss Brown; so serious that unless it is given immediate medical attention deafness is quite likely to develop.

In fact, a discharging ear is one of those things for which prevention is the best cure.

For this reason, chronic catarrh should always be treated early, and children who show signs of enlarged adenoids and tonsils, such as mouth-breathing and snoring at night, and an unusually dull expression, should always be examined by a doctor.

It is a strange thing, you know, but many deaf people regard their affliction as an act of God, about which nothing can be or could have been done. Yet, if the truth be known, many cases of deafness would never have developed if proper care had been taken in the first place.

Well, doctor, you make me very glad I didn't wait any longer before coming to you. And I do hope, after what you have told me, that the trouble is nothing more serious than wax in my ears.

I'm sure you have no cause for worry. Careful syringing of the ears in the way I'll show you is almost certain to make your hearing quite normal again.

**Dazzling Lights Don't Spoil Your Looks**

**WITH POND'S "GLARE-PROOF" FACE POWDER**

### For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

### Nature's danger signals

THE expectant mother should find that pregnancy brings an improved state of health.

On the other hand, if the additional strain imposed on all the organs in the body is coupled with an under-par condition of health at the beginning of pregnancy it often means that the body is unable to make some new adjustments required. Certain signs may indicate that skilled medical attention is necessary.

Nature hangs out certain danger signals, which, if every expectant mother recognised and had treated promptly, would eliminate much trouble and possible loss of life later.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau has prepared a leaflet explaining how to recognise these danger signals. Readers interested may obtain a copy free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped, addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299 YX, G.P.O., Sydney. Endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

YOU can face the dazzle of electric lights or the bright Australian sunshine confidently, with Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Pond's "Glare-Proof" powder shades are blended scientifically to shut out all but the softest rays of light from your face. Never show up harsh and powdery. Always soft, flattering. And Pond's has special expensive ingredients to make it cling smoothly for hours. 1/6 and 2/6 a box at all stores and chemists.

### POND'S Face Powder

**FREE OFFER:** Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. I enclose two id. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing. POND'S Dept. X (69), Box 1111, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

4154.17a



## WATTLES... make your gardens gay

No garden is complete without a wattle or two, for this glorious native flowering shrub is gay, fragrant, beautiful and very easily grown.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that this golden flower has been adopted as the national emblem.

At present the wattle is budding well, promising the gayest, most floriferous display for many years.

The constant wet weather experienced during late summer and autumn has saturated the subsoil, and already many early varieties are in flower.

Now is the time to plant out wattles everywhere in Australia, for varieties suitable to almost every climate are available.

The Cootamundra wattle (*acacia baileyana*) is one of



BEAUTY AND THE WATTLE BLOSSOM. In a few weeks this exquisite golden wattle will paint the countryside with its colorful bloom.

## SO THIS IS HEALTH!

What a glorious feeling it is—to be healthy with lusty vigour, eyes sparkling, no jittery nerves, no aches or pains, just a feeling of buoyant, enthusiastic health.

Even though you may suffer from indigestion, backache, lumbago, rheumatism, and general debility, the right to be healthy can still be yours. All you need is a three weeks' treatment with Warner's Safe Cure—a remedy which contains valuable salts which have the properties for restoring the inactive kidneys to their normal healthy functions by eliminating poisons from your system. Warner's Safe Cure stimulates you and really makes living a wonderful sensation.

Mr. F. Alphonso, Carlton, Vic., writes: "I have much pleasure in recommending Warner's Safe Cure to anyone suffering as I did. For many months I could not sleep for pains in my head, back, and shoulders, and when I got up in the morning I felt fairly worn out. After trying many medicines with no results I was advised to try Warner's Safe Cure, with the result that after taking only a few bottles I can honestly say I am cured and on a different woman altogether."

This and thousands of other letters from grateful patients prove that this remedy does do a job for humanity; it does make sick people well, and you too have this same opportunity of being cured. At to health. Warner's Safe Cure is sold by all leading chemists and storekeepers. Large bottles 5/-, and 2/9 in Coccodrill, N.S.W. These small bottles are really economical, the required dose being so much less. Write for a free booklet to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne. Take Warner's Safe Pills for Constipation—1/- per bottle.

## Heartburn DUE TO A DELICATE STOMACH

Dinnford's Pure Fluid Magnesia is the best corrective for heartburn arising from a delicate stomach. It neutralizes acidity without doing anything drastic and has a wonderfully soothing effect on the digestion. Take a tablespoonful or so once or twice a day. Dinnford's has been a medical recommendation for over 100 years—and still is. Get Dinnford's today. *Insist on Dinnford's*

**DINNEFORD'S**  
pure fluid MAGNESIA

Also available in TABLET form  
Bland : Safe : Effective

the best, and the Queensland wattle (*acacia podalyriaefolia*) is showy and one of the earliest to bloom.

The variety known as pyrenantha (golden wattle) bears very big blooms, and is also worth room in any shrubbery.

Two special wattles that I can recommend are acacia pubescens, a very free-flowering type of bushy habit and bearing large racemes of yellow blooms, and acacia kettlewell.

The last-mentioned is a dwarf-growing type which produces huge masses of blooms which almost cover the shrub in spring.

The Mudgee wattle is another that should be in every shrubbery, for it is very showy although smaller in size than many of the others.

Acacia dealbata looks as if the foliage has been dusted with chalk. It is largely grown in southern France, and is sold throughout Europe under the name of mimosa.

The weeping wattle, acacia saligna, is rarely seen outside West Australia, of which it is a native.

## It's planting time for the HYDRANGEA

● Every garden should contain this free-flowering shrub, which is so decorative both outdoors and in.

THERE are many varieties and colors to choose from and a very delightful show can be had by keeping the various colors and types separately massed.

Hydrangeas thrive best in soil that is rich and of a moist condition. In very warm climates they should be planted where they receive a certain amount of shade during the hotter part of the day.

When preparing the plot, or corner, where they are to grow, dig the soil well. Deep digging is most essential, for during hot, trying days during the summer they require plenty of water.

When watering the plants, give them a good soaking, for they love water.

In very cold climates, where frosts are severe, they should be planted under the protection of trees or among the shrubs, or even on the north side of the house.

The boughs weep and the foliage drapes the whole plant from top to bottom. The flowers are large and a deep golden color.

Wattles do well in almost any kind of soil. They need no special treatment, except regular watering while young, and trimming to make shapely.

On no account, however, must they be given manure or fertilizer of any kind.

You will need a fair amount of room in your garden to cultivate them successfully, and should, when planting out the garden, keep a radius of at least 12 feet around each one.

It is best to buy the established plants in pots from a nurseryman. To grow them from seed is a slow process, and, when only a few specimens are required, buying the young shrubs is much more satisfactory.

Make this a wattle year in your garden. You will be pleased at the result when the trees burst into golden bloom.



A MODERN WATER  
JUG BY GEORG  
BROCH.



## For a bright party

At a cocktail party nothing should be dull—not even a dish! How can the cutest savouries look their best on a dingy salver? It isn't fair to a cunningly mixed cocktail to pour it from a tarnished shaker. But Silver, with the rich glitter that 'Silver' imparts to it, how well it suits the occasion! Only 'Silver' can produce the high polish which winks and gleams as if in answer to wit and laughter. Use it to give all your Silver a quick and perfect polish.



A RECKITT'S PRODUCT. MADE IN AUSTRALIA.

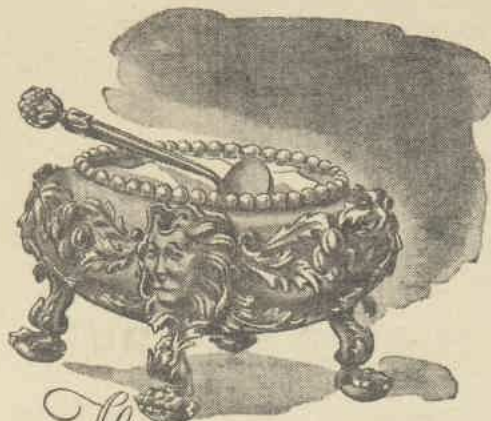
### The Australian Women's Weekly — Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped acknowledgment should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be returned at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss. **Prize:** Readers need not claim for prize unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.





BY APPOINTMENT



*Tho'* your income may be modest—  
if you have refinement you are very rich in the real  
things of life . . . and if you have refinement you will  
always have Cerebos Salt on your table.

★  
Cerebos Table Salt is traditionally "correct" for  
all occasions.

CEREBOS SALT



## The last rinse in BLUE

is the only way to  
stop clothes from  
turning YELLOW

You cannot wash the  
greyish-yellow tinge from  
white clothes. Washing is  
to get the dirt out, but it  
is the last rinse in Blue  
water that makes clothes  
a lovely white. Therefore,  
have Reckitt's Blue in the  
last rinsing water every  
wash-day to keep your  
linens from turning a bad  
colour. . . . Never neglect  
the last BLUE rinse.



## Reckitt's BLUE

Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!



NOTE THE ECONOMY of line in this attractive clock. It looks  
well near this stiff conventional lampshade accompanying the lamp  
with a glass ball stand.

## Choose your CLOCKS to suit surroundings

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

A CLOCK, like any article  
of furniture, is truly beautiful and in har-  
mony with modern decor when it is artistic  
in itself and needs no decorative touch to  
embellish it.

ESSENTIALLY the busi-  
ness of a clock is to tell  
the time. It should  
keep to that and not  
parade itself in an attempt to  
dominate the surroundings!

The size should be deter-  
mined by the amount of space  
required by its mechanism.

A clock which presents a  
fine broad face over a minute  
body is a hypocrite.

The old sundials, designed  
originally for purely practical  
ends, owe their distinction to  
their simplicity of form.

Very often in modern clocks  
the most beautiful are those  
designed primarily with an eye  
to service, such as electric  
clocks and kitchen clocks.

### Not overdone

NOT, mind you, that severely  
practical objects are neces-  
sarily handsome.

No, an attractive clock  
should be something more than  
a plain piece of mechanism,  
more than a machine for tell-  
ing the time. But its ornamen-  
tation should not be overdone.

Ideally, every clock should  
be designed for its particular  
surroundings in the room  
which it will occupy.

You would not put a kitchen  
alarm clock on the mantel-  
piece, or a chiming clock at  
your bedside.

Carry that idea to its logical  
conclusion and make your  
choice carefully.

A clock which is to hang on  
a wall should be light and  
plain. One which I saw re-  
cently had a face of white

maple surrounded by a narrow  
hoop of polished cherrywood,  
and the Roman numerals were  
of brass.

A desk clock should be light  
and yet should stand securely  
so that it may be pushed aside  
without overbalancing.

A clock for the mantelpiece  
can spread itself a little more  
as to size and ornament. Its  
place is usually a permanent  
one, and it is possible to choose  
one suitable to other objects  
on the mantelpiece, or to build  
other mantelpiece decoration  
to harmonise with the clock.

It will generally be found  
that nowadays those clocks  
which are outwardly pleasingly  
simple are also the most sound.

On the other hand, if you  
favor period furniture you may  
find an antique clock which,  
though elaborate in design, is  
sound with the workmanship  
which belonged to the days of  
earlier craftsmen.

For instance, you might  
favor the Victorian, nowadays  
not scorned, and might keep  
your mantelpiece in period  
with an ornate Victorian clock  
sitting between two china dogs.

Or an old French gilt clock  
would look well between tall  
period candlesticks.

If you are lucky enough to  
own a genuine grandfather  
clock, then you must see that  
it is not out of place. For in-  
stance, you could not put it in  
a chromium and cream lounge  
of a modern flat, but you could  
choose the furnishings for your  
hall to give the clock the sur-  
roundings it deserves.

## Whether You're a



...DARLING WIFE to adoring fan,  
and do your own dishes . . .



...A DEBUTANTE pounding out a  
novel on a typewriter . . .

## Remember . . . It's GLAZO nail polish for longer wear!

The nail polish miracle of 1939—Glazo!  
A new secret formula gives you  
nail polish perfection . . . Glazo  
costs only 2/-.

This polish covers nails smoothly,  
easily; hardens to jewel-like beauty,  
and wears amazingly—like part of the  
nail.

Glazo's new shades—TARA, SMOKY  
and RUMBA—add delightful harmony to  
this season's fashions, magentas, reds,  
violet, pinks, blues, new greens, and  
golden yellows . . . or accent to black,  
beige and navy. Also see CORAL,  
TROPIC, CABANA, and other flaming  
Glazo shades.

## Guard Nails WITH NAIL-COTE

Ask at your chemist or  
store, too, for Glazo's  
NAIL-COTE, a marvel-  
lous new polish founda-  
tion that contains wax.  
Nail-Cote guards nails  
against splitting, crack-  
ing and breaking; gives  
your manicure super  
wear and brilliance!



## GLAZO Polish Wears Longer

## Had Pimples On Her Face

SHE WAS ANAEMIC AND NERVOUS

"I found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills very  
good for pimples," states Miss G.P.O., of  
St. Helens, Tasmania. "I had a lot of  
unsightly blotches and spots on my face.  
I have been waiting very hard and under  
nervous and run-down. My nerves were  
very bad."

"My mother told me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few bottles I now feel very fit and well. My nerves are much better, and all the pimples have disappeared."

Pimples, boils and sallow complexion are frequently due to poor, deficient blood, which also brings anaemic miseries and nervous troubles. These symptoms are destructive to fitness and attractive world. You become languid and breathless, feel sallow and your nerves feel on edge. Give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and you will know the rich, red blood these pills help to create, banishes your skin blemishes and strengthens your nerves and system through-out. Regain your fitness and attractiveness by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without delay. At chemists and stores, 7/- each. Product of The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australia, Pty. Ltd.

## Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe, and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaseline, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely banish any form of Pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.





## We introduce little MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

... she saves time and lightens your daily round

GET to know her — she is the most lovable and helpful little soul, and she will appear on this page every week with all sorts of useful ideas and hints that will save you valuable time and lighten the work of your daily round.

Miss Precious Minutes will make it possible for you to have more time for yourself—to look after your looks, to go out afternoons, for reading, for shopping. That's her special mission in life.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES, whose mission in life is to save you time and work. She spends to-day with you—IN THE KITCHEN.

Miss Precious Minutes says:—

If using oranges in a salad, soak them in boiling water for five minutes before peeling. The pith will then come away cleanly and the fruit will look more attractive.

To make ordinary tins airtight, fit the lid on firmly and then cover the joint of lid to tin with adhesive tape.

If you want to make a large cork fit a smaller bottle, cut a wedge-shaped piece out of the bottom of the cork. It will then fit any small bottle.

Do not throw away your worn-out hot water bottle. Fill it with kerosene or sawdust and use as a kneeler mat when polishing floors or working in the garden.

Why waste time trying to scrape off new potatoes? Rub them with wire wool or wire brush.

If you are in a hurry to use tomatoes and haven't time to let them stand in hot water before

A QUICK salad dressing or cream can be made in two or three minutes by adding to sour cream salt, pepper, vinegar, and mustard to taste. Stir well.

If your draining-board is of wood, you can keep it beautifully white and clean by scrubbing with steel wool and rubbing down with lemon. Rinse with cold water and wipe dry.

### THE IDEAL KITCHEN FROCK



W.W. 2987.—Kitchen frock and turban. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: Frock, 3½ yards; turban, ½ yard contrasting silk, 36 inches wide. Paper pattern, 1/1.

### The A.B.C. of cookery

**Pea-soup:** Beef soup with vegetables and seasonings. Usually served poured over a broken French roll. A standard French soup.

**Parade:** Thick sauce, used to bind meat, etc., as for croquettes.

**Puffed Bread:** Bread not cut but pulled apart in chunks, then baked in the oven till brown and crisp.

**Puree:** Smooth pulp of vegetables, fruit, fish, etc., usually passed through a sieve; also a thick soup, made with sieved vegetables.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 159-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks hazy. Laxatives are only make-shifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harminex, quinine, vitaminising in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4

OFTEN various sizes in tin lids make excellent pastry cutters. An odd-shaped lid especially should be kept on one side for this purpose.

## You eat 3 meals a day— YET YOU MAY BE STARVING

for the Vital Vitamins

**B<sub>1</sub> B<sub>2</sub> and P.P.** (ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

**Vegemite—the YEAST EXTRACT—assures special concentrated supply of these 3 vitamins**



Shortage of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>—Poor digestion:

A fallen stomach, weakened intestines (see above), poor digestion and various nerve disorders may all be caused by lack of the vital vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, the NERVE VITAMIN.

To keep the intestinal tract healthy (see above) and to keep the bowels active and nerves steady, your body needs a rich supply of vitamin B<sub>1</sub> every day. Remember Vegemite is one of the richest natural food sources of this essential vitamin. Eat Vegemite daily.

### Shortage of Vitamin B<sub>2</sub>—POOR GROWTH:

Growing children must have a good supply of vitamin B<sub>2</sub>, the GROWTH VITAMIN, for normal development. Without it, they become weak, fretful and under-nourished. Don't let that happen to your children. Give them Vegemite, rich in vitamin B<sub>2</sub>.

**Vegemite—the delicious highly concentrated extract of YEAST**

Modern over-refined foods mostly lack the essential Vitamin B complex. Yeast is the richest known food source of the three vital vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> and P.P. (anti-Pellagric factor)—and VEGEMITE is an extract of yeast. Delicately flavoured with pure vegetable juices and concentrated at a specially low temperature, Vegemite contains intact all these essential food elements of the yeast plant in their highest possible degree of concentration.

Now—you needn't let your family run the risk of shortage of these vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> and P.P. Give them Vegemite daily. Vegemite is so highly concentrated, even a little every day does an amazing amount of good. And everybody enjoys the appetising flavour of Vegemite on bread or biscuits, with cheese or eggs, for soups, stews and gravies.

### Shortage of Vitamin P.P. (anti-Pellagric factor)—Pimples!

When you suffer from skin eruptions it usually means one thing—that you're not getting enough of the vitamin P.P. Vegemite is rich in this anti-Pellagric factor. Eat some Vegemite every day to keep skin clear and healthy.



(ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR).

Ask for

# VEGEMITE

—the concentrated extract of YEAST





# Your recipe might win a prize!

ALL sorts of variations can be played on the theme of rabbit, as the first prize-winning entry this week proves.

Every week \$1 is given for the best recipe published on this page, and other entries published receive consolation prizes of 2/6.

So send us your recipes now.

## SEVEN WAYS FOR SERVING RABBIT

1. Roast it whole in the oven, serve with forcemeat balls, greens and roast potatoes.

2. Boil it whole. Serve covered with white or parsley sauce, mashed awides and mashed potatoes.

3. Cut up and stew with carrots, onions and potatoes, and a little pearl barley, exactly as for Irish stew.

4. Jugged: For this and all the following recipes, the rabbit must be cut into neat joints, washed and dried, and rolled in flour.

Fry the joints in dripping until browned, but not cooked through. Then place in a deep earthenware dish in oven with 2 large onions whole, stuck with cloves, 2 rashers of bacon, seasoning, dried herbs, 1 teaspoon of sugar, and stock to cover. Cook slowly in the oven, thickening and browning stock before serving. Serve with forcemeat balls, red currant or bramble jelly, roast potatoes and cabbage.

5. Curried: A young rabbit will taste like chicken if prepared as follows: Squeeze lemon juice over the joints. Dredge with flour. Season. Make a good curry sauce. Cook the rabbit slowly in this until tender. With it serve heaped-up rice boiled quickly (separately) for 20 minutes.

6. Mock Chicken: Gently fry joints in melted butter and milk with some carrots and onions cut up. Place in casserole. Season and cook in a thick white sauce made with butter and corn-flour, and well seasoned. The dish when served should look thick and quite white, like fricassee of chicken.

7. Hot-pot: Fry as in No. 4. Put a good layer of potatoes, tomatoes, chopped onions or other vegetables at the bottom of the hot-pot, then the rabbit. Season. Add herbs, grated lemon rind, and cover again with layer of vegetables. Add stock to which a little red currant or bramble jelly has been added. Cook slowly in oven, removing lid later so that potatoes may brown at top.

First Prize of \$1 to Mrs. R. Wain, 30 Anglo Rd., Campsie, N.S.W.

PERHAPS you make a dish the recipe for which is always in demand? Why not send it in to us? It may win one of our cash prizes.

## TOFFEE PUDDING

Half pound flour, 1lb. butter, 1 level teaspoon carbonate of soda, 4oz. or 5oz. golden syrup, 1 large tablespoon coffee essence, 1lb. soft brown sugar, 1 egg, few almonds.

Grease a basin and decorate it with a few blanched almonds. Put butter, golden syrup, sugar, and coffee essence in a saucepan to melt, but do not let them boil. When dissolved, cool a little. Whisk eggs, then add the toffee mixture and whisk together. Pour into centre of flour and beat well. Lastly stir in

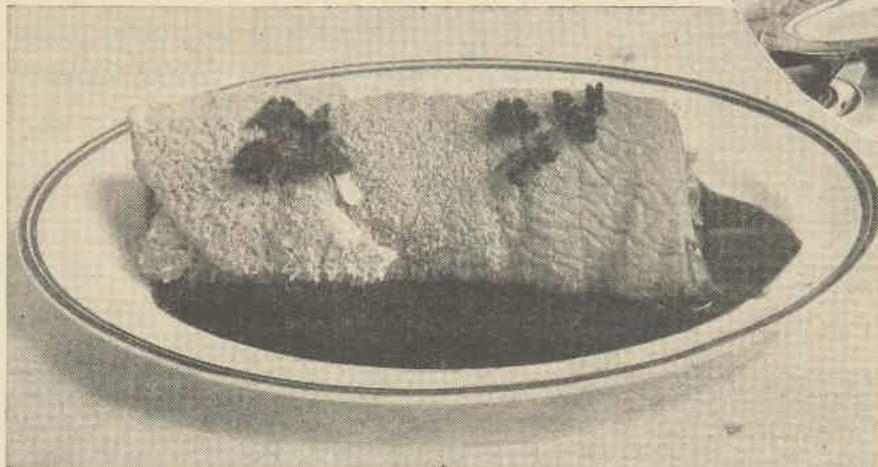
become golden brown and the sauce nearly a jelly. Watch carefully, seeing that it does not burn. Serve hot or cold with cream, custard, or junket.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. L. Dixon, Roberts St., Narrandera, N.S.W.

## VEGETABLE CUSTARD

One cooked cauliflower, 2 heads of celery, 6 tomatoes, 2 eggs, 1oz. cheese, 1 pint milk, seasoning.

Cut cauliflower into sprigs and divide boiled celery into neat pieces. Skin and slice tomatoes. Place a



STUFFED TRIPE is an appetising winter dish. A recipe for it is given on this page.

soda mixed in a spoonful of milk. Put into prepared basin, cover securely with a well-greased paper, and steam for about 2 hours.

Serve with hot custard.  
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. V. Halstead, Sunnyside, Belair, S.A.

## CARAMEL APPLES

Four tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, juice of lemon, apples.

Boil together sugar, butter, and a cup of cold water with juice of lemon. When this becomes a thick brown cream put in the apples, which have been peeled, cored, and quartered. Simmer gently until the apples

layer of cauliflower or celery in the bottom of a greased casserole and season to taste. Add a layer of tomato. Repeat in layers of cauliflower, celery, and tomato until dish is three-parts full, finishing with cauliflower or celery. Whip eggs slightly. Add seasoning and milk. Strain over vegetables. Bake in a moderate oven until custard is set, taking care that it does not boil and consequently curdle. When set, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown under grill.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Lily E. Campbell, Mawarra, Palmwoods, Qld.

## STUFFED TRIPE

One pound tripe, 1lb. potatoes, 2 tablespoons chopped cooked onion, 1 teaspoon seasoning, salt and pepper, 1 egg, 1 pint brown gravy, tomato sauce.

Put tripe on stove in saucepan. Bring to boil. Cook 5 minutes. Remove from saucepan and place on large dish and spread with mixture made as follows:

Boil and mash potatoes. Mix with onion, seasoning, salt and pepper and beaten eggs.

After spreading, roll tripe and tie with string. Place in saucepan with gravy flavored with tomato sauce. Cook gently 2½ hours. May be served with apple sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M. Delaney, 8a Gormanston Rd., Moonah, Tas.

## GIRDLE DROP SCONES

Three cups flour, pinch of salt, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 dessert-spoon melted butter, 2 well-beaten eggs.

Heat the girdle pan and rub over with a rag on which has been placed a little lard. When a faint smoke arises the girdle is ready to use.

Sift flour, salt, and rising into a bowl. Make a well in centre and add eggs and butter quickly with knife. Place in spoonfuls on girdle. Turn once. They should be a golden brown when cooked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Stevens, 167 Fernberg Rd., Paddington W2, Brisbane.

## GINGERBREAD

One pound plain flour, 1lb. butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 1lb. treacle, 1 heaped tablespoon ginger, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 gill warm milk, 1 small teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon allspice.

Cream butter and sugar. Add treacle. Sift flour, sugar, ginger and spice into mixture. Dissolve soda in warm milk and stir in. Then add vinegar and well-beaten eggs. Put in a well-greased tin and bake about 1 hour in a moderate oven. (Be careful mixture does not burn. When brown put a buttered paper on top.)

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. J. Sullivan, Grey St., Temora, N.S.W.

## ECLAIRS

Two and a half ounces flour, 2 eggs, 1oz. butter, pinch salt, 1 gill water, 1 tablespoon vanilla essence, 1 pint whipped cream, 1lb. chocolate icing.

Bring water and butter to the boil, but do not let it boil over. Sieve the flour and add to the mixture im-



SHE IS a capable cook, so she varies the family menu as much as possible.

mediately it boils. Beat well until smooth. Then cook gently until it forms a ball—five or six minutes. Let it cool slightly. Add essence and egg one at a time and beat until quite smooth. Put the mixture in finger-lengths and finger-thickness on to a greased tin. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven. When cooked, split at sides and remove soft inside part, if any. Fill with whipped cream, and ice with chocolate icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Valma Stingel, Nile, Tas.

## STEAMED BANANA PUDDING

Half cup suet or dripping, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon nutmeg and spice, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 sliced banana, 1 grated apple, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda.

Rub suet or dripping into flour. Add sugar, nutmeg and spice, dates, banana, and apple. Mix all together with milk in which soda has been dissolved. Pour into buttered mould and steam two hours. Serve with custard or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Cass, 57 Malin St., Kew El, Melbourne.



"I always say I can get outside the washing in 'arf the time when I've got my Robin Starch."

**FREE!** Rockits have just published an interesting little booklet, "A Little Bird Told Me." It tells how easy and economical starching can be. You should have it. Write now for your copy to Rockits (Over Sea) Limited, Dept. A, 145 Bourke St., Redfern, Sydney.

**ROBIN Starch**  
GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

It's a TASTY HAM all right

but it DOES NEED MUSTARD!

Yes, that's a fine ham, cured by a master hand. So pass the mustard, and let's begin!  
Ham—and all meat—needs mustard. Good, pure mustard, Keen's Mustard,

gives a zestful tang to food, stimulates the digestive juices and quickens and simplifies the process of digestion. For good food and good digestion, serve fresh mustard at every meal.



and MUSTARD means...  
**KEEN'S**

K218-9



# These are DISHES THAT MEN LIKE

**SIZZLING** grills with fresh-cooked, young vegetables, garnishes of mushrooms and oysters, or thick, rich, stewed dishes will rate you high as a cook in male opinion.

By **MARY FORBES**

*Cookery Expert in The Australian Women's Weekly.*

**M**EN are simple creatures when it comes to food. They like straightforward, honest-to-goodness fare they are familiar with and they like it perfectly cooked.

Serve a steak and kidney pudding, carefully prepared, cooked to the right degree, seasoned to suit the discriminating palate; or dish up a sizzling grill, garnished with a few mushrooms or succulent oysters, served with young, tender peas, brown and creamy potatoes, and



ABOVE: The makings of a delicious grill—steak, mushrooms and onions. RIGHT: Fillet mignon—steak served on round of fried bread with garnishing of tomato and succulent young vegetables.



GRILLED CHOPS served with green peas, spinach and potato balls. Recipe for latter given on this page.

You'll win top marks as a first-rate cook every time.

## STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING

Half pound suet crust, 1½ lb. steak, 2 sheep's kidneys, 2 heaped teaspoons flour, very little water or stock (about 5 tablespoons), 1 teaspoon salt, pepper to taste.

Cut meat into small pieces about 1 in. square. Skin kidneys and cut into smaller pieces. Mix with the flour, pepper, and salt. Stir up well.

Grease the pudding basin with fat or butter. Cut off one-third of the pastry and put aside for the top. Roll the other two-thirds into a round shape and a little larger than the top of the basin. Fit it in, leaving an edge standing up a little above top of the basin. Wet around inner edge. Fill with steak, etc., add water or stock. Roll the piece put away for the top quite round and a little larger than top of basin, place over meat and press both edges

together. Pinch edges and completely free paste from edge of basin with back of knife. Cover with dry floured cloth. Tie securely. Boil quickly for 3 hours.

## STEWED OXTAIL

One oxtail, 2 onions, 3 pints stock or water, peppercorns, 2 carrots, 2 turnips, 1 oz. flour, chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Cut tail into neat joints, remove fat, and wipe with a damp cloth. Place meat in a large saucepan, add sliced onions and water, and allow to simmer very gently for 2 hours, then add prepared carrots and turnips and cook for 2 hours longer. Remove meat and vegetables and allow gravy to become cold. Remove fat. Reheat gravy, add blended flour, and stir till it boils and thickens. Add tail, vegetables, and seasonings and simmer 1 hour. Serve on a hot dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley.

## DEVILLED STEAK

One pound steak, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, salt, cayenne, 2 tablespoons vinegar.

Mix sugar, sauces, vinegar, salt and cayenne together. Lay steak in a pldish and cover with the sauce. Allow to stand for 2 hours. Then grill steak in the usual way. Heat sauce and pour over steak before serving. Garnish with potato chips.

## HAMBURG STEAK

Two pounds steak, 2 onions, 1 cup breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne, brown gravy.

Chop steak and onions finely. Mix well with crumbs, salt, and cayenne. Shape into small cakes. Cook in boiling fat in frying-pan, turning frequently till browned. Drain on paper. Serve on a hot dish with brown gravy.

## LAMB CHOPS WITH FRIED POTATO BALLS AND YOUNG VEGETABLES

Grill chops in usual way. Now mash 1 lb. of cooked potatoes, mix with 1 egg, 2 tablespoons flour, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley. Shape into little balls. Fry in deep fat or oil until golden brown.

## GRILLED STEAK

Select a tender steak, 1½ to 2 inches thick. Trim off excess fat and wipe. Heat grill and then place steak in position. Sear quickly on one side and then on other. Turn, reduce heat and turn occasionally until at desired stage. A steak 1½ inches thick requires about 12 minutes if liked raw; 20 to 30 minutes if liked medium or well done. Remove steak to hot dish, spread with softened butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

## PAN-GRILLED STEAK

Cook in hissing-hot frying pan rubbed over with trimmings of fat. Pour off accumulated fat so meat will not fry. Do not add water and do not cover. After searing a thick steak, slip rack under meat in pan, place in hot oven and finish.

Serve grilled or pan-grilled steak if desired with mushroom sauce, fried onions or other accompaniment fancied.



**MUSHROOM SAUCE:** 2 tablespoons butter, few drops onion juice or sprinkle onion powder, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup cream, 1 pound mushrooms, sliced, 1 teaspoon beef extract, salt and paprika.

Brown butter slightly, add onion juice and flour. Brown. Pour on cream gradually, while stirring constantly. Add mushrooms, cooked in butter. Season with beef extract, salt and paprika.

**OYSTER SAUCE:** 1 pint oysters, 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, milk, water or chicken stock, salt and pepper.

Cook oysters until plump. Remove oysters, measure liquid, and add milk, water or stock to make 1½ cups. Melt butter, add flour, stir until well blended. Add oyster liquor gradually, stirring constantly. Boil 2 minutes. Add oysters and season.

*Motoring*

is my  
Number One Interest, and  
No. 1 BLOCK is my Number  
One Chocolate.



8<sup>p</sup> 4<sup>lb</sup>.  
1 4 1/2 lb.

No. 1 BLOCK "NUT MILK"—one of the four excitingly new No. 1 BLOCK varieties—is MacRobertson's famous "Extra Cream" chocolate with delicious toasted nuts. The other No. 1 BLOCK varieties are "Old Gold," "Fruit and Nut," "Extra Cream"—all in the smart new packs.

*MacRobertson's*

**NO. 1 BLOCK  
CHOCOLATE**

THE S. M. O. O. T. H. EST. EVEN MADE

**Pork & Beans**

Simply heat and serve.

A "quick" satisfying meal for a "busy" day. Tender, nourishing Beans—oven baked to a tempting golden brown, delightfully flavored with choice pork and Rosella Tomato Sauce. Also

Baked Beans  
Curried Butter Beans  
Cooked Spaghetti  
with Cheese



You can be  
sure of

**Rosella**



# Tea Time Treat!

Cheese and ginger scones . . . taste-tempting morsels that fairly melt away in your mouth . . . and they're just one of the delicious treats that are so easy to make with Kraft. Always keep some packets handy, to slice on savoury biscuits at supper, for sandwiches, for satin-smooth cheese sauce to pour, piping hot, over vegetables or spaghetti.

Whichever way you serve Kraft, remember, it adds all these important food elements to the meal . . . tissue-building proteins, energy units, vitamin A; calcium and phosphorus, the milk minerals which build strong bones, sound teeth. It takes a gallon of rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft.

## LISTEN-IN TO KRAFT "DILLY" REVUE

Starring Dorothy "Dilly" Foster and Bert Howell and his Band.  
Every Tuesday: 2WG at 7.30 p.m. Every Wednesday: 2GB, 2KA at 8.30 p.m. 7HT, 3TR at 8.00 p.m. 2LM at 8.45 p.m.  
Every Thursday: 7EX at 8.00 p.m. Every Sunday: 5AD-MU-PISE at 7.00 p.m. 2KO, 3AW, 4BC, 4SB, 4GR at 7.15 p.m. 3SR, 3HA, 3SH, 6IX-WB, 2GZ at 7.30 p.m. 4RO at 8.15 p.m.



## LOOK! EASY TO MAKE!

### CHEESE AND GINGER SCONES

1 cup shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese  
2 cups of self-raising flour  
1 tablespoon of butter

1 1/2 cup of milk  
1 cup of preserved ginger  
Pinch of salt

Mix flour and cheese together lightly and then work in the butter. Add milk until right consistency for scone dough. Roll out, and sprinkle one half with chopped ginger. Fold the other half over and cut into rounds. Glaze with milk and bake for 15 to 20 minutes in a hot oven. This quantity is sufficient for 18 scones. Dates or raisins may be used as an alternative to the ginger.

### ALL These Delicious KRAFT Flavours

KRAFT CHEDDAR—mellow, creamy smooth.  
OLD ENGLISH—the salty, well-matured cheese.  
KRAFT CELERY—with the flavour of fresh celery.  
KRAFT GRUYERE—little more than half the price of imported brands.  
WELSH RAREBIT—all ready to melt on toast.



### Clip-out for KRAFT RECIPE BOOK

Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. (A.57), Riverside Ave., Melbourne; 381 Cleveland St., Chippendale, Sydney; or 74 Eagle St., Brisbane. Write to address in your State, or to Melbourne, and enclose 3d. in stamps. Please send me copy of Kraft Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It."

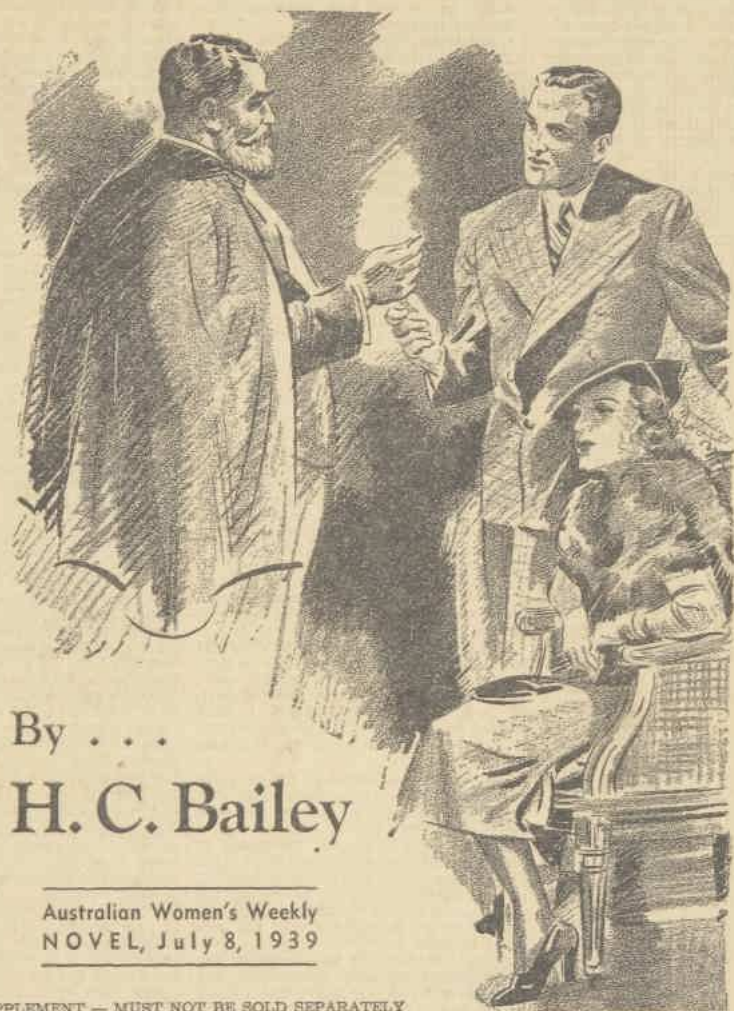
NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY  
5 JUL 1939  
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

# THE MAN IN THE CAPE



By . . .

H. C. Bailey

Australian Women's Weekly  
NOVEL, July 8, 1939

SUPPLEMENT — MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY



# THE MAN IN THE CAPE

.. By H. C. BAILEY ..



"OW wait," said Mr. Romer, "there's a little girl just going to talk—now wait; wait while I ring the bell." With his palm he smote, and the bell gave forth one ping, and the conversational little girl and all the other girls in their rows gazed up at him with patient interest.

"I want to speak to you this afternoon," said Mr. Romer, "on faithfulness in little things," and he did.

For once in the month the lessons of the Sunday School were replaced by a service in which Mr. Romer as superintendent of the girls gave them an address.

His daughter Alice at the harmonium softly turned the pages of her hymn-book to the hymn they would sing when he had finished, sat back and listened and watched as a daughter should. What she saw was a spare man in a tight black coat talking with all his face, his hands and arms, his body; that thin nervous face was glowing, he loaded every word with emphasis, laughed at anecdotes, was tremulous with pathos, spoke his morals syllable by syllable. A critic might have remarked that he was enjoying himself. But there was none. The little girls listened as to inspiration and Alice's mind said to her, "Oh, he is good."

A certain wistfulness came over her demure face. The impossible possibility that she should not have come to Sunday School presented itself again, impossible as ever but with dreadful fascination. Mr. Maine had invited her to go out in his car that Sunday afternoon; a proposal alarming whatever the day—she had known him such a little while—for a Sunday, shocking. He did not seem able to understand. The painful scene revived in her memory.

"But I couldn't possibly, Mr. Maine!"

"How's that, Miss Romer?" His big manly face laughed at her. He was really handsome. And such a man. His face was all blue-black where he had to shave, though his cheeks were red, and he had the most piercing eyes, so black and bright. His eyes always made her excited when he looked straight down at her.

She explained to him. Of course they never went out on Sunday for pleasure. They really didn't think it right. And in the afternoon she would be going to Sunday School with father. They always did. She was sorry. Gentle reproach of voice and look tried to suggest to him she was sorry he should not be as good as they were.

He was still amused, but not in a nice way at all; rather jeering, sneering, and he said, "Pardon me. My error. Father goes to Sunday School. I ought to have known it." And then he was very polite and condescending and horrid.

Father was stricter than other people, and people did sometimes smile about it but

quite kindly and respectfully, not like that. Dreadful. Mr. Maine could not see how wrong he was. He had been so attentive. Perhaps he just lost his temper because she wouldn't go out with him. Men were like that, quite good men.

It was really rather wonderful how he had come to be so friendly. In Medstead, the suburb where they lived, most people took a long time to know anybody. The Romers, though for years generally approved, were still outside some of its social intimacies. Newcomers were expected to wait on trial, even when their occupation and income were known and satisfactory. Mr. Maine had just sailed into things.

Nobody knew anything about him except that he must have money. He had very nice rooms at Frith Hall, the expensive boarding-house which called itself a hotel, he had a big fast car; he talked about America, and said he was in England on business. Somebody at Frith Hall had brought him to the hard tennis courts, and he had played in a set with Alice. And then somehow he was coming to their house quite often and talking to her father as if they had known each other all their lives. But in the nicest way; asking about father's business and the country down in Wanshire where father came from, which were the only two things father liked talking about.

Mr. Maine really didn't seem to know anything about either; he just wanted to be nice. She couldn't help thinking sometimes that he specially wanted to be nice to her. She met him such a lot, and he was always so interested. For the first time in her life, and she was nearly eighteen, she had a man steadily attentive. It was thrilling—and so strange. In Medstead such things only happened when you knew long before they were coming.

If it had really happened! She looked at her father bending over the table to drop his voice in a whisper of a pathetic story to the eager little girls, tried to listen to it, and went off into wondering if he had guessed anything about Mr. Maine. He was so clever and so good and kind. She must listen properly.

This devout admiration of his daughter was indeed only an affectionate version of the world's opinion of Mr. Romer. His rivals and customers called him a "queer old stick," but with respect. The society at Medstead had nothing against him but that he had come out of a shop and still kept it, an old furniture shop in Eyemouth, the little seaport town of Wanshire. He had also what need not be called a shop but premises in Soho.

Of his humble origin he was not in any way ashamed, zealously maintaining, and avowing it worth his while, the modest ancient family business with the Wanshire country houses and cottages. There was no mystery about old Romer and no humbug. When he brought his shrewd head and knowledge of old things to London, he

caught the lucky moment of the rise in values, and was borne on it to prosperity as a dealer who could be trusted for more than word or bond.

On furniture he was of national or international authority, and he was not afraid of anything from armor to miniature. Though many a man in the trade and out of it could tell tales of what old Romer's slyness had cost him, they left no bitterness; he was the hero of so many who declared his heart was in the right place.

Alice smelt her violets again. Her father was coming to his peroration and she knew that by heart; then the caressing voice stopped suddenly and her father's head jerked back to stare at the back of the room.

Turning to the harmonium Alice saw what it was that startled him. On the end of the last row by the door sat a man; all the little girls near were looking over their shoulders and round one another. No wonder. Who ever thought of a strange man coming in to Sunday School? And such a queer man.

He was huge—no, not huge, only fat, the front of him stuck out so. He had a moustache stretching beyond his face of either side, and a square beard which thrust forward from his chin, sandy white like the moustache. The baldness of his big head rose shining pink from a little white hair between bushy white eyebrows and moustache his face was purple.

But the man seemed to have no arms. What was he wearing? Oh, it was a cape like a woman's, draping his body from his neck, with his arms inside.

The man in the cape loosened it and flung it back, revealing the whole of a full neck at the base of which was a wisp of soft collar and a cascade of blue tie. He surveyed the too-curious little girls, shook his head at them, and joined in the hymn with the roar of a bass something the worse for wear but rich. They sat down happy and breathless, and Mr. Romer asked a blessing.

Slowly, reluctantly, looking back to the man in the cape, the children moved out. He was wiping his eyes. "Bless ye, my dear bless ye," he said huskily, and made his way through them to Mr. Romer, whose thin face was something flushed and offered no welcome.

"What, my old lad! My Albert Edward!" Two large hands, smote on Mr. Romer's shoulders and shook him. "I saved that psalm o' life for you, laddie. And by my soul, you had need of me. Lord, those were scranell twittings. You never had a song in you, my Albert. And the pretty wench at your misbecalled harmonium—why, her voice is sweet and low, an excellent thing in woman. Faith, you had been damning with faint praise but for old Augustus."

"No more of this, please," Romer exclaimed. "You interrupted us sadly. I'm willing to believe you did your best then. We'll let it pass. Did you wish to speak to me?"

"I did, laddie, I did. You read my heart"



"We can't talk here," said Romer.  
 "I thank ye. I'll drink a dish of tea with you," said the man in the cape.  
 The short answers came sharply, and it seemed to Alice that her father was going to be angry. She almost hoped he would, though it would be so horrid, but the man in the cape just kept on looking at him with a sort of smile, and he turned away and got his hat and umbrella.  
 "That's the most wonderful work of the human soul," said the man in the cape.  
 "What is?" Alice heard herself asking, though she didn't want to.

"The umbrella, darling. The sublimely absurd declaration of man's independence. I never put my hand to it, thank Heaven. Not for Gust!" He looked at her as if he had only just seen her. "What, what, what? By my good life! A girl child!"  
 Her father bustled back and said, "My daughter, Damory."

She was engulphed, pressed against the fat body; a prickly kiss lingered on her brow. She emerged blushing and hating him, "Goes your sweet innocence, my chick," he rumbled. "Ay, these arms have dandled you." He stared at her with dramatic solemnity. "The baby is grown a dear woman, my Albert!" he turned to her father and looking back at Alice made gestures in the air drawing her figure, then placed his hand to her. "What was the name?" He put a finger to his brow. "Ann—Agnes—no—something gentler—I have it—Alice, Alice. Away with you," he waved Romer on, and drew Alice's reluctant arm into his. "Come, child, be kind. Let me have roses while I may."

He strutted off with her into the street, and loitering children received a spectacle of wonder and joy. Mr. Romer, looking as cool as a cat and trying to hurry, while the funny man, his cape thrown back from chest and ample paunch, his flowing tie and his moustaches stirred by the wind, his wide black cowboy's hat stuck on one side of his head, came with slow pomp holding Miss Alice's arm and putting her hand and smiling broadly on the world, and she looked down as if he was making love to her.

Alice tingled with consciousness of all London looking on, and to pretend she was at her ease and everything was natural slammered into talk. "I don't remember you at all, Mr. Damory."

"You could not, sweetheart. You were only a little bundle when you lay in my arms."

"I suppose you've known father a long time?"

"All a life, child. I played with him 'mid cowpits blowing, when I was six and he was four."

"Oh, did you live at Eyemouth?" Alice asked.

"You have said it. Eyemouth gave me both. The world hath taken me. The days of my youth! Inobed Down and Outborow Cliff and the wind off the sea. And the girls of Cranmore Vale, oh, my Albert, the buxom girls of the vale! Do you go there yet?" He jerked a wink at Romer who would not see it or hear, but turned to cross the road.

Then he said sharply, "Do let us get on, Damory. You're very slow."

"I suppose you have travelled a great deal, Mr. Damory," said Alice, to keep her father from righteous anger.

"Why yes, sweetheart. I have seen cities and men and women thereof, and drunk the wine of them all. A good world, by my soul. It hath my leave to go on living. But give me my choice, I'll mingle with the earth where Outborow Cliff watches Inobed Down."

He looked at Romer who was going on ahead.

"What's your choice, my Albert?"

"I don't think of it," said Romer. "Come along now."

"Anon, anon," Damory chuckled. "I would enjoy my company."

And Alice said the country was beautiful, and she didn't wonder Mr. Damory liked it, and making talk about it drew him on a little faster. She had much sympathy with her father's anxiety not to be seen with this flamboyant man by the critical respectability of Medstead. But once out of the poor, populous quarter of the Sunday School, they had not far to go, and in the broad avenues of Medstead's opulence few people moved at that hour on Sunday but servants taking the air of their afternoons out.

With reasonable hope that no one who mattered had seen, they passed through the gate of their house. Damory stood still and looked at a square mass of red brick without ornament but the sober harmony of its plan. "By my soul, a home!" said he. "You have a right spirit within you."

Romer opening the door turned and looked at him queerly and motioned him in. Alice went on into the drawing-room. Romer stood in Damory's way. "Now what is it you want?" he said sharply. "I do no business on Sunday, you know."

"No more do I, laddie. Nor any other day, you know it well. Business! 'Tis the gift of the devil, finding some mischief still for idle hands, like yours, my Albert. Mine are not idle, nor ever were, I thank my soul, but work at the good art of living. A dish o' tea were the words, my Albert. Lead me to it. My throat's a lime-kiln. But if there were a cheerier liquor under your roof, I would drink to your redemption." He sidled by Romer, tossed hat and cape away, and opened the drawing-room door.

Beyond the threshold he stopped. "An elegance, egad!" he rumbled. Tip-toeing and posturing he walked across the room and spun round on his heel to say, "Deuce take you, my Albert, this is rare." It was a pleasant room, in an irregular shape well proportioned, the walls in panelling painted pale yellow, the sparse furniture classic of the Empire; its pictures were few and small, but of a gay distinction which took the eye.

On one side it ended in low windows that gave upon a lawn, on the other in the fresh foliage of a conservatory from which came the fragrance of hyacinth and narcissus, and that was the background for Alice and her tea-table. Damory smacked his lips, and his eyes lingered on her. "Where's the man to paint that?" he cried. "Why should you have it to live with, my Albert? Curse you!"

"Are you a painter, Mr. Damory?" said Alice.

"When I was a greenhorn and young. Now am I Augustus Damory, having found myself. I live for life." He strutted from picture to picture, from china cabinet to bronze, and beckoned to Romer and caught him against his will in critical expert talk.

But when the maid came in with the teapot he swung round upon her. "The whisky and the soda, so please you. Unless you have an old rum, Albert Edward?"

"Bring the whisky," Romer muttered, frowning on the girl's amazement.

It was brought. He sat down by Alice and sipped his glass, and rolled out his lower lip and drank deep, and was giving her a lecture on the vice of tea when they heard a car and Alice's color deepened. The maid announced, "Mr. Maine."

Damory's little eyes blinked and gleamed pleasure. Everyone else was plainly uncomfortable. Neither Romer nor Alice wanted Mr. Maine at that moment, if Romer

ever wanted him at all. Maine did not hide a surprised dislike of their guest. The compulsory introduction was made, and Damory gave himself more whisky and sucked the taste of it from his moustache, and smacked his lips and ogled Maine.

"A native of Medstead, sir?"

"No, Canuck."

"Say you so! All the way from Canada to Medstead!"

"Any objection?" Maine's smile was disagreeable.

"Oh no, no, no. God save the Empire!"

This seemed to poor Alice as threatening as the clashes with her father. She asked hastily if Mr. Maine had been out in his car and where he had been and what was the country looking like? Things were so early, or weren't they? She had to do most of the talking herself, for Maine's answers were dry and sarcastic, and neither her father nor Damory assisted. The strain was uncomfortable. With some skill she used the theme of spring flowers to take Maine away into the conservatory.

Damory lay back in his chair and watched them. They made a contrast of some violence, Alice, rather short for a woman, rather slight for a comely shape, small of feature and as fair as may be, against a man tall by reason of a long body, which was uncommonly thick from chest to back, very dark and ruddy of face, with a big hook of a nose.

In the conservatory the gentle attentions of Alice brought Maine to a chair beside her. "Let's just stay here," she smiled upon him.

"It's much nicer."

"Quite a lot. Who is the perisher with the whiskers?"

"I don't know, really. He just turned up. Some old friend of father's. They were boys together and that sort of thing. Father didn't want him a bit."

"Fancy that. Sort of skeleton from the paternal past. Some skeleton."

"Don't be horrid again."

"Sorry. Boys together, eh? Down in what's-its-name where you come from?"

"In Wanshire. You're not to call it names. It's lovely."

"So it ought to be," Maine looked at her till she blushed. "Thanks, hold that."

"No, don't be mean," Alice turned away.

"I hate it."

"All right. Never again. Till next time. You've got a place down in Wanshire still, haven't you?"

"Yes, at Widoock. It's between Eyemouth and Outborow Head. A sweet village. And we have the dearest little house. But I love it all. It's the loveliest country and nothing spoilt. Sort of golden age world."

"Is that so?" Maine drawled, with a faint nasal twang.

She began to tell him about all the charms of Wanshire.

In the drawing-room Damory had lighted a long black cigar and was talking, not kindly, of the value of objects of art in the salerooms. "You sold a good parcel of miniatures to that old hunk, McFee."

Romer looked at the conservatory. "McFee? Oh, yes, he comes to me now and again."

"Where did you pick them up?" Damory blew smoke through his nostrils.

"You don't suppose I'm going to tell you that," Romer sneered.

"Begad, I don't know why you shouldn't. What's the mystery?"

"No mystery at all," Romer was annoyed.

"But it happens to be my business not yours," Damory put a hand into his breast pocket, took out a miniature in a plain gold frame and laid it on his ample knee. It



# THE MAN IN THE CAPE

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

was a portrait of a woman in the dress of Charles I's time, not of the usual prettiness of miniatures, but with some individuality; an aquiline nose, and a mouth uncommon by the smallness of the upper lip and the pout of the lower.

Romer bent forward to look, and as he looked his lean face flushed. He stared at Damory.

Damory chuckled. "Where did you pick this up, said he. That happens to be my business not yours, said I. You sold it, Alberto, and I didn't steal it. One of Sam Cooper's, did you say?"

"It's not signed," said Romer. "He seldom signed. A modest fellow. It's in his manner." Damory looked at the miniature with his head on one side.

"I didn't sell it as a Cooper," said Romer. "Oh no. My Alberto was wary. Miniature of Cooper's period in the possession of the same family ever since. That was the warranty."

"Well?" Romer cried. Damory took out a penknife and removed the little gold panel at the back of the frame to show the material on which the miniature was painted, something creamy white. He held it out under Romer's eyes. "Not well, my Alberto Edward. Far from well. This is ivory. No man painted a miniature on ivory till Sam Cooper had been fifty years in his grave. You know as much as that, though you are but a dealer."

"I know it's said so, of course," Romer glared at him. "Nobody can be sure." He made a movement to take the miniature. "Let me see."

"You can see, Ivory it is, most elephantine. Poor Sam Cooper never got beyond mutton bone." Damory let the miniature lie a moment more in his hand by Romer's angry, puzzled eyes, then put the back on the frame again and closed his hand. And now, my Alberto?"

"If I am not to examine it, I give no opinion," said Romer. "You can tell McFee that. Let him approach me in a proper way and I'll go into the matter."

"Then the case is, my lad, this Albert Edward sold as a miniature in the possession of a noble family since Charles One a thing that wasn't painted till the next century of this century or yesterday. A forgery, a fake."

"I'll have no more of this," Romer stood up. "I'm quite ready to give McFee my proper satisfaction. I won't deal with you, Damory."

Damory chuckled and heaved himself up. "Napoo, McFee," he said. "The lady is not McFee's any more, Alberto. She's mine. I bought her of him—on your warranty, laddie. Chew upon that."

"You bought!" Romer exclaimed.

"Ay, laddie. For my childlike faith in you. For the love I bore you. For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll drink a cup of kindness yet for days of auld lang syne. Now I'll but kiss sweet Alice and be gone."

He strutted into the conservatory.

Alice with an eager hand on Maine's arm was telling him of her garden at Wideock, and the view from it across Cutbrow Bay to the White Ladies' cliffs. Damory stood over her, and she broke off and looked up at him with a smile which was difficult.

He removed Alice's hand from Maine, kissed it and kissed her brow. "Fare you well, dear heart." He looked at Maine. "What, sirrah, are you jealous?"

He made a sweeping bow and withdrew backwards upon Romer, brushed him aside and strutted out.

Romer followed on his heels into the hall, and as he flung his cape about him, said, "I shall be in my office to-morrow, Damory."

"The devil give you joy of it. So shall not I."

"As you please."

"Yea verily I do intend it. Lend me a tanner, laddie. Ten base pounds. By my soul, I am too modest."

"That's what you came for?" Romer laughed. "If you can buy a miniature you don't want money," he said, but his hand was in his pocket.

"O fool," said Damory. "Abide in folly," and was gone.

In the conservatory Maine was saying. "The old gentleman was very friendly. Do you see much of him?"

"I never saw him before," Alice protested, in pink indignation.

"Seems to be my lucky day," Maine stood up. "Thank you for a very interesting time, Miss Romer."

"Oh, you needn't go yet," said Alice.

"Thanks again. But believe me—" he held out his hand.

They met her father in the hall. "Mr. Damory gone already, sir?" Maine asked. "Too bad. I might have given him a lift."

"Very kind of you. But he's gone." Romer opened the door and looked out and shut it again. "Yes, he's gone."

"Sorry. Pleasant talker." Maine took his hat.

"Must you go? Good of you to come round. Always pleased to see you, my boy."

"Thank you, sir," Maine cut off civilities and departed.

Romer watched him drive away down the empty road and again shut the door.

"Whatever did he want, father?" said Alice.

Romer looked at her and produced a fatherly smile. "Well, my dear, I expect you know more about that than I do."

"I didn't mean Mr. Maine," Alice was pink, reproachful. "That odd Mr. Damory—"

Romer turned away. "I'm afraid there's no mystery about him, Alice," he said sadly. "Whenever you see Damory he wants money."

"Oh dear. Poor man," Alice sighed.

"You needn't pity him."

"What is he really?"

"He began to be a painter: he was quite a clever painter. But he had no character—none—that's why he failed. Ah, my dear, cleverness without character is a dreadful thing. He's an evil man. Think no more about him. I am very sorry he contrived to meet you. But don't be troubled, my dear. He shan't worry you again. He's nothing to us, nothing at all."

It was the custom of Romer to spend a spring holiday every year in his country cottage. This care of the business of the old shop in Eyemouth, which he still fostered with affectionate devotion, was fitted in to his larger affairs.

Two days after the appearance of Damory to the Sunday School Alice was told that they might as well go down to Wideock at once.

It surprised her. The day of their going, like most of Romer's arrangements, had been decided upon long before, but she was always happy to change the suburb for the country.

The village of Wideock lies some three miles out of Eyemouth, where the hills of Wanshire close upon the sea. It is built anywhere but on the high road, up and down a tangle of lanes, which there converge. Romer's cottage stood apart from it, nearer the sea, asserting itself as of some distinction, a plain little house of the grey

stone of Wanshire which mellowed with age. Its roof stone slabs made green and gold by lichen, a house of modest comfortable dignity planned for a widow or younger son of the Barbons of Inober when they owned all between the hills and the sea. It was set upon a knoll above the village with a wide prospect to either side, and circled by a garden of artless old fashion which fell to orchard and kitchen ground.

There Alice sat, dreaming content, when a man came round the house, saw her before she saw him, and stopped still looking at her, then took a stride forward and kissed her.

She started up. "Mr. Barbon!" she cried blushing confusion.

He laughed. "You owe me a pair of gloves for that, Alice. I'll let you off for another kiss." He put a finger under her chin. "By Jove, you've grown a pretty thing. Who's the happy man, eh?"

"There isn't one, Mr. Barbon," she drew back.

"Lord, there will be. Who were you dreaming about?"

"Nobody. I was just looking at Inober and thinking how beautiful it is."

"Most things are when you see 'em for enough off."

"Inober's lovely," she said with indignation.

"Well, I used to think so, Alice." The sneer in his voice gave way to melancholy. "But Inober's deuced lonely."

This plaintive strain surprised her, but pleased her no more than his mockery. "I didn't mean just Inober House," she said. "I meant the down and the woods and all of it right away to Outborow." A pretty gesture caressed the countryside and ended with her hand out towards the sea.

His eyes followed the movement, and came back quickly to look at her. "You have been thinking about it," he said.

"Would you like to live with it, Alice?"

"I love being here, Mr. Barbon."

"Love's a good word," he smiled. "You might stay here always for that."

"Father has to be in London, you know."

"You could stay without father," said Barbon.

Alice looked at him, a startled question in her eyes. She saw a tall man slim and powerful but with something of the languor of age. He must be quite old; almost older than her father. He was good looking all on, he was handsome—a big brown aquiline face with sombre eyes under the broad brow and a well-cut mouth—too finely cut for a man, with that short small upper lip and the charming curves below.

But his hair was white, though he had a lot still, and the brown face was fretted with wrinkles. He looked ever so old. He couldn't really mean to make love to her. It was absurd. And yet his eyes did mean that. He made them go through and through her. Of course he was just amusing himself. How horrible, how nasty.

"Did you come to see my father?" she said with as much dislike as she could put into her soft voice.

"I thought I did. I told myself I did. Now I'm sure I came to see you. Sit down, child."

"No, thank you. I don't want you to talk to me like this. If you care to wait for father, he won't be long." She hurried into the house and took refuge in finding a dozen jobs to do.

She had never liked or disliked Mr. Barbon before. She had never thought about him. Why should she? He had often been to the cottage, he seemed to have a good deal of business with her father; but Inober was a famous old house, and it was quite



normal he should, as other old families did, employ the great Romer.

She remembered her, now she was made to remember it had been rather tiresome, nothing to matter, only a sort of condescending familiarity. She was used to that from other men, as the pretty daughter of a father who had come up in the world. It could not be supposed to mean anything more from Mr. Daniel Barbon than from the rest. Why ever should she want to turn it into love-making now? Of course he couldn't be serious. The daughter of Inobor, the head of one of the families, and the daughter of Romer, the furniture dealer! How everybody would laugh at her! It was all the worse if he was just playing. Horrible! But he wasn't playing. He really wanted—

How could he? He didn't know her a moment. He had only seen her when business brought him to the cottage. Why, they had hardly ever been alone together. After all it was only a little while he had had her—it couldn't be more than two years since his poor brother died. He was never alone before that; she had never heard of him—only quite lately he began to have to do with her father. But then when they were at the cottage he had been more and more. Perhaps he had only come to look at her, perhaps he—she heard her father's voice in the garden, surprised but pleased. "Mr. Barbon! Good-morning, sir. I didn't intend to bring you yet. I was coming to see you at Inobor's afternoon."

"Good fellow. Come over and bring Alice to see her never seen the old place, has she?"

"Yes in your time, sir."

"Well, it's none the worse for my being gone. And I'll like it all the better for you to see her in it."

She was alarmed and amazed. What would he say next? What did he suppose her father would think? She heard her father answer: "You're very good, Mr. Barbon. But I believe we had best go to his awkward business." Desperately she was ashamed of herself for having and hurried away into another room where she could not hear. She had heard nothing to set her at

"We can settle that out of hand," said Barbon, looked round, took Romer's hand and walked him away down the garden till they were as secret as behind a curtain and window. "What's awkward?" Barbon went on. "You made me of a to-do in your letter. But I don't see the trouble."

"Is you not, sir?" Romer said sharply. "Credit is touched. I beg you'll understand that. This fellow Damory has the making in his hands, declares he bought my warranty that it had been in the possession of the same family since the middle of the seventeenth century and points out to me it is painted on ivory and cannot be older than the eighteenth."

"Well, what do I care?" Barbon lit a cigarette. "It's a pretty argument. There's nothing in it but one fellow's opinion. Let us go to the devil."

"You can't take it so, sir. This is not a case of his opinion. He relies on established fact. Ivory wasn't used for miniatures in the period to which the costume of the lady in this one belongs. The thing has been painted in her time; it has been at Inobor since the seventeenth century; it can't be genuine. It's a fake!"

"Excuse your impudence, my good fellow," Barbon laughed.

"Well, excuse me, but you won't carry it off, Mr. Barbon."

"And what the deuce else do you expect me to say? I sold you some of the old Inobor miniatures. My guarantee was the family tradition that they'd been in the family ever since they were painted. You say one of them is objected to by some fellow as a fake. But I haven't seen it. You don't produce it."

"I haven't got it," Romer protested. "Damory's keeping it in his own hands."

"That looks honest, doesn't it? Well, he says or you say this miniature is one of those I sold you. I don't know that. If it is, and if it is a late copy, my revered ancestors have deceived me. But I don't think that's likely. There is a much more probable explanation, Romer."

"What do you mean?"

"Think it over," Barbon laughed and Romer flushed and stammered. "You take the point. This miniature is not one of those from Inobor. A fake has been substituted. The man who tried that is trying it on the wrong man, my good friend."

"If you suggest," Romer stammered, "if you suggest I—I am capable of such a fraud—I'll not endure that, Mr. Barbon. Give me leave to tell you, no one will believe it of me. My reputation is well known, sir. I've been happy to serve you, Mr. Barbon, and your family before you, but if it comes to this I must look to myself. The thing will fall back on you, be sure of that."

"Cool off, my friend, cool off," said Barbon. "Don't you see, the suspicion is no more on you than on me. It's on this fellow Damory."

Romer took breath and looking at him under lowered eyelids considered that "Let me understand you, sir," he said slowly. "What you put forward is that the miniature Damory brought to me is not one of those I sold to McFee, but a forgery of his own contriving."

"Yes, I don't know why you never thought of that yourself. One of the oldest tricks in the trade, isn't it?"

"Certainly it's been done before," said Romer with some hesitation.

"And it's been done now. You have only to stick to it that the miniature you sold was genuine. Then if Damory makes trouble it's your reputation against his. He's the one who'll go down."

Romer pulled at his lip. "I don't see my way to handle it so, Mr. Barbon."

"Why the devil not? What are you afraid of? Are you playing double?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir. I—I resent that."

"Resent my foot. When this fellow came to you, were you fool enough to admit the miniature he produced was one you had from Inobor?"

"Certainly not. Inobor was never mentioned. Damory asked me where it came from and of course I declined to tell him. I refused to go into the matter with him at all."

"That's all right then," Barbon clapped him on the shoulder. "Good man! Stick to that and you have the fellow beaten."

Romer frowned at him. "You're too easy about it, Mr. Barbon. I think we have not heard the last of it. You'll observe, Damory professed he had bought the thing and did not claim the return of his money. What he asked for was the name of the gentleman from whom I had the miniature."

"So you said before. He thought he'd get more out of me than you."

"It's very possible, Mr. Barbon," Romer looked at him queerly.

And Barbon met him with eyes not less suspicious. "Well, he won't. You can tell him that if he turns up again, my friend. You can bet your life on it." Then he

laughed. "Who is the fellow? You know all about him, I suppose."

"A little, sir. He was born in Eyemouth. He comes of the old Damory family."

"The deuce he does! I thought they'd all gone under years ago."

"I believe they have," said Romer with some malice. "This man, Augustus Damory, was a boy with me. He had some talent in painting—"

"Oh, had he?" Barbon chuckled.

"He got a training in London and Paris. He's done nothing. I really don't know how he's lived. He's been a vagabond for years."

"He fills the bill, doesn't he? Just the man for a fraud like this," Barbon was happy. "We needn't worry any more about Mr. Damory. He can stew in his own juice. Well, are you going to give me some lunch, or will you both come over to Inobor now?"

"I'm sure Alice will be glad if you'll lunch with us," Romer said quickly and they went in.

No visible happiness in Alice graced that lunch. She was very well aware that she behaved like an embarrassed child, tried hard to be at her ease and was the more uncomfortable. The men did not help her. Barbon was in spirits and talked largely of all manner of things but he let her see that he noticed her shyness and enjoyed it and would always be turning to her to draw her out and make small jokes about her. Not unkind, nothing to be angry with, but somehow patronising and knowing. Just like he always was, only rather more—more intimate. As if that horrid talk before really meant something. And her father seemed to like it. In his stiff way he took up the silly jokes, encouraged the man.

Lunch lasted for years. When they had come to coffee and she was thinking Mr. Barbon couldn't possibly stay much longer he revived her alarms with a careless: "Well, let's be off to Inobor now. I have my two-wheeler. I'll take Alice. You've got your own car, haven't you, Romer?"

"Yes, thank you. Don't run away with my girl, Mr. Barbon," Romer smiled. "I'm afraid I couldn't catch you."

"Now's our time then, Alice," Barbon turned to her. "Let's make a bolt of it."

"Thank you very much but I'm afraid I couldn't to-day," said Alice and, as both men laughed at her, blushed furiously. "I mean I don't want to go out in a car. I have rather a headache, father. If you don't mind I'd like to go and lie down."

"Oh really, my dear," her father was plainly disappointed. "I didn't know. Of course if you're not well—"

"Poor thing," Barbon said. "Good-bye then. Go and rest, Alice. Pleasant dreams."

Her father went out with him and went off in his car.

That surprised her again. Her father was always bothered if she wasn't well. She expected him to stay and fuss over her. A mercy he didn't; she would have had to tell more fibs. But how queer! He must be very anxious to go to Inobor even without her. And he had wanted her to go. He seemed quite cross she wouldn't. Mr. Barbon was cross too.

Whatever was going to happen? If Mr. Barbon really did want to marry her and her father knew about it and wanted it—oh, how could he? But it did seem like that. Father was helping Mr. Barbon to talk to her and be with her and they both tried to make her go to have Inobor shown to her. Father must know what all that



meant. How dreadful! He'd never liked her to have anything to do with any man; he was rather strict and jealous about it. However could he bear to think of her with Mr. Barbon? Why should he want that? Of course Mr. Barbon was rich and one of the county people—but it was absurd. He was so old and horrid, she was sure he wasn't good.

She could not understand her father. Of course he had to deal with a great many men he did not approve of, worldly men. He had often explained that to her and said how glad he was of his quiet Sunday at home. He always said they must keep their own nice homely life quite apart from business. And they had. Of the gentlemen who employed him no one but Mr. Barbon had ever come to call on them. That must be for business. Why, of course she heard her father say so, the last thing she did hear when they were talking: "We had best go into this awkward business," and then they came back to joking with her and trying to make her go to Inobur, just as if she were mixed up in it. But she couldn't be possibly! Unless—unless Mr. Barbon had actually been making an offer for her and her father had—had agreed to let him. Oh, he couldn't! He couldn't! It made her feel horrible.

So she devoted herself to being miserable until she could not bear to sit still and think any more. The wind in the sunshine called to her. She ran down through her garden and by a field path made for the sea. Young corn sprang in prim lines of green from the grey earth, the bank was golden withcelandine, and here and there thorns were breaking their leaf buds, and in and out among them chaffinches flashed courting. She cared for none of these things if she saw them. She strode out against the wind to feel that she was alive and strong and feel nothing else. She came through a copse and out upon a steep slope of turf and climbed till she was out on the cliff and the long deep curve of Eyemouth bay was revealed.

At either end of it, low headlands stood far out in the sea, dark and vague. From the harbor and the town a little river came with wide pools gleaming in the meadows; then the ground rose to the grey cliff on which she stood. Beyond that the cliffs climbed higher to the bluff, broad summit of Outborow in the middle of the bay. There the chalk came out to the sea. Outborow made a giant's white wall against the water and the line of cliff on the farther side of that light, falling and rising again, left above sea—there as it were a line of ghostly shapes holding hands to each other, the White Ladies of Outborow. Then the chalk was masked by darker rock, dead black in the distance.

All along the beaches the still sea came clear to the edge of the foam of the tide. From the cliff top she could see through green and blue and rainbow water to the shingle beneath and white sand and golden. Out in the bay the sea shone with a dark glow, violet and purple-black, till it was beyond the shelter of the headlands and broke sparkling in countless points of dancing light. Far away there, a smudge on the clear horizon and another marked the big ships' track. None was in sight. Nothing moved in the bay, but a small motor-boat shaping a course from Eyemouth to clear the eastern headland.

Alice turned from the wind and made for the height of Outborow. Through eleven months of the year it is a stretch of coast on which you may have good hope there will be no one but yourself to spoil it. She saw no creature but gulls and curlews, heard

no voice but theirs and the song of larks high in the landward sky.

As she drew nearer Outborow the smooth summit revealed the mounds of ancient graves upon it, the low grey walls of a little church young by their age but old in ruin. The great headland was lonelier, more remote from her world, for these marks of the honor of the past. It called to her. She climbed fast and panting up the steep slope. She stood with a quaint smile of triumph, looking about her like a child who had at last come to the place of her bold desire, far, far away from everybody.

Then she saw beyond the chapel a strange black shapeless shape, a thing like a fat scarecrow. It stood upon legs, to be sure, but its rear was propped by the handle of a stick. A hat was on the top of it. Between the hat and the legs was a black cape which the arms thrust out wide, which fluttered grotesquely about the elbow and the big body. Out of it came a bass voice.

"Hark to the voice of strange command. Calling you still as friend calls friend. To rise and follow the ways that wend Over the hills and far away."

Alice gasped. The thing turned and displayed itself as Damory, arms akimbo. He got off his stick, made her a theatrical bow and kissed her hand. "Sweet Alice! What, alone? Death o' my heart, are there no young men extant? Where's my Albert Edward?"

"He has so much business here, you know." "I warrant him," Damory laughed, and twirled his moustaches. "And studies to deserve it. So he is gone on his business and fair Alice walks alone. But why do you walk on old Outborow among the graves, sweetheart?"

"I like to be alone. I wanted to be alone." "O world! O life! O time!" Damory boomed. "When will return the glory of your prime?" He put his head on one side, looking at her with a queer smile, and his little eyes were inquisitive.

Alice was angry and hit back as she could. "I never thought of seeing you, Mr. Damory."

He bowed. "My apologies for my hateful existence."

"I didn't mean that, of course," she stammered.

"It's balm to the wound, dear heart." He kissed her hand. "Yes, I have come back to the good lands of my sinful youth. Oh, Eyemouth is a fine town, with ships upon the bay"—he revolved seaward—"but there's none for me now." The little motor boat was dwindled to a speck by the eastern headland. "So here we are again."

"Do you like walking on the cliffs?"

"Pity o' my life! Walking!" He groaned. "Like walking? What, old Gus? Nay child. I like to arrive. I ha' rolled my way to Rome and back a time and a time, and hated every heavy mile. But the wine of each day's end was worth them all."

"There's no wine up here on Outborow."

"Yes, se, you speak after the flesh. But that's a sweet fault in a girl. My wine is noble things to see and rich memories withal, and the pang of dear regrets. Look about you."

She glanced a moment at sea and cliff and down, and then more curiously at him. "It is beautiful," she said.

"Why, that's a child's praise, child. Say how pretty and ha' done. And all about you, there's the mounds where passion and brave honor and loyalty lie a-mouldering and Lady Cutberg's shrine of a thousand years' dead hopes and prayers." He took her arm and drew her into the ruined church. Among the fallen stones within,

thorns were growing, stunted and covered with lichen, and a tangle of bramble and dead bracken lay in the place of the altar.

"But prayers don't die," said Alice. "Amen. So be it," Damory boomed. He pointed to a shattered crumbling tomb on which was left something of an effigy. The face could still be made out, an aquiline nose, a mouth in which the lower lip was as big and the upper small and short. "Yes, that's the Barbon tomb," said Alice. "It is really rather like—"

"Like?" Damory echoed. "Like whom, child?"

"Like this Mr. Densil Barbon," she said quickly, and turned away.

They came out into the wind again and she drew away from him. "Do you come up here to think about graves?" she said with a shudder. "This is so lovely."

Damory looked out across the bay. "Wine, dark water and south-west wind and a clear evening sky. And the fisher boats are coming out from Eyemouth for the night's toll. It's good to see. Old Outborow has seen it a thousand thousand times. Do you see no more, child? I see the twilight falling, sunset and evening star, and a yacht coming round Black Head there, where the bit of a boat is now, begad. A cutter yacht, the Lily Rose, she is making from the Solent back to Eyemouth. It's a head wind for her, she carries no sail. Her engine drives her on."

"The Lily Rose," Alice cried. "Why that was Mr. Christopher Barbon's yacht."

Damory laughed. "Yes, Chris Barbon was in her and his lady wife and their little girl-child and two men of a crew. Round Black Head she came, and the wind and the flood-tide met her full. But now the forelands took the shapes they knew. Twilight and evening bell and after that the dark. She was out in the bay and the loom of White Ladies and old Outborow came abeam. The fishermen saw her, heard the thump of her infernal engine. Then a vomit of flame and roar and she was gone, and the fisherboats beat up to look and searched the black water till dawn came, and found no life nor death."

"Oh, I know," said Alice. "It was too dreadful. I can't bear to think of them. The poor child."

"What tears even yet? They are two years dead. Here's loving kindness!" Damory laughed. Then he flung up his hand and called out, "Ha, old Outborow! What thy cliff has seen!"

"I must go," Alice said. "I ought to be home. Good night, Mr. Damory."

"God save you, sweetheart. And my Albert Edward's soul."

She hurried away, but he wrapped his cape about him and stood watching the sea. The motor boat had turned and was running back to Eyemouth. Alice gave herself no time to notice that or anything else. She was as anxious to get back to the cottage as she had been to get away from it.

Damory frightened her. The affectations and theatricality of the man had for her no absurdity, but something sinister. She felt him exulting in evil, until she thought he must be mad.

She would not think of him any more. He was just a nightmare.

She came back to the cottage and found her father there already. He was reading a big old county history. He looked up with a frown.

"You've been out then? Your head sore got better?"

"Yes, thank you: I thought walking would do it good."



"I daresay you were right!" Her father put again to his book.

"Did you settle your business with Mr. Barbon?"

"What business?" His head jerked up again to stare at her.

"Oh, I don't know. I thought you had some."

"I only went over for civility. That's why he asked you. It's no matter. We don't want this sort of thing."

"I'm sure I don't," said Alice.

"That's all right." Her father retired into the book, and left her wondering at the change in him and the vanity of her claims.

But at dinner he seemed cross. He was silent and morose, and wanted no conversation from her. It is to be feared that he meant to punish him, when she said suddenly, "Did you know Mr. Damory was seen here?"

She succeeded in annoying him. "That fellow!" he cried, and dropped back in his chair. "Have you been talking to him?" His thin face was angry.

"He talked to me on the cliff."

"What about?"

"About the yacht—the loss of the yacht."

"Oh that!" her father frowned. "Was that all? The loss you listen to Damory as better for you, my girl?"

"I'm sure I don't want to," said Alice. "I thought you'd like to know he was here."

"I don't like to know," her father snapped. "But you're quite right to tell me. The man's a begging vagabond."

In the morning her father was still of a peevish temper. After breakfast she heard him telling their old housekeeper that if a Mr. Damory called, whenever he called, he was to be told there was no one here. Having thus protected her, Romer went off, as usual, to the Eyemouth shop.

But an hour afterwards the voice she heard at the door was Denzil Barbon's. She went into the garden and hurried away out of sight. That escape took her to the sea-path again, and she went on, removed not to go back till her father's bad temper was home again to deal with the man if he stayed. She did not want to go on the cliffs again. The nightmare Damory might be there still. Instead, she followed the stream to the beach. That was always lonely enough; there was not another place till beyond Outborow where anyone could get up or down.

The tide had turned a little while. Below the shingle banks at the foot of the cliff was firm sand gave good walking, and water far than the climb to Outborow. She saw no one, and had come almost under the headland when she made out a motor boat turning shorewards. That was so rare even in the summer holiday time that she watched curiously.

Between Outborow Head and the four cliffs of the White Ladies was a stretch of sand called Bride's Beach. The boat was on shore there and two men came out of her and stood looking about them, then talked together. One of them in his shape, in his quick step, seemed familiar. She drew nearer and was sure of him. No one could have such a strong, big body, in short a stride, but Mr. Maine.

He had not seen her, or, if he had, was nodding her. They had turned their backs on her; they were going briskly away. But when they had gone beyond White Ladies they stopped, and after some talk of survey of the cliffs came back again. Then Alice decided that she must turn back too; she didn't want to meet them.

But she went slowly and they so much faster that by the time they had reached their boat again she was still not far from it, and they came on and caught her up. "Well now," Maine laughed. "Miss Romer! Isn't that fine? I don't have to ask how do you do. You're looking like springtime. May I introduce my friend, Captain Black? Miss Romer, Bill."

Captain Black, a small neat man, took the introduction with formal smile and phrase, and let Maine go on talking. He was exuberant.

"You have a slightly bit of coast here. Bill told me he'd show me something where the little old island beat the world, and I'm giving him best. But it wouldn't be just perfect without you walking right in it. What do you call this stretch, Bride's Beach? That's good, that does fine, Miss Romer." But while he spoke he was looking less at her than the cliffs and the shingle banks, and his silent companion looked at nothing else.

"Yes, this is Bride's Beach," said Alice. "And those are the White Ladies."

"Some ladies," he glanced back at the white triangles of cliff. "Bridesmaids, likely?"

"Don't you know the story?"

"No, Bill doesn't hold many stories, do you Bill?" The silent man grunted. "I want to hear this one, Miss Romer."

"Well, they say there was a King Ino, ever so long ago, a thousand years ago."

"What's that, in England," Maine laughed. "He had his palace at Inober—"

"Inober," Maine repeated sharply. "Well now, I didn't know you kept little kings about here. King Ino of Inober! Sounds good to me," he laughed.

"He was bringing home his bride, Outborow—"

"Some name."

"They landed here on this beach, Outborow and her four ladies, but just as they got ashore a great wave came and swept them all away, and they were never seen again. So ever since, those four cliffs have been called the White Ladies, and this big one is Outborow. King Ino built a church up there to her memory."

"Very handsome of Ino. Very handsome. No expense spared for the tombstone. But it sounds like dirty work on the beach. He was thorough, King Ino of Inober."

"Oh!" Alice cried. "What a horrid way to take it!"

"Sorry. Well, it happened a long time ago, and we don't have to lay for Ino now. He's got his all right, whatever it was. And having washed out the bride I suppose he left no family in Inober. Is the palace there now?"

"There's a house. Mr. Denzil Barbon has it. The Barbons have been there ever so long. Since Queen Elizabeth."

"Is that so?" Maine said carelessly. "I don't know much history. This is a lonely beach to land on. Is there any way up?"

"A path comes down away back beyond Outborow, and then there's another this way, from Widecock where our cottage is. But very few people come to the beach except in summer."

"Our luck was in," said Maine, and checked and looked back. "Eh, Bill?" Captain Black had stopped, too, and was staring at a piece of timber washed up on the shingle bank. "Right in," Maine repeated, and walked on. "It's good finding you down here, Miss Romer. I hadn't thought of that when Bill asked me down for a bit of sea fishing at Eyemouth. You didn't say you were coming to your country house right now."

"I didn't know," said Alice. "We don't usually come so early." Her heart had stood still a moment; she had seen on the timber which caught Captain Black's eye the faint worn letters LY ROSE.

"Well now, isn't that fine?" Maine smiled down at her. "All the world's good to me. You'll be seeing me right soon at your house. What's the matter with to-morrow? A little run in the car after lunch. No Sunday school to-morrow."

"Oh, thank you. If father doesn't want me, I should like to."

"I'll be there. And that's twenty-four hours too long to wait. Now we'll have to get back to Bill's ark and push off. Good-bye. Keep looking like that, will you?"

He strode away with Captain Black, and then his tone was sharp. "Bill, what did you want to goggle at that junk for, with Alice looking on?"

"Did you see the name?" Black snapped. "I did!" Maine glanced over his shoulder, and having made sure that Alice was not watching them, picked up the timber in one swift action without break of step. They came back to their boat and ran her down to the water—not a long drag, four hours' flood, four hours' ebb, four hours' standing water is the rule of Eyemouth Bay—and got aboard and started the engine.

They sat together and Maine had the timber on his knee. "Well, Bill, what about it?" he said.

"Lord knows," said Captain Black. "It didn't ought to have been there at all."

"You think not? That's taking it for a genuine bit of Chris Barbon's yacht."

"Oh, bunk. It isn't from the yacht herself. It's a bit of the stern of a dinghy. But Lily Rose's dinghy carried her name and in blue and red like this. And you bet your life there hasn't been a whole lot of dinghies called Lily Rose lost off Outborow. This came from Chris Barbon's boat."

"Suits me," said Maine.

"Then you're easy pleased. I'd call it a miracle."

"As how?"

"Why, it didn't ought to have washed up anywhere here. Haven't you got your head clear yet how the thing happened? Lily Rose was two miles out when she blew up, that's what the fishermen say, and that's her right course rounding Black Head to make Eyemouth. We've got to believe she sank right there, dinghy and all. The fishermen beat about till daylight and couldn't find a trace of her, not even a bit o' timber. That's what you'd expect, too, by what they saw. Her petrol must have exploded, and that would break her right—"

"—and she'd sink and take the dinghy with her down in twenty fathoms."

"I don't say the dinghy couldn't have got free, and of course there must have been some wreckage afloat. But you see, nothing was left by daylight. The tide was making up channel and a brisk sou'-west breeze driving it. Whatever there was afloat would have gone on and fetched up on Black Head at the nearest, more likely beyond. All the longshoremen were watching out right up to Westbourne. The bay was searched thorough, land and sea, and nothing found you could put a name to."

"And now we come along two years after and here's the stern of the dinghy ashore just abeam where Lily Rose sank. I've seen some queer things in my life; I don't reckon to know what can't happen at sea. But this is an outsider of a chance."

"Yes. Doesn't sound natural. Taking it like you say," Maine fingered the timber. "They do have fun in this bay, Bill. King Ino of Inober has the sad sea waves wash



out bride and bridesmaids, like Alice said. Chris Barbon of Inober comes sailing along in his little yacht and gets blown up with wife and child and crew complete, and two years after his boat drifts into the beach. Looking for the lost bride, perhaps!"

"Like all a blinking fairy tale together," Captain Black complained.

"Well, for old King Ino, I pass. Remote, though interesting. Highly interesting. Kind of local idea. But about Chris Barbon's dinghy—I'm not a sailor man myself, Bill, but I'd say we don't have to believe in miracles for that. Look again. That yacht, Lily Rose, she had her engine and petrol-tank right aft, and the dinghy would be on a rope astern. Well now, nobody knows what made the petrol light up. There's about a dozen ways that might happen. I wouldn't put a petrol engine in any boat o' mine. Oil may smell a bit more, but it does the job, and it won't send you to bits."

"That's right," Captain Black agreed heartily. "Lily Rose was a good old boat, but Barbon just asked for trouble, sticking a petrol outfit into her anyhow."

"He did so. That's one thing to think about."

"All the same, how often do you hear of a yacht sunk by a petrol fire?"

"Not very often. And that's another thing to think about. Now see what you've got. The yacht was all fixed so she'd blow up easily, but you couldn't be sure she'd do it without someone giving a helping hand. I've had that in my head all the time, Bill. Take it this way. Some fellow touched her off. Some fellow at the tiller in the dark. He'd have engine and tanks to his hand, and the dinghy just astern. He'd want her, and he'd want her badly. Say he touched off a petrol lead and nipped over the side into the dinghy and pulled for the shore. Up goes Lily Rose."

"By the time the fishing boats come along to collect the remains he's just on to Bride's Beach there. He knocks the bung out of the dinghy and sinks her in the last o' the deep water, and gets ashore and goes off according to plan. No sign o' the dinghy next morning. She lies there inshore, filling with shingle, getting slowly battered to bits. After a while bits of her are flung up on the beach. And we found one. How's that?"

"It's clever," said Black slowly. "It might have been that way."

"I don't know. Gives you the results—dinghy vanished at the time, bits of dinghy on the spot two years after—and without miracle. But speaking as a sailor-man, how do you like it? Does it go?"

"It goes all right," said Black. "If the dinghy had sunk out in the bay with the yacht, she'd never have washed up."

"Till the sea gives up its dead, eh?" Maine's dark face frowned. "But sunk inshore—that goes?"

"Yes. From one of the banks inshore quite likely wreckage would come in. That's all right. But look how you get to it. You have to suppose there was a scoundrel aboard—a fellow who planned to blow up his own ship and with a woman and child in her."

Maine nodded. "That is so. Dirty work. But you wouldn't call it a miracle?"

"Wouldn't I? I don't know so much. Where's the sense of it?"

"Now you're asking."

"Who would do it? Chris Barbon was his own captain. He had two local men for a crew. The ordinary fellows that ship as yachtsmen. Do you see that sort planning a thing like this? I don't. I know 'em. Of course you get seamen who'll take a hand in losing a ship for big money. But

there's no big money in a yacht's insurance."

"You're working the right way, Bill. Who would do it? Somebody who stood to gain by it. Taking the money. The yacht wasn't insured above value. Nothing big. What there was fell into Chris Barbon's estate. And that went to Denzil Barbon—so did Inober, where the King came from, and the land and all—matter of £40,000 they called it. Not too bad. Do you know Denzil Barbon?"

"He's Chris' brother, of course," the captain nodded. "Been out of England for years, knocking around. Everybody down here had forgotten all about him. I don't know him. He's as like Chris as two peas."

"So I've heard. And that's interesting."

"Anyhow, he wasn't on the yacht. He hadn't been in the country since I remember. You can wash him out."

"Well, he took the pool, Bill. Then there's the two men in the crew. They might have done the job for a price. Know anything about them?"

"If there was anything to know I'd have heard it. They came from these parts, and a little seaport's always full of gossip."

"One more possibility, Bill. What about Mr. Chris Barbon? He didn't stand to gain in money. But don't you remember King Ino who got rid of his bride? Chris Barbon got rid of bride and baby. Some fellows have thought that good business."

"What?" Captain Black's mouth stayed open. "But he killed himself, too."

"Steady. You're getting off the idea. If it was Chris Barbon blew up the yacht, he didn't kill himself. He went ashore in the dinghy."

Black scratched his head. "See what you mean," he growled. "But then, if he did, that was as good as killing himself. He had to pass for dead; he couldn't show up, so all his estate went to his brother. That's saying he was mad."

"Think again, Bill. A fellow might think it worth losing a lot to wipe out his wife and not be so mad either. And you don't know just what he did lose. He might have fixed up to share and share with brother Denzil. Brother Denzil is a very dark horse. He turns up out o' nowhere looking just like brother Chris and scoops the pool. Brother Denzil might be brother Chris. Quite a good game to play, if Denzil was safe underground somewhere."

Black stared at him. "Crazy, I'd call it. Everybody down here knew Chris—"

"And everybody knew Denzil was like enough to be his double. You said so."

Black made an exclamation of disgust. "I'd say you're crazy about it yourself, Maine. You make up a tale that turns Chris Barbon into a regular scoundrel. That won't go, you take it from me. Everybody knows he was a real good fellow."

Maine grinned contempt. "And that doesn't go with me, Bill. I've known too many good fellows."

"You think you're deuced clever, don't you?"

"Not much of a fool, thanks."

"If you're working up a case to make Chris Barbon a murderer you can go hang!"

"I follow the case where it takes me," Maine's blue-black chin thrust out. "And that's looking for a murderer. Whoever he is."

"You're so hard," Black muttered, and turned and looked him full in the face. "If you want to know, I don't trust a man that's hard."

Maine laughed. "Poor old Bill! All right, all right. Wait till you catch me bending. Till then—hold your tongue, see?"

THE discovery of wreckage of the Lily

Rose on Bride's Beach had for Alice no mystery. To her simplicity it was merely natural that a scrap of the poor yacht should have come ashore in the bay, and she observed nothing of the interest in it which Maine was quick to conceal. But she went home with an agitated mind. That the memory of the disaster should have been revived again so soon after Damory's fantastic talk of it startled her and hurt. It was yet more startling to find Mr. Maine had come to Eyemouth.

He had sometimes said he meant to, and she had told him it would be very nice, but that he had really come was exciting. He did rather show he hadn't come to see her and didn't expect to find her, but he was always frank, he never pretended, and he had been really glad she was there. It was queer meeting him close by where she had met that horrid Mr. Damory. How very queer they should both come down, just after they had met at home. But of course that couldn't mean anything—that was just a chance—only she did hope Mr. Damory wouldn't be coming to Widgeock.

Approaching the cottage warily lest Barbon should have waited for her return, she found all well. Mr. Barbon had gone away and her father had telephoned that he would not be in to lunch. She spent an afternoon of peace over her frocks. When her father did come back he was in an amiable temper.

Then she told him she had been for a lovely walk on the shore, and it was so strange, she had seen a bit of the wreck of the yacht washed up on Bride's Beach. He was very surprised; he told her it was impossible, but laughing quite pleasantly he said she mustn't keep that sad story in her mind now. "But I wasn't. I don't," said Alice. "Only it was a bit of the yacht. I saw her name on it—Lily Rose all washed out."

Romer frowned, agreed that it was strange after so long, and asked for another cup of tea, and talked about the garden. He was very pleasant and comfortable.

So she told him she had seen Mr. Maine, and she was surprised that he was staying in Eyemouth.

"Oh, were you very surprised, dear?" her father smiled.

"Of course. Aren't you?"

"Oh, very. Just as much as you are."

"I hadn't any idea—" Alice's ready blush presented itself.

"And Mr. Maine must have been very surprised to see you."

"He didn't know we were here," said Alice quickly. "He just came down for some sea fishing."

"Just for that," her father agreed. "So you won't see much of him."

"Of course not. He's coming to call to-morrow afternoon. He asked me to go for a run in his car, if you don't mind."

"Do I mind?" her father put on a frown. "Let me think."

Alice told him he was horrid, and he pinched her cheek.

Then he said perhaps he wouldn't mind if she went for a walk with him, and she ran away to get ready, perfectly happy. He was so nice, just as he used to be, just right. How absurd to think he ever meant anything about that dreadful Mr. Barbon.

The walk he chose was back to the beach again. He was very nice; he didn't go on about Mr. Maine, just talked of anything. When they had gone some way he asked her where she had seen the Lily Rose timber. She couldn't be quite certain, but she knew within a little, and they paced the shingle to and fro.



"Well," Alice stopped at last. "I'm sure I was just here. And now it's gone! I really did see it, father."

"I expect the tide took it out to sea again," said Homer carelessly. "Never mind. It doesn't matter." And they went home and had great fun playing cribbage.

Next day he was in to lunch, which was rather disturbing, with Mr. Maine likely to come any time after. Mr. Maine did come before they had finished coffee, but it wasn't awkward at all. Her father was very pleasant to him.

"Very good of you to come and see my little girl," he said, ever so much more friendly than in London. How absurd to suppose father could have meant anything about Mr. Barbon! It was just perfect the way Mr. Maine answered, not careless or conceited or taking things for granted, but as if they were being kind to him. He said the nicest things about her, but not to make her uncomfortable at all, and then talked about the country, how lovely it was.

"Now I want to see your country. Show it to me," Maine said, as they drove out together in his car a little later.

"That would take days and days," said Alice.

"Silly me. Which way?"

"We'll go right up on the downs," said Alice, loving him for making her give orders. "You can see everything then."

"I'm seeing what I want all the time. Round this turn? What a corker!"

"It's a lovely car," said Alice, as they slid gently into speed.

"How fast do you like, little lady?"

"Oh, don't let's go very fast. It's so wonderful."

"Good enough for me," Maine settled back in his seat, and the country of Wanshire slid by at thirty miles an hour, and she asked eagerly of each bit as it came, and passed, and he watched her and teased her. She announced the beech woods of Inobher, dark and hummerous; she pointed out the grey Elizabethan house between wood and down.

Maine looked at its graceful elaboration. "Inobher House. That's where they won't let me in. Too bad. Do you know the present Mr. Barbon?"

"Father knows him in business," said Alice. "That's the way now. It's very steep indeed."

"I should worry," Maine set the car to climb the climb.

They came upon the whale-back top of the downs, and a new country was spread out before them. "Oh, stop now," Alice said. "Let's stay here."

He laughed and she presently said he must go down through Cranmore Vale. So that way they went and lingered in the rich island and its cozy villages and made away in the slender wooded country northward, and when he asked her which way next, she said they had seen everything except the beach country, and had better go home.

Then for the first time Maine was in subordinate. "Too soon, too soon. What's the matter with your heads, Alice?"

"Why nothing. Only they're rather flat and dreary."

"Sounds like my own country. Prairie. Have you got some? I want to see it."

"Oh, very well. But it is dull, you'll see."

"I shan't see that," Maine smiled at her. "How do we go? Orders, lady?"

"Turn to the left somewhere soon."

They came to a sign-post which directed them to Horse Heath. "That sounds good," said Maine, and turned. "Do you know it?"

"I've never been there," said Alice. "I

don't know if it's a village, or just part of the big heath."

"We're going truly exploring. Let's see if we can find some tea."

In a mile or two rough pasture ended in heather and bare grey sand, which rolled in long waves far and far ahead.

The car shot forward and slowed into a tiny village, which the board over a cottage post office declared Horse Heath.

"It is a place, Alice," he smiled. "Does it grow tea?"

Alice did not answer. As they came to the scrap of village green her eye had fallen on a man sitting at an easel. He was painting. He had a child on his knee. Something black covered the turf beside him. He tossed up the laughing child, and she saw the crimson face, the spreading moustaches of Augustus Damory.

"That's your fat friend with the whiskers," Maine remarked.

"Yes, it's Mr. Damory."

"I wondered what his job was. Now I know. It's minding the baby. Some nurse."

Damory saw him or heard him: made an end of the game of touch by catching the child and with her came to them.

"Well met by sunlight, proud Titania!"

He made Alice an extravagant bow. "And the noble youth withal. Good morrow, sir."

"What should you do on my native heath?"

"Seeing the Old Country, sir."

"The Old Country is your obliged servant."

He laid young infant welcomes you. Miss Creech, take the son of Empire by the hand. Granddaddy will not let him bite ye, child."

The little girl, who was no more than four or five years old, held by Damory's velvet coat.

"He's laughing at you, baby," Maine said. "I don't bite."

"My dear," Alice bent over her, "you look so nice. What's your name?"

"Mary Creech," the child whispered.

"I like Mary," Alice said, and kissed her, and saw in the face she kissed the short upper lip, the full lip below of the Barbon blood.

"Is Mary your mother's name, dear?"

The child nodded and drew back upon Damory, who walked off with her.

As they came to the road a woman hurried out of one of the cottages, a letter in her hand. She saw them, and called shrilly, "Mary! Come here to me."

The child ran on but Damory went with her. They heard her say something sharp about being a trouble, and the unctuous roll of Damory's voice. He seemed to appease her. He walked with her and the child to the post office.

"So that's Mother Creech," said Maine. "The baby doesn't favor her." For Mrs. Creech was of a sandy fairness with a sharp, thin-lipped face. "And neither of 'em takes after granddad. Baby got her looks from her father most likely. Pretty baby."

"How can you tell?" Alice cried. "She's so dark. Almost as dark as you."

Maine laughed. "Poor baby. Don't bring me into it."

Alice said tea must be ready.

"Yes," Maine turned and lingered to look at Damory's canvas. It was unfinished, but against a vague background of the village he had the child to the life.

"Say, old whiskers can paint," he said.

"He is a painter, of course," said Alice.

Maine gave an odd answer: "I'd say it's not of course he was painting."

"You could see he was fond of the child,"

Maine looked at her. "You saw it that way? I am learning to respect Mr. Damory."

They went in to tea and had gone some way with it, for their conversation, except about the jam, was feeble, when the door opened on Damory's bulk.

"By my soul, that's inspiring!" he said. "The way of a man with a maid at their tea!"

"Have a cup with us, sir," Maine said heartily.

"Heaven ha' mercy, boy! I am long past your pure spiritual pleasure. Not for Gus. I'll talk wisdom to you while I wait for my tot o' rum."

"Proud of your company, sir. That's a fine painting you've done of the child."

"Butter me no butter, young sir. I carry too much fat o' my own. For the painting—time was I'd have given my good life to make a picture to my desire. That's the devil's bargain, lad. Life's for living and every hour of it too short."

"Well, you've a pretty grandchild, painting or no painting."

"Grandchild? Whose? What, because I called myself granddad? Lord, you have an innocent literal understanding. The babe is no kin of mine. I am grandfather to every child that likes me. And father to all pretty girls." He kissed his hand to Alice.

"Very benevolent," said Maine. "And keeping the mind occupied. But confusing to a stranger. I thought you were visiting your family."

"By my soul, I pity you, boy. You do not know me." Damory drew out the length of his moustaches. "A family is heaven for a man or not. But what should I want with either? My time is not come. I am alive yet."

"Surely. I never saw a man more living."

"I thank ye. It is a fair praise, a good praise. I would drink to you if I had wherewithal. But damme, sir, I must condemn your understanding still. You saw the babe's mother. By my good life, she could not be my daughter."

"No, sir; not Mother Creech. But Father Creech might have been your son."

"The deuce take you, what do you put upon me? Has the poor babe any look of me? You'll find many of her face in Wanshire but none of them mine." Damory turned upon Alice. "Answer him, sweet-heart. You're a woman. It's your nature to see a child's likeness to a man when the good fellow's blind to it." His little eyes puckered to watch her.

"She's not the least like you, Mr. Damory," Alice said.

"Hear and believe her, my simple youth. Now and forever. No, liddle. What Father Creech was like, he was no son of mine. I never saw him. And to be plain with you he is not extant. Mother Creech is a widow of standing."

"You win," Maine laughed. "What were we fighting about anyway? Kind of exhibition spar. Well, it's made a lot o' good talk."

"I thank ye, liddle. I have had some small pleasure in it. You will do better with practice." Damory looked him over as if he were small and far away.

"Well I hope we'll meet again." Maine turned to Alice. "I'd say we should be off."

They rose. "Are you staying here, sir?" Maine inquired.

Damory waved his hand. "I'll not be gooseberry, liddle. Away with her and a blessing on your endeavors. When my rum's inside me, I'm for the Eyemouth

They went in to tea and had gone some way with it, for their conversation, except about the jam, was feeble, when the door opened on Damory's bulk.

"By my soul, that's inspiring!" he said. "The way of a man with a maid at their tea!"

"Have a cup with us, sir," Maine said heartily.

"Heaven ha' mercy, boy! I am long past your pure spiritual pleasure. Not for Gus. I'll talk wisdom to you while I wait for my tot o' rum."

"Proud of your company, sir. That's a fine painting you've done of the child."

"Butter me no butter, young sir. I carry too much fat o' my own. For the painting—time was I'd have given my good life to make a picture to my desire. That's the devil's bargain, lad. Life's for living and every hour of it too short."

"Well, you've a pretty grandchild, painting or no painting."

"Grandchild? Whose? What, because I called myself granddad? Lord, you have an innocent literal understanding. The babe is no kin of mine. I am grandfather to every child that likes me. And father to all pretty girls." He kissed his hand to Alice.

"Very benevolent," said Maine. "And keeping the mind occupied. But confusing to a stranger. I thought you were visiting your family."

"By my soul, I pity you, boy. You do not know me." Damory drew out the length of his moustaches. "A family is heaven for a man or not. But what should I want with either? My time is not come. I am alive yet."

"Surely. I never saw a man more living."

"I thank ye. It is a fair praise, a good praise. I would drink to you if I had wherewithal. But damme, sir, I must condemn your understanding still. You saw the babe's mother. By my good life, she could not be my daughter."

"No, sir; not Mother Creech. But Father Creech might have been your son."

"The deuce take you, what do you put upon me? Has the poor babe any look of me? You'll find many of her face in Wanshire but none of them mine." Damory turned upon Alice. "Answer him, sweet-heart. You're a woman. It's your nature to see a child's likeness to a man when the good fellow's blind to it." His little eyes puckered to watch her.

"She's not the least like you, Mr. Damory," Alice said.

"Hear and believe her, my simple youth. Now and forever. No, liddle. What Father Creech was like, he was no son of mine. I never saw him. And to be plain with you he is not extant. Mother Creech is a widow of standing."

"You win," Maine laughed. "What were we fighting about anyway? Kind of exhibition spar. Well, it's made a lot o' good talk."

"I thank ye, liddle. I have had some small pleasure in it. You will do better with practice." Damory looked him over as if he were small and far away.

"Well I hope we'll meet again." Maine turned to Alice. "I'd say we should be off."

They rose. "Are you staying here, sir?" Maine inquired.

Damory waved his hand. "I'll not be gooseberry, liddle. Away with her and a blessing on your endeavors. When my rum's inside me, I'm for the Eyemouth



bus." He heaved himself up like a seal from the water, kissed Alice before she could avoid him, and slapped Maine on the back. "En route, m'sieu! The same flower that blooms to-day, to-morrow may be dying."

DAMORY did not stay at Horse Heath. The evening bus brought him back to the sailors' public-house in Eyemouth where he had his lodgings, and the next day he was not seen outside it. A bus on the morning after took him out to the gate of the grounds of Inober House.

An old woman at the lodge well watched him curiously as he came in. He stopped often, leaning on his stick to look down vistas of ancient turf, bounded by plantations of shrubs which were new and fashionable last century. He lingered for glimpses of the garden, bright in patches of daffodil and pinks, growing as native to the soil, elsewhere backward and sombre in lack of care.

He rolled on to the house, rang a long peal, and drew back to survey the building. Its elaborate Elizabethan beauty was flooded with sunlight which made the stone glow golden, revealed the graceful complexity of form, and set its many windows flashing like a jeweller's work.

The door was opened by a young man-servant.

"What are you there at last?" said Damory, and approached him slowly. "Let your master know that Mr. Augustus Damory is come to speak with him."

The man was not impressed; asked for the name again; would see if Mr. Barbon was at home; let Damory into the hall and left him there.

Damory moved about. A set of armor stood in one corner. Upon the oak panelling were other trophies. He inspected them and sneered at them. He was proceeding to the inner hall when the man returned, and called out, "This way."

Damory took no notice, waddled into the larger hall beyond and looked around. There also was armor. But for that he had only a glance. He gazed at the oak panelling where no pictures hung, and frowned at the vacancy.

The man-servant followed. "This way if you please," he said, and plucked Damory's sleeve.

Damory turned and dusted the place where he had been touched, and waved the man away. "What a vile thing a man is who lacks the honor of his trade," he boomed. "Sirrah, go before."

The man hesitated, thought again, led him upstairs into a pleasant room, and said surlily: "Mr. Barbon will come to you when he has time."

"Bid him be soon and tell him he is vilely served," said Damory. The door was banged upon him.

He surveyed the room and frowned. It was sparsely furnished, but with good eighteenth-century things; the panelling was painted lavender-blue; rather a woman's room than a man's. There were a few pictures. He sniffed at one water-color and another, then stopped with a toss of his head before a little landscape in oil, a meadow with willows through which came grey gleams of a river, and in the foreground a woman. After some time he walked up close to it, made out in the right corner the signature Ch. 64, and peered close into the paint.

He was thus occupied still when Denzil Barbon came in and spoke loudly to his back. "You asked to see me. What's your business?"

Damory turned, and stood one hand on

hip, the other drawing out his moustache. "Fie, you are noisy," he complained. "It is Squire Barbon? Yes, probably it is Squire Barbon." He sat down deliberately and opened his cape. "You are of that opinion? Well, let us talk." He moved his chair to see the landscape again.

"I have no time to waste, Mr.—what's your name?—Damory. What do you want?"

"I am not known? There was a squire of Inober knew me well. By my life, it is devilish changed. I have seen my lady smile where you scowl."

"What lady?" Barbon growled.

"You have a happy memory, squire. A soothing memory. Full fathom five your brother lies. I spoke of Chris Barbon's lady, the gentle Madeleine. Well, she is gone where the good souls go. And here we live in her room. But by my soul you've kept the Chardin!" He kissed his hand to the landscape.

"What the devil are you talking about?" Barbon cried.

"I dreamed an evil dream, laddie. Me-thought I saw that picture on its cursed way to America through a dealer in Paris. And now behold the sweet thing's here yet. The simple honest self of it. That's balm to my soul."

"Is that what you came to tell me?"

"Why no, dear heart. Beshink ye. How could I tell I saw the dear original? That might have gone too. No. I came to ask you of this." He pulled out the miniature of the woman in Stuart dress. "Have you her original, too?"

Barbon took it, glanced at it, and put it down with a frown. "I know nothing about these things," he said.

"Nay, laddie, you wrong yourself. You know not as much as you should, I must pronounce, but something. The face has a likeness to your own. See the enduring Barbon mouth."

"It may have some look of my family," Barbon looked amused. "I've no notion who the lady may be."

"The thing is not ill done," Damory boomed. "It is a passable forgery."

Barbon kept his temper, continuing to smile. "What do you mean by that?" he said.

"To put yet a simple question, squire," Damory pointed a fat finger at him. "Where is the original?"

Barbon laughed. "Devilish simple indeed. But why do you ask me?"

"There was a cabinet of miniatures in Inober. It stays in my mind one of them was like this. The desire is upon me to look at that one again."

"I'm not here to please your desires, sir," Barbon cried. "You bring me what you say is a forgery, and you ask to go over my family collection to compare with it. I never heard such an impudent request. I wish you good-day." He moved to the door.

"It is a good day for me. By no wish of yours, laddie," Damory chuckled. He plucked up the miniature. "You decline to know the lady? Look now. Do you know the child?"

He took out another miniature. It was in a frame, somewhat larger than the other and on vellum. It showed the child of Horse Heath in her green cotton frock. Damory held it out on the palm of his hand under Barbon's eyes.

Barbon shut the door he had opened and stumbled back against it. "Well, let me see," he muttered petulantly, and Damory let him take the portrait. "This—is this modern," he looked up, "the dress is modern, I mean."

"Ay, squire. You'll not find her in your

collection," Damory laughed. "But mark the Barbon mouth. The baby has it true."

"Where did you get this?" said Barbon, and wiped his face.

"That's clear enough. From the life."

"Who is the child?" Barbon stared at him.

"Look upon her," Damory boomed. "Look upon her! A Barbon, yea, a Barbon babe."

"Where did you find her?"

Damory laughed. Barbon turned aside. "It's a pretty piece of work. I don't mind buying it from you."

Damory held out his hand.

"Yes, all right," Barbon laughed nervously. "I daresay we can come to terms. Let's talk it over, Damory."

He sat down.

"Give me my picture," Damory growled, and took it from him. "Man, I have talked enough with you this day. Sit and sweat and make terms with the devil!" He rolled out.

The man-servant was caught waiting on the stair to hear what might be overheard, and looked at him with sly, impudent curiosity. Damory pointed down to the hall and followed slowly; and while he waited there hungrily expectant, he turned to the door and went off slamming it upon his disappointment.

There were no more meditations in the grounds of Inober. Damory strode out bravely, his heavy oak stick thrust at the ground. For a man of his shape he went fast. Once only he stopped to produce from somewhere deep in him a big old golden watch and looked at the time; then he labored on again resolutely.

But when he passed the gates, he shortened step and having glanced both ways of the road went on at his ease towards Eyemouth. He had not gone far when a car approached him fast, a big two-seater with one man in it. It purred by and vanished, but he heard it slow to a stop. He turned and walked back and heard it start again. He was in time to see the gates of Inober close behind it.

THE town of Westbourne, most respectable of holiday places, is in space some thirty miles from the old marine simplicity of Eyemouth. In time it may be two tedious hours away, in spirit remote by as many centuries.

As the train allowed him a slow inspection of Westbourne's hinter side, Damory groaned. "Oh, I am come to wander in a wilderness of suburbs, a desert of the half alive." He passed out of a station built for long trains and crowds, and found himself in a busy street of cheap shops which soon became more pretentious and expensive till it was a subdued copy of London.

Damory waddled on wearily to its end in a prim public garden with a view of a pavilion and the sea. He turned back from that to come again to a shabby building in the cheaper end of the business street, which had a bar and an eating-room on the ground floor, and labelled itself an hotel above, and might be adjudged a house of call for the older sort of commercial travellers. It let him a bedroom, it made him a rum flip which he relished, and thus fortified he resumed, without the knapsack, his investigation of Westbourne.

He turned away from the business quarter to a region of broad streets and separate red houses, spacious and solid, each veiled behind trees and shrubs severely chastened. The streets were more silent than a countryside. He met no human creature



the undermen's boys and hurrying young women, servants starting late for an afternoon out. The region was plainly evidence of temporary visitors, reserved for those who had come to Westbourne on the summer holiday of opulent retirement. Damory scowled at it in dislike and surprise. "What should the fellow do in this churchyard's paradise?" he grumbled, but pulled on, and after a while stopped at a gate and asked the way to Wordsworth Road.

"Wordsworth?" The boy rolled his chin. "On your right; there's Keats and Shelley—Wordsworth's third."

"Right, liddle, very right. But how it must have hurt him!" Damory chuckled, gave the boy some pennies, and rolled away.

When he turned into Wordsworth Road he went up one side and down the other where he rang at a house door. "Good afternoon," he leaned on his stick and called at the maid. "Mr. O'Connor, if you please?"

The maid was not pleased. "Mr. O'Connor don't live here," she said sharply. "Is it so?" Damory boomed. "Why, she told me this was his house. Mr. P. O'Connor, my dear, a small thin gentleman with pale hair and a long head. Has he gone away? Can you help me?"

"He's never been here. But I know who he was at Gramere there." She pointed a finger which disappeared of Mr. O'Connor at all that was his, and particularly his ending in her respectable road.

"I thank ye. I ask a thousand pardons for troubling you." Damory made her a bow and rolled off. "Begad, it's my man," he muttered. "But he's not so thin as the rat. He's been at the malt. How is it, old Gus. The game's running your way at last."

The house called Gramere was of the same heavy suburban amplitude as the others and as primly kept. But the maid here kept Damory waiting some time before she opened the door, and had the likeness of sleep in her face, and clothes off.

"Mr. O'Connor, if you please," said Damory. She shook her head. "Not at home."

"Do you say so? That's too bad, my dear." Damory gave her a smile of admission. She had grown out of youth and into spreading bulk, but kept good sense enough to be vain of them. Her deep eyes woke to ogle him. "Be a kind of now. You should with that pretty face or where's the use of it?"

"Don't you be a naughty old man," she answered. "Begad, you tempt me. Tell me now, sweetheart, when will I find him?"

"Nothing doing. He's away at Shippton now."

"The deuce he is. He would be." Damory brushed his moustache. "But the fellow must come back some time."

"Don't you believe it."

"You don't tell me he's staying at Shippton, that desolation of a place?"

"On no. He'll be coming home with the girl. He's out with some of the lads."

"The rogue! With a good house here to live in, and a pretty girl to wait on him! I know where I'd be."

"Get along with you."

"Ah, you're not kind, sweetheart. Tell me then what's the fellow's house or call it night?"

"You might find him at the Victoria."

"What like of a tap is it?" said Damory finally.

"It's a very good hotel."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Damory boomed. He kissed his hand to her.

IN the afternoon Maine came again to Wideock Cottage. His arrival was more modest; he did not drive up to the door, but left his car in the lane and some way beyond the cottage gate, and it was for Mr. Romer he asked.

But when he was brought as before to a room which contained Alice as well as her father he showed no embarrassment. He laughed at her blush and her awkward surprise and displeasure. "Yes, Mr. again. I'm in luck finding you in. But a fellow has to have cheek to be lucky."

Romer said they were always in in the afternoon, and always pleased to see him. "You're very kind, sir. Some risk. I take advantage. Well, I didn't mean to butt in again quite so soon. I had a kind of hope Miss Alice would come out with me again presently."

Alice left him without an answer, and he turned to her father. "But I just wanted a bit of a talk with you, Mr. Romer."

Alice stood up and turned to the garden. "Oh, please!"

Maine rose too. "No secrets. Nothing like that. Don't go and take the sunshine away."

He put his hand on her shoulder, and very quickly she sat down again. "You remember my asking what were the show places in these parts, sir? Alice took me by Incher House yesterday and the outside looked good to me. I read it up in the guide-book last night, and by that it seemed to be full of high art. You said not to go there. It wasn't shown. But I don't like being shut out of things. So I had a sneak at it this morning. I got in all right."

"Did you indeed?" said Romer.

"I did. I've got to say this Mr. Denzil Barton met me quite courteously. I sent in my card and he saw me at once, and when I explained I was a Canadian seeing the Old Country and getting a look at the real genuine antiques, he showed me round himself; seemed a bit bothered and hurried, but anxious to oblige. It's a fine place, all right, but it's not as advertised. Kind of bare."

Romer laughed nervously. "Well, you know, you mustn't expect a house to be like a museum."

"I know. But the pictures? That county guide talked about the pictures in the hall. Two Van Dykes, I remember, man and woman on horses. They weren't there. Only a bit of old iron, armor and such. Then there was a gallery we went along the guide bluffed about that, and a picture of a beautiful woman there by Josh Reynolds. No woman in sight. Well, sir, I didn't like asking Mr. Barton. But between ourselves, what's gone wrong?"

"Nothing wrong at all," said Romer. "It's generally known Mr. Barton has sold some of the family pictures. I'm told they've gone to America. That happens only too often. Mr. Denzil Barton had to pay heavy death duties on succeeding to the estate—like others."

"On yes," Maine drawled. "Not all jam for him owning Incher House. He looked that way. I'm glad to have seen it while there's some of it left. Will he be able to make a do of it, would you say?"

"I don't understand," Romer looked uncomfortable.

"I mean, can he carry on there?"

"Really, I don't know any reason why he shouldn't," Romer rebuked this curiosity.

And Alice said severely, "You're very interested in Mr. Barton's affairs."

Maine was unabashed. "The place rather

struck me. Kind of empty and ghostly. And Barton himself going round with his nerves raw."

"You surprise me," said Romer.

Maine began to drawl. "Is that so?" and ended with an exclamation. "Eh?" He started up to stand listening. A car had drawn up. They heard Barton's voice.

"I'll go," Maine spoke softly. "You don't want him finding me with you." He slid out the french window into the garden, and Romer waved Alice after him and shut the window behind them.

"Why mustn't Mr. Barton find you with us?" said Alice sharply.

"Ask your father, little lady," Maine smiled.

"I'm asking you."

"Well, I guessed he wouldn't want Mr. Denzil Barton finding me here. Seems I was right, Alice."

"Because you went to Mr. Barton's house as a stranger—and then you come here prying into his affairs," she said fiercely.

"Take it that way, do you? Too bad. Say your father didn't want Barton thinking I was in with you. That's better," he laughed as she blushed.

"How dare you!" she cried.

"Like this," said Maine, and kissed her and strode away out of the lower gate of the garden. In a moment she heard his car, and knew that he must have left it below the house so that it should not be seen if anyone came; he must have expected Mr. Barton, he must have planned not to be seen. And he actually thought her father wanted Mr. Barton to believe she—she didn't mind either—he would like it to be— She went back to the house with her head in a whirl.

The last thing possible was to go into that room where her father and Mr. Barton were talking. But as she came up the stairs beyond the door she lingered against her will and heard Barton say, "Fellow told me he was a Canadian, talked like a Yankee. Do you know anything about him?" And her father answered, "Nothing at all," and she fled ashamed.

But Romer's lie was not so comprehensive as she supposed.

The conversation began rather boisterously on Barton's side; on Romer's without a pretence of good will and to a brisage. "I had some visitors at Incher to-day, Romer. Suppose you didn't send 'em?" he replied coldly. "There was no need to ask that."

Then came the inquiry about Maine. Romer declared that he knew nothing about him, but modified that denial with the information that a tourist called Maine had looked over his things in Eyemouth. Romer understood that he was a Canadian interested in antiques—in the usual way, without any knowledge of them.

Barton laughed. "I daresay. He told me he was trying to see all the old places. I showed him round. Thought he might be a boy. Did he buy anything from you?"

"No, sir. He did not. And I didn't recommend him to you. Did he find anything at Incher?"

"What do you mean?" Barton frowned.

"Find anything? No, he just gaped. Behaved like the usual tripper, as you say. I expect it's the same man. Gilbert Maine was the name."

"I don't remember that he told me his Christian name," said Romer.

"Did he ask anything about Incher?"

"Really, I couldn't say. He asked about the country houses in general. If he mentioned Incher I should have told him it wasn't shown to strangers. I thought you never showed it, sir."



"Like to stretch a point for Colonials," said Barbon, and lit a cigarette. "Oh well, it's no odds. He was a bore, that's all. I came to tell you about my other visitor. Your old friend Damory turned up this morning."

"I warned you to expect that, Mr. Barbon. I hope you were able to make a settlement with him."

Barbon laughed. "No, thank you, I've nothing to settle. He didn't try that on with me."

"You surprise me," said Romer, coldly incredulous.

"You were always in a funk of the fellow. I'm not. That's the difference," Barbon told him.

"I don't pretend to know how far he can go with you, Mr. Barbon. You do, of course."

There was something in the words or the tone which shook Barbon's arrogance. "He'll make nothing of me, I can tell you that," he said loudly, and then fell to a confidential key. "I don't say I understand the fellow, Romer. No doubt he meant to try blackmailing me with his infernal faked miniature. He'd got it in his pocket. He showed it to me. He said it was a forgery. And then, if you please, all he wanted for me to show him the original."

Romer's eyebrows went up. "I don't understand that," he said. "Was that all he asked for?"

"Absolutely."

"Damory is a very cunning fellow," said Romer.

"I don't see it. Not very clever to suppose he'd catch me like that. If I had the original, he would claim I sold his forgery."

"Quite so. He was giving you notice he did claim that. But you say he went no further. I don't understand it at all."

"Confound it, I suppose you can believe me! I told him he couldn't see my collection—that's true enough, eh? You know where it's gone—and then he put the fake in his pocket and shut up. I don't understand the fellow any more than you. I think he's off his head. He brought out another blessed miniature, a modern thing of a girl, a girl with our confounded family face, like the fake. Quite fresh work. You could see he'd just got it done. And he asked me what I knew about that."

Romer sat silent for a moment and very still while Barbon fidgeted.

"Did you know anything about it?" he asked.

"What the devil should I know?" Barbon exploded. "I've no idea what he's after. Have you?"

"I can't help you. A picture of a girl, you said. Of what age?"

Barbon glared at him. "How can I tell? A little girl. Why has he been painting portraits somewhere?"

"I believe he still paints."

"Where has he been lately?"

Romer stood up. "I know nothing about Damory's plans, Mr. Barbon."

"You know where he's staying, I suppose?"

"I suppose anyone in Eyemouth could tell you."

"Close, aren't you?" Barbon anaried, and started to his feet. "You've done well enough out of me to be civil, my friend." He banged out of the room.

Romer walked across to the window and opened it, and stood in the rush of air, holding by the window to steady himself.

WHAT is called the Victoria Hotel at Westbourne is that sedate town's provision for the revelry of vulgar money. It

is built of terra-cotta and colored electric signs in the Renaissance style of architecture. Damory stood before it and planted both hands on his stick and breathed hard. "Victoria! Oh my heart!" he groaned. "It is too true. Such a place Albert the Good would have designed for a man to get drunk in."

He braced himself, and having walked round the place entered the grill-room. There he found such company as he expected, a gathering of those who were or would be thought wild fellows and knowing old dogs. His oddity was remarked in some stares and guffaws, but most of them made too much show of their own in queer cut or color of clothes to care for his.

He fared well enough, and commended the fare to his waiter. "A good, gross dinner, laddie. This is a sporting place you keep." He was assured that a lot of sportmen came there. "I believe you, my boy. There's an old friend o' mine, Mr. O'Connor, gave me word of it. But I don't see him here to-night."

"No, sir, I think Mr. O'Connor's dining upstairs in the restaurant with a party."

"Do you say so?" Damory paid with good tip. "Begad, I'm sorry to miss him."

"Thank you, sir. He won't be gone yet. They'll finish up in the snuggery."

"I like the word, laddie, I like it." Damory patted his shoulder and rolled out and found the snuggery, a small lounge bar, empty as yet. He took a corner, sat down to coffee and rum and a pipe. From bars more remote came joyful noises. The snuggery seemed to be unpopular or sacred to some chosen band.

After a while loud voices approached. By ones and twos some half-dozen men came in, bookmakers and their kind, by the look of them and their talk. Among them was a little man whose oiled hair shone pale. He had grown too bulky for his height, his face was yellow and bleated and sagged into his neck. He was dressed in loud light tweeds; he was otherwise at pains to assert himself, and the others treated him with careless, mocking indulgence. They called him Patzy.

With some shifting of chairs they took possession of the room, establishing themselves in a central circle. During the process one and another became aware of Damory occupying his solitary corner. They quizzed him, and cut a joke or two about him, whispering too loudly, but without ill-will. When the barman came for their orders, at the end of the list one of them stopped him. "Here, half a mug, Charlie," and he called out to Damory, "Come on, old sport, don't play pusa in the corner. Join up. No fellow sits out in the snuggery."

"Rum," Damory rolled out the word. "Rum, Charles. Another o' the same. I thank ye, laddie."

Damory worked a chair into the circle next to the little man with pale hair, who gave way and looked up with a grin of discolored teeth, to ask, "How's that, grand-pa?"

"It fits me to a hair!" Damory sat down beside him.

"That's right," the little man cackled. "The more we are together the happier we'll be." His accent was not Irish.

"I believe you, my boy," Damory rumbled. "Had a good day, sir?"

"I thank ye, I have. A pleasant day, a day of interest, I hope for better."

"Lummy, so do I," said the little man, with a queer high laugh, not unkindly.

The others were loudly amused. "You're such a fellow, Patzy. You want to skin the ring all the time!"

"No I don't. I only want the luck to even out on me."

"Never a doubt it will," Damory rumbled. "That's the humor of it."

Patzy blinked at him with bloodshot eyes. "That's what I say. It did ought to, didn't it? Now you was at the races to-day—"

"I was not," Damory boomed. "My son was other."

"Lummy I thought you said you . . . Patzy looked puzzled. "Well, I couldn't live without 'em," he took up his tale. "Never miss a meeting in a hundred miles, do I, boys, ay and more. And what I say is—"

But the drinks came and he did not say it. He put his nose into his glass.

"What's that you drink, laddie?" said Damory.

"Gin. Dry gin. Doctor said I'd got to cut out the whisky, he said, or I'd be for it. What ho! No fun, eh?" He winked at Damory. "So I went on to gin."

"I could almost pity you," said Damory. "By my life, there's but one spirit for a lousy man. Rum. Good old rum-bullion! He drank and sucked his lips. "Jolly friend o' my dear youth, strong comfies o' my age."

"What did you call it?"

"Rumbullion, sirrah. Kill-devil, the sea kings christened it and begad it's the right veracious name. Half a bottle o' kill-devil in a man and he fears nor sh nor Satan."

"I could do with a drop o' that," Patzy said slowly.

"What's that? Patzy got the blinks 'ump again?" someone said. "Drink up, son. You're all right."

"Who said I ain't all right?" Patzy cried.

"Drink a tot with me, Patrick," Damory boomed. "That'll stir the little soul in you," and he called to the bar, "Two more o' the same, Charles—and let's have a round, laddies." It was well taken, though they were shy of rum.

"I used to get on with it good," said Patzy, doubtfully sniffing at his glass.

Damory drank to them all, and roared out a sea chantey:

"Oh run, let the bulgine run!  
Way yah, Oh ay oh,  
Run, let the bulgine run!"

He was applauded. But Patzy looked at him queerly, and said, "Was you ever a sailor, sir?"

Damory laughed. "Yo ho, do I look like a sailor?" They assured him profanely that he did not. "Not I, begad. No more than Will Shakespeare, though he could do a wreck for you to the life and death of it. Begad, you are shy of your liquor, laddie. Drink up, you'll be another man!" He put the grog in Patzy's hand.

Patzy gulped a mouthful and drank again while the others told him that was the way, the old 'un would make a man of him yet. "Easy, easy," he scowled at them, and his yellow face was inflamed. He plucked Damory's sleeve. "Here, what was you saying about wrecks, mister?"

"The devil he knows," Damory chuckled, and drank and sang:

"I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die a—shore—"

He ended dolefully, to a roar of laughter. But Patzy was not listening. Patzy did not laugh, he stared at the door.

The door stood open a little way. A brown face looked in, peered through the smoke at the circle of revellers, and was distorted by fear or hate of what it saw and vanished. The door was shut without a sound.

But a sound came from Patzy, a squeak



of pain. He squirmed round in his chair to Damory. "What's the matter? What are you grabbing me for? Give over!" He plucked at Damory's grip on his arm.

"Death o' my life!" Damory boomed. "Man, your own eyes saw it. What was it?"

"I do you mean, what was it?" Patsy asked. "Some bloke looked in and nipped off again. That's all it was, ain't it?" he appealed to the company.

"The face, man, the face at yon door," Damory boomed. "It was the face of the friend of the heart of my youth, Christopher Barbon. God rest his soul. But he never looked so upon me while the life was in him. That face had learnt malice and venom."

"You're seeing things, old sport," someone laughed. "They come out of the rum, they do."

"Not so, laddie. You wrong the good spirit. You know me not. I do forgive you still defy you," Damory rapped the table. "Ho, Charles of the bar! Don Carlos, my cupbearer! Another round."

"That's the way, old sport," he was applauded. But in the jovial noise Patsy was sulky. Patsy would have no more rum, Patsy had had enough for one night, and only by general tears was persuaded to sit down again and mutter that he would go back to whisky.

"Denise take me, you have a various career inside you, laddie," Damory chuckled, and when they all had their glasses called out. "I'll give you a toast now—Chris Barbon, my friend! Would I were with him this night wherever he is."

"First time I ever drank to a ghost," someone laughed. "Well here's his jolly good health," and they were noisy about it.

But Patsy's glass went back from his lips unraised.

"Christopher Barbon, did you say, old sport?" another asked. "That's the fellow who was drowned when his yacht blew up ain't it? Out Eyemouth way?"

"Ay, ay. Is he remembered yet?" Damory rumbled. "Here is a miracle! The man is two years dead."

"Ah! It made a bit of a noise, his yacht going down. There was him and his wife and baby all drowned together."

"Ay, ay," Damory nodded. "And a crew of two men withal. Never a one came out of the sea. So the tale is told."

Patsy wriggled round in his chair. "What do you mean, the tale is told?" he said thickly.

"Tell it your own way then, my beauty!" Damory boomed, and Patsy snarled and turned away, reaching for his whisky with a groping hand.

"Oh, come off it, old boy," someone protested. "You're giving us the ptp. The poor bloke's dead all right, so it wasn't him you saw, and that's all there is to it."

"By my soul, I saw the likeness of Chris Barbon," Damory banged his hand on the table.

"Well, I daresay you did. Every man has his double, don't he? Forget it, old son. Drink up and have another on me."

Damory flung out his arm and pointed at the door. "There he came and looked at me."

They all stared at the door and some laughed. Patsy got out of his seat with an oath, stumbled to the door and opened it and peeped out.

"Ay, you saw him, too," Damory boomed. "Is he there yet?"

Patsy shut the door. "No, wasn't no one," he muttered, and slunk back to his place.

"But he was there, laddie. The right Barbon face, by my life."

Somebody cursed the Barbon face. Someone else cried out, "Here, I know what it is. Chris Barbon's brother's like him, they say. That's who you saw, I'll bet you, old sport. Denzil Barbon, the bloke that came into the estate. He lives out there now."

"So?" Damory rumbled. "Denzil his brother. Are they so alike? Methought I knew—" his voice died in muttering. His little eyes turned on Patsy. "And does brother Denzil frequent you here?"

"I don't know him," Patsy squeaked.

Damory surveyed the company who were not interested. "Oh, come off it," one grumbled. "The bloke was just looking for a place to have a drink, whoever he was. Nothing to get the horrors about."

"To the deuce with your horrors! I have none nor ever had, I am not the man for them. But this is a strange thing I have seen, and by my soul I look for things more strange to come." He stood up. "I thank ye for your entertainment of me, gentlemen, and commend me to your memory. A good night to you all." He waddled out.

Downstairs he asked of the man on the door if Mr. Denzil Barbon had gone. The name was not known. The gentleman, then, who had lately come down from the snuggery? Why that would be the gentleman who wanted to see Mr. O'Connor. He had just gone off in his car. A closed two-seater? A blue car? That was right.

"Denise take him. He is in a hurry," said Damory, and rolled away. But he did not hurry. Beyond the range of the Victoria's lights he stopped, and drawing his cape about him stood watching the door.

He had not waited long before Patsy came out alone.

Patsy's footsteps pattered closer. "Here—I say—" Patsy spoke hoarsely. Damory checked, and let the little man come up with him. "I thought it was you. Where are you going?"

"Who are you, sir?" Damory stopped and stared.

"You know me all right," Patsy whined.

"What? Is it so? Look behind you man! He comes again. The Barbon face."

Patsy stared round, and as he turned a heavy stick whirled in the darkness.

Patsy went reeling into the road, and fell with his head upon the kerb and lay still. Then Damory shattered the decorous silence with a roar. "Stop, ye rogue, stop." He dropped on one knee by Patsy and found him stunned. "Help! Help!" he shouted. "Here's murder done! Stop that rogue in the car! He scrambled to his feet and lumbered on down the street, roaring, "Police, Police! Stop the car! Police!"

A constable came round a corner quickening his official gait, and Damory fell upon him, pointing down the empty road, and gasping out, "He's gone. He's away. The car—the car!"

"Hold up, sir," the constable supported him. "Get your breath now. What's all this?"

"By my good life," Damory pointed. "I am no shape to catch your devilish cars."

I thank ye, officer." He stood away and mopped his face. "Come now, here's a man beat down and lying like the dead. Come."

"Running down case, eh?" the policeman said, as they strode back.

"Never believe it. Begad, it might have passed for that if I'd not been walking this road. A rogue came stealing on and struck down the poor fellow there and was off in his infernal car while I shouted to stop him. Did you not hear me, laddie?"

"I heard you all right. I was away up Million Road." They came to Patsy who lay still where he had fallen. The policeman knelt down and flashed his lamp on the face. "Why, it's Mr. O'Connor. Ah, he's not gone yet. Look here, sir, he lives just a bit of a way down the road. He's only a little one. If you feel up to giving me a hand we'd have him home in a jiff."

"Have with you, laddie," Damory puffed. "Oh, my heart. What a town of the living dead is this, where a man may cry 'help, a murder' and none comes out to him."

"Ah. They do keep to themselves in these suburb places," the policeman said. "Dim ghosts o' men," Damory rumbled.

They came to the house in Wordsworth Road, and after long ringing its door was opened to them by the maid of Damory's acquaintance, more slowly by night than by day, holding a wrapper about her.

"What's the matter with you, bobby?" she began perily, and went off into a shriek. With hysterical noises, she showed the way and they brought Patsy O'Connor to his bedroom and laid him on the bed.

"Breathing still," the policeman muttered, as Damory felt for the pulse. "Cold, ain't he, though? Looks kind o' stupid. I seen dead men like that."

"Lor love you, what's happened to him? It ain't an hour ago Mr. Barbon was here asking for to see him."

The yellow, vacant face on the pillow twitched. A faint sound came from it. "Bar-bar-Barbon." But the eyes did not open.

The maid gasped, and wept.

"You come along and show me the telephone, my girl," said the policeman. "I want his doctor. You stand by, sir, will you?"

"I will, laddie. The doctor first, you're right. But talk to your police station. You heard the poor devil. There's dark work been done."

"Oh, I'll get on to the inspector." The policeman thrust the maid before him downstairs.

Damory looked close at the sagging face, felt a limp hand, and drew the quilt over the body, and sat down beside it to watch with pitiless curiosity.

He drew out his moustaches to their extensive length, he pulled forward his beard, and having thus preened himself set back his shoulders, thrust out his paunch, and smiled.

The stolid voice of the policeman at the telephone telling his inspector the story as Damory wished it told came clear . . .

The policeman returned to the bedroom. "Has he said any more, sir?"

"No word."

"Name o' Barbon, he did say, didn't he?"

"Never a doubt."

"If he comes to, I reckon he can tell us who did it all right."

"Ay, trust him. And why 'twas done, laddie, why? Let's hope to hear that of him, too."

"Ah. That's right," the policeman agreed . . .



The door bell rang. They heard a brusque, irritated voice, steps on the stairs, and a quaver from the maid. "Here he is, doctor, in here."

The doctor came in, a heavy man of some age, moving quickly. He nodded at the constable and Damory, and surveyed the face of Patsy O'Connor with plain disgust.

"Who picked him up? Both of you, eh. Anybody see him before he was down? You did. Was he drunk?"

"Begad, sir, I am no judge," said Damory with dignity. "I had no thought of it."

The doctor made his examination. "He's had a heavy blow on the side of the head. May be slight concussion. Not much. It's the shock that's laid him out. Bad shock. Temperature's right down. Where's that fool of a maid? Tell her to get some hot bottles." The policeman went out.

"And what's his chance, doctor?" said Damory.

"I can't tell you. I don't like this temperature. Give me a hand, will you? Must try to get some warmth into him."

"You shall command me," said Damory. He flung off his cloak and his fat hands were as quick and skilful as the doctor's in undressing the lifeless body.

"That's the way," the doctor approved. "Move him as little as you can. His pulse is very queer. Is he a friend of yours?"

"None of mine," Damory rumbled. "I never saw him till this night."

They put him under the blankets, and the policeman came back with a hot-water bottle. "One! I want more than that," the doctor fumed. "Tell the woman to fill all she has in the house."

"Begad, he is deuced cold," said Damory.

"No more stamina than a rabbit. All due to drink. I've warned him of it till I'm sick of him. Never seen him drunk, but I could say I've never seen him sober."

"I have known such," Damory boomed. "They drank to forget their miserable souls and had no comfort."

The doctor looked up at him. "Shouldn't wonder. Queer fish. Now I'll try an injection." While he was preparing it the maid came with more hot bottles. "That'll do now." They were packed about the body and the injection was given. "Pulse fluttering a bit... Well. Nothing to do but wait."

He had hardly sat down before the policeman put his head in at the door. "The inspector, doctor. He'd like a word with you." The doctor went out, and Damory took his chair by the bedside.

The head on the pillow moved, the eyes opened, looked stupidly about the room and found Damory's steady gaze. "Hullo," the voice came from far away, then gathered some strength. "Hullo."

"And the same to you, laddie," Damory rumbled.

"This is my room, ain't it?"

"You lie in your own bed."

"Thought there was a copper." The dull eyes looked at this side and that.

"He'll come to you again. Your doctor has been busy with you."

"Doctor?" the man moved. "Lummy. What's the doctor say?" Damory did not answer. "Here. For pity's sake. What's what's going to happen to me? What did he say?"

"He said no good of you," Damory boomed. "I must not let you hope. There's an end o' that."

"What—what—me—die? Jummy. And Barbon? Mr. Bar-Barbon?"

The doctor came in with a burly police inspector. "Eh, talking, is he?" The inspector marched to the bed and Damory rose from his chair, and offering it with a gesture, stood aside.

"You have heard," he rumbled, "of a Barbon again."

The inspector sat down, notebook on knee. "Now, sir, take it easy," he said gruffly. "I just want you to tell me what's happened to you. In your own way."

On the other side of the bed, the doctor took a limp arm, felt for the pulse, and frowned.

Patsy's dull eyes stared at the inspector. "You—you ain't the copper," he mumbled.

"I'm a police officer. Come along now. How did you get like this?"

"Police," Patsy said. "Police. You don't want me, you don't. Mr. Barbon—that's the bloke."

"Do you mean Mr. Barbon of Inober?"

"Barbon of Inober," Patsy repeated, and the yellow face twitched and shivered in a smile.

"You're saying it was he that struck you? Why should he? What has Mr. Barbon to do with you?"

"Got me. Ain't he? Get me out, Beast. Here. You listen. I'm for it now, ain't I? You listen, copper. I was in the Lily Rose, I was." He made mouths and began to sing feebly. "Farewell and adieu to you, all Spanish ladies—"

"Steady now, steady," the doctor said.

"That's what he was singing that night. Chris Barbon. He was always singing it. Farewell and adieu to you, ladies o' Spain."

"Lummy how it scorched! They was all gone, Chris Barbon and his lady and my mate Teddie Bull. Poor old Teddie. I been sorry for Teddie, I have. Lor lummy, that was a good drunk we had in Hampton before. I been sorry." Tears flowed down the yellow face.

"What are you telling me?" The inspector leaned over him. "You say you were blown up in the Lily Rose. Then how did you get ashore?"

"I'm telling you straight," Patsy said. "Over the stern I went. Slick over the stern when she lit up. How she went! I got to the dinghy and there was the baby kid flopping on the water. I saved her, I did. That's what I did, mister. I got her ashore, just me and her. We come in to Bride's Beach. Black night it was and me all alone with the kid. I was afraid. Lor lummy, I was afraid. Nothing left of the old Lily Rose out there in the bay." Again he tried to sing. "Farewell and adieu to you—" he broke off panting.

"What did you do with the child then?" the inspector said.

It was some time before Patsy answered that. He was fighting for breath. "Baby? I looked after baby all right. I put her safe with friends, I did. Then I went off to find Barbon, Mr. Denis Barbon. Up to him, wasn't it? She was his brother's baby. She was Barbon of Inober, wasn't she, the bit of a girl kid? That's all right," says Barbon. "Keep her quiet," he says. "I'll look after you," he says. And I kept her quiet, and he came into Inober and all."

"You're telling me he paid you to hide his brother's child?" the inspector said sharply.

"Paid me?" Patsy gasped. "Ain't half paid me, has he?" And he began to laugh,

coughing, wheezing laughter that shook him till the sound died and he lay still.

"Do you understand what you've said?" The inspector bent over him again.

There was no answer. The yellow face was distorted in a grin. The eyelids had fallen, and only the bloodshot white of the eyes could be seen.

DAMORY came out of the house and stood still, breathed deep, and looked up at a dark sky in which the stars were clear. "Sweet is the night air," he boomed.

The inspector close behind him asked if he lived in Westbourne.

"Ha, mercy, laddie, I am not come to that. I have life in me yet."

"I could give you a lift to your hotel."

"You could. I was waiting for you to say so." Damory got into the inspector's car without more invitation. "My bed waits for me at the Angel."

"Right." The inspector drove off, with him. "Now if you don't mind just calling at the station, I'd like a bit of a talk with you."

"And I with you," Damory rumbled.

The inspector glanced at him curiously. "That's the way to take it. There's a lot wants clearing up, you know."

"I have known it some while, laddie. But by my life we are in a fair way now, a short, straight way."

"You see it like that? Now I was thinking I hadn't got it straight at all. It was a pity O'Connor swooned off again. I wanted a lot more out of him. We'll hope the doctor pulls him through, eh?"

"Never a doubt he could tell more," Damory rumbled. "Let it go as it will, he has told enough."

"Not for me, sir." The car stopped at the police station. "Come up to my office, will you?"

Damory spread himself over a harsh official chair, lit his pipe and held out his pouch.

"I don't smoke here," the inspector snapped.

"I pity you, laddie," Damory sent up a column of smoke. "Now let's to work. My name is Augustus Damory, your good servant. Vocation, painter, which I do avoid as I may. Residence, I have none. But in Eyemouth I was born, and all the town knows me, and the Ship Inn is my joyful house of call down the years."

The inspector looked hard at him. "I see. You'll be known to Inspector Eype then?"

"John Eype?" Damory chuckled. "He's my eternal debtor. I taught the lad to drink. By my soul, the friend of a friend is my own. What's your good name, laddie?"

"My name is Chapman."

Damory thrust out a fat hand and grasped his. "My love to you."

"All right, all right," the inspector disengaged himself. "You'll understand I'll have to talk to Eype about you."

"Honest man! I do desire it. This thing goes sweetly now."

"I don't like it so much myself. Now, sir, what I want to ask you is this. You were walking with O'Connor when he was laid out. Did you—?"

"Not so, laddie. I was walking alone and the little man caught me up and began to speak to me, and in that moment he was struck down."

"Very well. Did you see who struck him?"

"I did not, laddie. For my life I could not tell you who the man was."

"That's queer, isn't it?"

"Begad, the fellow would not wait to introduce himself. I ran after him shouting all fury upon him. As well call for help in a graveyard. He was gone in his car."



"Yes, I had all that from the constable," the inspector frowned. "What strikes me is it wasn't natural O'Connor should be attacked when he was with you."

"Why, laddie, there you have it. That is the cause, the very reason."

"I don't follow you," the inspector said slowly. "Because he was with you, he had to be murdered, is that what you mean to say?"

"It's crystal clear, laddie. Who struck him? You heard what the poor rat said. Denzil Barton. Why then? Because Barton saw him with me and feared he should blab the truth of the Lily Rose, as he blabbed for you in his bed. By my soul, there's the wisdom of Providence in it."

"Where do you come in, Mr. Damory?" the inspector rubbed his chin. "Eh? That's what I don't get. How did you just happen to be about with O'Connor when Denzil Barton came along?"

"Why, you ask simple questions, my lad. It is because he feared I might be about with O'Connor that Barton came to Westbourne this night. O'Connor—bah, call him no more O'Connor! Call him his name, Peter Barnes, as he was when he sailed with Chris Barton in the Lily Rose, and you may understand our Denzil's fears. Brother Denzil knew I had come to Eyemouth seeking what might be found. Begad, I have got him from him, I let him taste fear of me. He guessed I was upon the track of his rat. You heard the servant tell you Barton came to the house to-night seeking him."

"Yes, and I heard her say you were there asking for O'Connor this afternoon."

"The wench speaks true," Damory drew up his moustaches. "It is a useful wench. I'd so ask for him. Look you, my Chapman, I had come by suspicion the rogue, Peter Barnes, who was of the crew of the Lily Rose, was yet extant, living in your apocryphal suburb and called O'Connor. To his house I went and found him out, but he'd be drunk with his cronies o' nights at an Albert Memorial of a tavern."

"Oh, you mean the Victoria," Inspector Chapman was interested. "He's been in with a crowd there for some time."

"I believe you, my boy. That's where the money went. To the Victoria I took myself, and found the poor rat there with these good sportsmen. I made one of the party and sat by him, and made trial of him cunningly with talk of the Lily Rose and my friend Chris Barton, and while we drank there in the snugery, the door opened and a Barton face looked in upon us and was gone. D'ye know the Barbons, laddie? They do pass on their features faithfully. A forced imitation to a man. They have a rat o' face that betrays the blood and a mouth, a sweet thing of a mouth, begad, that goes down the centuries. When I saw the face at the door I cried out Chris Barton had come back to us."

"The poor rat by me was in an agony of fear. To comfort him, his good friends argued it could not be; the dead be dead and rise not. If I had seen a Barton face, it was surely brother Denzil who now has Inobber. Then I went my ways. And presently the poor rat followed me and was struck."

"Look now, how the wisdom of patient providence hath ordered it. Brother Denzil, in a panic I should find out this Peter Barnes, comes seeking him at his house, comes on to seek him at the tavern, and does behind me at his side. Nothing can brother Denzil do there, nothing more at all, but destroy the poor rat and the accursed truth he could tell."

Inspector Chapman closed a mouth which had fallen open. Then he said, "That's how it was, eh?" and scribbled notes. "Well, you have given me something now, sir. I can check up all this about the tavern. I know where to find the fellows."

"What thou doest do quickly," Damory boomed.

"You can reckon on that, I'll have some of 'em out of their beds."

"That is but half. Talk also with John Eype."

The inspector laughed. "All right, all right. I haven't forgotten him. You're mighty keen to set up your bona fides, I must say."

"Devise take my bona fides," Damory boomed. "Laddie, laddie, Chris Barton was the friend of my young heart, and I do seek some paltry pittance of vengeance for his wrong. Stir up John Eype to set watch on brother Denzil. But the while let him seek out old Romer, the dealer that lives at Wide-ock, and a young spark that is lately come to Eyemouth and does affect the Romers, one Maine. It haunts my mind Romer and Maine know more of this Denzil than honest men should keep secret. Look to it, my Chapman."

Chapman frowned. "Finding some work for us, aren't you?" He noted the names. "All at once too. Rather a pity you've kept quiet so long."

"Pity help your wife man. You have had two years to find out the truth of it, which is your own appointed office, and naught's done till a whiff of it comes to my simple nose and I show you the way. Go on now, redeem yourself. You have need, by my soul."

"All right, all right. That'll do. Now, you'll go back to your hotel, please, and stay there till you hear from me. Understand?" Damory rose. "Fie, fie, you babble. To work, laddie. I go sleep." He chuckled. "Begad, if I don't hear from you so good purpose in the morn, I'll be behind you with a broadsword!"

ROMER was not an early man on holiday. Alice and he had not finished breakfast when a car came to the cottage gate. "Goodness! It's a policeman, father," said Alice. Romer's coffee was spilt as he put it down.

"That's right, misle." A lean long face looked in at the window. "Good morning, Mr. Romer. I'm glad I caught you. Sit still. I'll come in."

"Oh, do please," said Romer. "Alice, my dear, you'd better run away."

The lank form of Inspector Eype filled up the doorway. "No need for misle to go," he smiled. "She might be a bit of help. Sit down, young lady."

"Just as you please, Mr. Eype, of course." Romer made a place for him at the table with fumbling hands.

"Now, now, you'll take something, won't you?"

"No, thanks." The inspector put a chair where he could see them both. "I just want to ask you a few questions. You know Mr. Denzil Barton, don't you? Have you any idea where he's gone to?"

Romer seemed to be more frightened than surprised. "I—I understood he was staying at Inobber."

"No, he isn't. He left early this morning, and the people there say they don't know where he's gone. I thought you might be able to tell me, Mr. Romer."

"Indeed I can't. Why should I know?"

"We-ell," Inspector Eype dragged out the word. "Pretty friendly with him, aren't you?"

"No, not at all, nothing personal. Only in the way of business."

"Ah," said Eype. "Done a good bit of business with him, by what I've heard. Well, there's another gentleman I wanted to ask you about. You know a Mr. Gilbert Maine? He came down to Eyemouth just about when you did. Any idea why?" His shrewd eyes watched Romer a moment and turned on Alice. "What did you say, misle?"

"I didn't say anything," Alice was blushing. "We knew Mr. Maine quite well in London, and I suppose we'd told him how charming the country is down here."

"I see," Eype's tone was amiably paternal. "And so he came. Now what do you know about him, Mr. Romer?"

"Really nothing in particular. He's a Canadian, I believe. Came over to see the Old Country as they do."

"Wanted to see Mr. Barton, didn't he?"

"I—I never heard him say so. He wanted to see Inobber House, of course, as tourists do. I believe he went there."

"And saw Mr. Barton, eh?"

"Yes, I think he did. Yes, I remember he said so."

"Ah," Eype's tone was sarcastic. "You don't mind telling me these things, do you? You're being nice and open with me, Mr. Romer."

"Why, of course. Certainly. I have nothing to keep back. Nothing at all."

"That's the best way," Eype nodded. "Now, Mr. Romer, just you tell me this. Did you ever have any idea in your mind this Mr. Maine might have something to do with Mr. Barton?"

"No, no, nothing of the kind," Romer cried. "How could he?"

"Oh, I was just asking you. You see, this Mr. Maine, he happens to have gone off too, and he's left no address, just like Mr. Barton. Only he went last night."

"I know nothing about that," said Romer, in a hurry. "I don't understand it at all. But really I don't see why I should. Mr. Maine has no reason to tell me his plans, and there is nothing strange in a Canadian tourist moving on."

Eype looked at him for a moment, and turned to Alice. "And what do you say, misle? Did you think Mr. Maine would be moving on so sudden?"

"I didn't know," Alice stammered. "I never thought about it at all. He wouldn't say anything to me about his plans."

"Wouldn't he? He seems to be a very secret young man. Well, Mr. Romer, I wish you'd give me your opinion about Mr. Barton. Would you say he'd been pressed for money?"

Romer flinched. "Well, really—you won't expect me to talk about Mr. Barton's business affairs. That would be a gross breach of confidence."

"Oh, he has been doing business with you? People say he's sold a lot of the old stuff at Inobber. But you won't tell me anything about that. Well, you know how you stand, I suppose. I don't wonder why he wanted money so bad he should sell up the place. Inobber was a fine estate when he came into it."

"No doubt, no doubt," Romer agreed nervously. "But of course you know many gentlemen have to sell property now to meet death duties."

"That's the explanation, eh? You've been quite satisfied it was all straight?" Romer hesitated to answer. "Oh, come on. No breach of confidence in telling me that."

"Really—you surprise me, Mr. Eype—it's not a proper question. I never undertake any transaction unless I am satisfied it's honest."

"Just carry your mind back a bit. You



remember how he came into the estate. I mean that blowing up of his brother's yacht out in the bay. Mr. Christopher Barbon and his wife and the baby were all on board and never seen again. Queer business."

"Dreadful," said Romer. "I was in London."

"I know you were. Did it ever come into your head there was anything peculiar about the yacht going down?"

"Peculiar? That's a strange word to use," Romer stammered. "It was a terrible tragedy. I never thought of it any other way."

"Didn't you? Well, it was a bit of luck for Mr. Denzil, wasn't it?"

Romer was pale. "If you put it like that—" he said faintly. "That's a horrible way to think of it."

"I mean to say it was lucky for Mr. Denzil none of 'em survived—not one." Eype glanced from Romer's frightened face to Alice, who was crying. "Take it another way. It's a nasty business. Now, Mr. Romer—did you ever see any reason to think there might have been some foul play?"

Romer wiped his mouth. "No, no, I haven't. I couldn't think it possible."

"Oh, you have thought about it. Did you ever think this Mr. Maine had some interest in it?"

"No, no really, I haven't," Romer said. But Alice gave a stifled cry.

"Yes, missie?" Eype took it up quickly. "What have you got to tell me?"

"I don't know," she gasped. "It isn't really anything to do with Mr. Maine. It just happened. There was a little girl, and she was just like the Barbons. You know—that Barbon mouth. She was just the age the baby would be now. I was out driving with Mr. Maine and we had tea at Horse Heath. She was on the village green there with Mr. Damory."

**BETWEEN** the showers of a windy spring morning Damory made his way to the house in Wordsworth Road. A bank of iron-grey cloud rose over the sun, and rain beat down as he rang and waited in the shelter of the porch. He waited long. The maid when she came at last was shapeless in a wrapper, her face mottled and swollen. "Oh, it's you again!" she cried.

"How is it with him now, my dear?" Damory boomed.

"He's gone, he never come to at all, he's gone," she wept. "Oh, he was a good master."

Damory took off his hat. "Go your way then, liddle," he rumbled.

He made her a bow and rolled off through the rain, and as he went he made grimaces, talking to himself.

"Well, you have done your part, old Gus. He is committed for trial. Let be. Begad, it was well done and fortunately. I worked for it; my mind and soul did labor in sweat for it. I'll brag my stirring of the rogue Denzil brought him to seek out the rat."

"Be it so. Yet I had not thought of the chance to show him bent on murder of this poor rat. That was pure gift of Providence. But to grasp your swift, unhoped, ruthless chance, it is the grand deed. It is genius. Go on, old Gus, be infinitely proud."

He came to the police station, asked for Inspector Chapman, and was told severely that the inspector had not come yet, and he had better wait.

"Wait, liddle?" Damory shook the rain from his cloak and sat down. "By my good life, if I am kept waiting he'll be found wanting. Ring up and tell him so."

He was told that the sergeant knew his

duty. "Do it then, sirrah, don't babble," Damory boomed. The sergeant made a defiant show of working at papers before he went to the telephone. He had hardly got the number when the inspector came in whistling.

"Come on into the office," Chapman propelled him powerfully. "I want you. I was just going to send for you, Mr. Damory."

"There's wisdom in you then," Damory boomed. "But it works slow. I'll save you if I can. What's your news?"

"This fellow O'Connor, or Barnes, is dead."

"I know it, liddle. Say on."

"Oh do you? Been round there already? Anxious, weren't you?"

"A kindly curiosity for his miserable soul," Damory rumbled.

"Well, he's gone. That makes it murder, you see."

"Ay, ay, it must be so accounted."

"You stand by your story that Denzil Barbon struck the blow?"

"No story o' mine, liddle. I never said so nor can say it. The poor rat himself declared the deed was Barbon's. All I could tell you was the Barbon looked in upon him as he sat by me in the tavern and fled away."

"Quite right, sir. So you did," Chapman changed his tone. "Well I don't mind telling you I've verified that. Barbon did go to the tavern last night in his car and asked if O'Connor was there, and went in and came out again quickly, and some of the chaps who were drinking with you remember Barbon looking in. That backs you up absolutely."

"Death o' my life," Damory boomed. "Have you wasted all these hours to find yourself evidence I tell the truth? Deliver me from a fool on my side."

"Keep your temper. You can do with a bit of corroboration, I give you my word. What you've been up to isn't too clear now. They tell me when you saw Barbon's face at the door you called out it was his dead brother, Christopher. You swore it was. What about that, Mr. Damory?"

"Why, they tell the truth, man. Must you be so dull? I came there seeking the poor rat O'Connor, with the hope in my heart he was Peter Barnes, eager for a proof of it. And good Providence working with me brought brother Denzil. Should I be blind to the chance? Not for Gus. I cried out here was Chris Barbon again, and held the talk to Chris and watched the rat and saw the fear come upon him. Then I was content and went my way."

"Yes. You went away before he did. They said that," Chapman nodded. "What were you thinking of doing?"

"My mind was divided this way and that, whether to lay all before you or try the rat again myself. But Providence ordered it for me. He has gone to his death telling you the truth—or some of it."

"Some of it is right," Chapman said.

"By my good life, seek more then," Damory boomed. "Why do you babble here? Where's Denzil Barbon now? What—?"

"Ah. Where is he?" Chapman broke in. "Eype's been round to Inoher and just rung up. Denzil Barbon isn't there. He went back there some time last night, but he's off again in his car. Eype's gone to look up your friend Romer now. Any idea where Barbon would go?"

Damory struggled to his feet. "Where? I know where you should go. To the child, liddle, to the child. Hark! Don't you hear her call?"

But Chapman sat still. "The child," he repeated slowly. "You mean the baby

O'Connor said he brought ashore? I was going to ask you about that. Do you believe his tale?"

"Begad there's strong proof of it. He was a poor wretch of a seaman; behold him living soft with money to pour out on drink and horses. Some devilish power he must have had to squeeze that money out of Denzil. What should it be but that he had under his hand the child who would at right inherit Inoher? Why else was Denzil in a panic to see him talk with me? What else could the rat have told?"

Chapman nodded. "Looks like that, I will say. But look here, he wouldn't be such a fool as to let Barbon know where the child was."

"Or there would be no child extant. You are right, my Chapman. You are very right. Up and on then."

"Why should you think Barbon knows now?"

"I do not think it. I hope it be not so. But I fear, liddle, I do fear confoundedly. The man Maine knew, for he sought out where she is kept, and Romer's daughter knew, for Maine took her with him, and I trust none of them."

"So you know too, eh?" Chapman stood up slowly.

"I found a child such as the baby should be now, a girl of the right age, of the Barbon face, kept secretly where the rat Peter Barnes was bred. It was then I did see as in a vision the whole infernal plot. I could not be sure till the rogue told his tale last night. Will you come?"

Driving hard, they passed at length from the clinging suburbs of Westbourne and through pine woods, and came out upon the shore of the broad inlet which is called the harbor.

The village of Horse Heath is almost an hour nearer Westbourne than Wideock, though the shortest way to it is by a circuit of the deep curve of the harbor. They were still early enough to hear a school bell ringing as they turned by the mud banks at the harbor's end and over a chain of little bridges drove on into the moors.

"There you are," Chapman pointed to a great white gash in the slope where the moors rose to the hills. "That's Horse Heath clay pit. Not far now. The village is this side."

"I know it, liddle. Go on."

They saw the smoke of the village chimneys, the thatched roofs, and Chapman slowed down as they came to the first scattered cottages and the wide space of the green opened upon them.

"Now where's the child live?" he asked.

"The other side o' the green, liddle. The brown cottage where the old apple-tree's a-bloom. D'ye see it?"

"Right you are. What's the matter?" Damory clutched his arm. "Death of my life, the man Maine. Look, lounging there by the inn, that's he. I like it not what a man has a great nose. Go on."

"All right, all right."

But while they spoke Maine turned to the inn yard and vanished. In the same moment a man slunk out from behind the cottages at the far end of the village. He was in a furtive hurry. He passed out of sight behind a clump of gorse, and they heard the throb of a car's engine. Another car swung out of the inn yard with Maine in it alone, and shot into speed, following the other down the Eyemouth road.

From the other side of the green Chapman sent a shout after them. Neither Maine nor the other stayed for it.

"That's a run go," Chapman frowned. "It's a toss-up if I'd do any good chasing them. Did you see who the other was?"



"Your soul to a herring it was Denzil Barbon," Damory boomed.

"Well, I'll get on the phone quick. There's the post office."

The phone! The cottage, man, the cottage," Damory roared. He flung himself out of the car and ran across the road and beat upon the cottage door.

No one came to answer him.

ALICE came to the heath country again in a manner and a mood very different from her first coming with Maine. That difference indeed thrust itself again and again through the bewildered fear which assailed her mind as a gloomy, bitter joke, and darkened her anxieties. The official of Inspector Eype was comfortable and of him-drum, laborious pace, mocking her memories of pleasure in the smooth road of Maine's.

Eype drove the car himself, a policeman beside him, and when they spoke their voices were lowered so that she and her father could not hear. Her father said nothing at all, but lay back in his corner and pale and frowning.

The car was crossing the long waves of the heath in alternations of ease and rattling toil. They came to the signpost, from which Maine had pretended to discover the existence of Horse Heath, and went again the narrow by-road. After a mile or more, when they had passed a cross which struck off across the heath and climbed a bare grey hard in the dark growth to the swell of the hills, the policeman muttered to Eype, and for the first time Eype spoke to his passengers: "What's there now. Which end of the hill is it this child lives, miss?"

"On this side," Alice stammered. "Be-cause I think."

"I think! You've got to know," Eype said sharply.

"If anybody can tell you," Alice cried, "it's Mrs. Creech. She's called Mrs. Creech. I—I thought Mr. Damory said was Mrs. Creech's daughter."

"He thought of that, have you?" Eype said. "Creech, eh?" and he said some-thing more to the policeman, which Alice did not hear.

Then he swore and sounded his horn again.

No cats were coming towards them at any speed, the second drawing out to the first so that they held the whole of the road. Before the blast of Eype's horn the overtaking car slowed and gave

Eype shouted an angry warning at them as they raced by. It was not answered, and he did not check their speed. The second car which had dropped behind in the check, began to draw out again to pass.

Eype muttered something. The policeman leaned out of the window and looked at Eype and Eype slowed and stopped.

"Like Mr. Barbon's car, sir," the policeman said.

"It was Barbon, I'll take my oath," Eype said, his head out on the other side. "Alone, I can't be sure. Scorching like fury, get they? D'ye know the other? Driving?"

"Mr. Maine," Alice gasped. "That was Mr. Maine."

The deuce it was. What's the game?" Eype settled in his seat again.

"What's what I say, Mr. Romer? What's the game?"

"I don't understand," Romer quavered.

There was an exclamation from the policeman. "Gone off by the cart-track, sir, look, the other car has just

gone off with him again and he turned and

nipped off up that track. The other one's gone on—no, he hasn't! He's stopping. He's reversed! He's turning into the track too. He's off after Barbon."

Eype swung the car round and started back. "I see. What's the idea? That track goes up to the clay pit, don't it?"

"Yes, sir. But it goes on right over the hills. You can get down to Inobert that way. I never heard of a car using it, though. Only horse-carts."

"Looks nasty," Eype muttered. "Very nasty."

They came to the track, turned into it and jolted on through the sandy ruts. On the slope in front the two cars rose into sight, making no such wild speed as on the road, but drawing slowly away. Barbon's car was far ahead of the other. As they climbed, the gap between them shrank each moment. A shout came back across the heather. The second car swept up, and came abreast of Barbon's, so close they seemed like one; then the second car forged slowly ahead, swaying as it went, and on a sudden was alone.

Barbon's car had vanished as if the moor had swallowed it up. A dull crash thudded through the air and the echoes of a crash. They saw the second car stop and a man get out of it. He stood looking at the ground. Then he too vanished.

"Must have drove over into the pit, sir," the policeman muttered to Eype.

"Ah. Somebody's been too clever," Eype said.

They drove on up the slope till the track divided, and along the arm of it which led to the left they saw the white gash of the clay pit. Among the mounds there a car lay crushed out of shape, and Maine stood by it with his hands in his pockets.

"He's got a nerve," Eype muttered, stopped the car and jumped out. "You stay here with your father, miss." He and the constable strode on.

Maine turned to meet him. "Morning, Inspector. Nasty smash."

"You've done a nice bit of work, haven't you?" Eype looked him over.

"Well, I don't know that. His choice, not mine. Maybe it'll pan out well, so. That's up to your folks."

Eype frowned. "You're Mr. Gilbert Maine, are you?"

"I am. And there's Mr. Denzil Barbon. You'd better have a look at him." Maine lit a cigarette.

Eype watched that operation and turned to the wreck of the car. It lay upon its side, the body crushed down on the bent chassis and burst open. Within, torn and contorted as the twisted metal which held it, was what had been Denzil Barbon. Eype reached in and felt wrists and chest and head.

"He's gone, I reckon," he muttered. "Well, better get him out of this." With the constable he labored at the wreck and making nothing of it called to Maine: "Here! You might give us a hand, mightn't you?"

"I might," Maine blew smoke through his nostrils. "No use in it. Wants tools to cut him out of that tangle. And there won't be any resurrection then."

Eype gave up the useless struggle and swung round on him red and angry. "That's a brutal thing to say."

"It's a fact. You seem in want of it. Time you came along where you can do good."

"You're high and mighty, aren't you?" Eype stared at him. "That won't be any use to you. I warn you, you've got yourself in a very nasty place, Mr. Maine. How was it this crash happened?"

"Well now, I did think you had eyes," Maine drawled. "I was chasing after him. I would have got him on the road way back if you hadn't butted in with your old bus. I came again and was drawing up to stop him when he switched off on to this accommodation road. Silly cunning. I guess he was like that all through. Well, I over-shot it, of course, and had to work back, and he got a bit of a start again. No good to him. That car couldn't live with mine. I got him again up on the hill; I was just calling to him to stop and over he went into the pit. Did he mean to do it? Search me."

"Putting it on him are you? That's nice. By what you say yourself you crammed him over. You made him crash—kept on trying till you brought it off."

Maine smiled. "Think again. That won't go. He'd only got to stop and he was all right. Why wouldn't he? What was he running away from that he couldn't? It's up to you."

Eype stood silent for a moment. "Well, what do you say it was then?" he asked.

"I'd say it was what he'd been up to in Horse Heath. And it's time you came along to find out what that is. Quite time. You've had two years at it."

"What do you mean?" Eype cried. "Something about the child there?"

"Oh! Have you heard of her? Well, you do surprise me. You are swift. Come on, now," Maine strode off.

Eype hurried to his side. "I'll want you to come to Horse Heath too, please."

DAMORY stood at the cottage door, shouted. "Mrs. Creech! Mrs. Creech!" and banged upon it again.

A woman came out into the next garden, and stood looking at him with stolid curiosity, and he called to her: "Is Mrs. Creech at home, d'ye know?"

"I couldn't say for that," she answered slowly. "Mrs. Creech do go off now and then. I ain't seen her this morning."

"Does she take the child?" said Damory.

"Ay, she do, whiles."

Damory peered in at the window. Lanky geraniums within hid the room, but he could make out that it was in order, although he could see no one.

Chapman came up behind him. "Hello! I've phoned a warning to stop those cars. They won't get away. Can't you find anybody here?"

"None answers me, neither woman nor child," Damory rumbled. "There's cold at my heart, liddle." He rolled away round the cottage and knocked at the back door, and having still no answer tried it. It opened for him. They went into a kitchen smelling savory from a pot on the fire.

"D'ye mark that?" Damory cried. "The woman had her dinner cooking to eat here." And he called again, "Mrs. Creech, Mother Creech! Mary, my sweetheart!"

The cottage was silent. Chapman strode on into the parlor and stopped short. On the floor of the stuffy, tidy room lay the body of Mrs. Creech.

Chapman knelt down beside her. "She's done," he muttered, and looked at Damory. "Throttled, I reckon. Got her down and throttled her. The brute. It was Barbon, wasn't it?"

"Ay, liddle, brother Denzil," Damory rumbled. "He is not delicate. Oh, death o' my life, what o' the child?" He bustled out of the room upstairs. But for the child they searched the cottage in vain.

"That's nasty," Chapman wiped his face. "Well now, I've got my work cut out. I must start inquiries about the child quick."



"I'll have to ring up for some men. And I want a doctor to see this lady. Would you mind standing by for a little while, Mr. Damory? I can't have people coming in, you see."

"You shall command me, laddie."

Chapman hurried away. Damory locked the front door again behind him, went to the back and alid the bolts there. Then he climbed the stair once more and opened cupboards and drawers in Mrs. Creech's bedroom. He found nothing but clothes. Returning to the room below where her body lay he examined drawers and cupboards there.

Mrs. Creech's possessions were not for the most part interesting, but among them he saw a silver tea-service old and ugly. It included a tea-caddy of early Victorian size. He lifted the lid and found in it a Savings Bank book, a book of savings certificates and some papers. The figures in the books occupied him for a moment, and his eyebrows went up, and he looked at the dead woman and sighed. "Ay, ay. You also," he mumbled. "I knew it in my heart."

He slipped the books back in the caddy and examined the papers. There were letters in a clumsy writing signed Peter. He turned them over quickly. One after another was of sending or not sending money, some with a line about taking care of the child or keeping her close. But the last was dated the day before Peter's last day of life.

"Dear Jess,—I just had yours about the old gent and the kid. I don't know what you was doing letting her make friends with strangers. I always said to keep her close. But you ain't no call for to get scared. Even if D.B. is after her, which I don't think he can't do nothing. Nobody knows where you got her but you and me. The Toller girl's safe in Australia. Keep smiling. Just off to the races. If I have a good day, won't forget you.—PETER."

"I thank ye, Peter," Damory chuckled. "By my soul, it was a good day you had the best of your life." And then he frowned. "The deuce take you, you rat, what a hand have you dealt me to play! How shall I do now? No begad, it was not you. It's the wisdom of Providence. By my life, 'tis a divine commission." He laughed and slipped this last letter into his pocket. Then all the others went back into the caddy and the caddy to its place in the cupboard.

He sat down by the window, stroking his beard and pulling it forward, and through the geraniums looked out watching the road.

Two cars drove by. He made out Eype in the first and Romer; he saw it was Maine driving the second with a policeman beside him.

"They have you in hand then, my lad o' the nose," he muttered. "It's very well. Now will I strip you naked. And Albert Edward? Who is he for now? Bah, it is no matter. He may know all, I can put him down. This thing shall go by my will. But where the devil is brother Denzil? To catch Maine and miss him, that's a fool's miracle."

Children came out of school and ran to their homes, or loltered playing on the green. Damory leant forward, singling them out with keen eyes. "She is not there. No, she would not be. She is too little for school yet. She told me so, the poor baby."

A woman approached the cottage, came into the garden, came round to the back door and knocked softly. Damory opened

it. She took a step back. She stood staring at him, surprise and something of fear in her homely face. "What's your will, ma'am?" Damory said.

"I came to speak to Mrs. Creech, sir."

"In a good hour," Damory came out and grasped her arm. "I do count on it you are she we need. Where is Mary?"

"She knows where Mary be," the woman cried, drawing away from him. "Leave go o' my arm."

"Wait awhile, ma'am."

Chapman strode round the cottage, a policeman on his heels. "Now then, don't make that noise," he admonished her. "What do you want here?"

"I come to speak to Mrs. Creech, that's what I want," she was indignantly defiant. "And I'd like to know what that man's doing in her house. He came out and took hold of me."

"The gentleman did quite right. What's your business with Mrs. Creech?"

"Ain't I minding her little girl? No harm in that I'm sure. She asked me to, she brought her round herself. I come round to see if she wanted the child home to dinner or not."

"How beautiful are your feet," said Damory, "you come with good tidings."

"Well, I'm sure!" the woman cried.

"That's all right," said Chapman. "Come along now. I want to have a look at her." He waved the policeman into the cottage and led the woman away.

"Say no word to the child for the love of heaven," Damory boomed, and came up on the woman's other side.

"Yes, you understand that, don't you?" Chapman went on. "Mrs. Creech has met a shocking death, poor woman. We know all about it. But she's past helping. We have to look after the child."

"There now, to think o' that!" the woman said. "Well, I often did say Mrs. Creech was queer and worried. There's some as was plaguing her life out, I'm sure. She's been bringing Mary in to me to mind day after day now. Said she was turning out the rooms and she couldn't look after her. When she come in this morning, 'Well you do look queer,' I said, 'you're that pale,' I said, 'you ain't yourself,' and her saying she was all right, poor dear, which you could see she wasn't."

"I shouldn't wonder," Chapman nodded. "You keep all that to yourself. See?"

"I never was one to talk, I'm sure," the woman cried.

She brought them to a cottage, took them round to the back, and against the kitchen window they saw the child's face flattened, staring out.

"There she is, the darling," the woman said. "Good as gold, she always is. She'll stay where you tell her by the hour. I will say Mrs. Creech brought her up fine."

"A fine life!" Damory boomed and rolled on before them and flung the door open.

"Ah, Mary, my sweetheart, I ha' found you again." He took her hands and kissed them, and picked her up and tossed her high. "Here's funny old, fat old grandad, laugh at him. Look now the sun's shining for you. Madam will you walk and talk with me?" He set her down, took her hand and went out.

"Here, what are you going to do?" Chapman followed him.

"We go to our dinner, laddie. Will you dine with us at the inn? We do desire the honor of your company."

"I did ought to go to murther," said the child.

"Dear heart, mother's just gone away," Damory stooped to her ear. "She's given you to me awhile."

"Gone right away?" said the child wondering, untroubled.

"Why, but I'm with you," Damory said. "Better keep her out of the village. It's a fact," Chapman muttered. "I've got the whole bunch at the inn though."

"Brother Denzil?" Damory said, under his breath.

"Crashed in his car."

"Amen, Amen. So be it," Damory mumbled. They came to the inn. He swung the child up on his shoulder and rolled into the room where Romer and Alice and Maine sat waiting with Eype.

"Well met, well met," he chuckled. "I do bring you the lady o' my heart. Look upon her."

The child stared at them shy and frightened.

"Oh, my dear," Alice cried, and held out her arms. The child came to her.

Damory turned to Maine. "Was it well done, laddie?" he chuckled. "Was it well done?"

THEY sat round the table on which the inn had provided them a meal of solid edible make-shifts. The child looked from one to the other with wondering solemn eyes. Damory rose and lifted her down.

"Now go rest awhile, my pretty one. I will be here waiting for you." He beckoned to Alice. "The sweet lady will make you cosy."

"Oh yes, come, darling," said Alice eagerly.

Damory held the door for them, came back to the table and lifted his tankard. "Long life to her! And a happy one. Drink with me." He looked at Maine.

"Good luck to her!" Maine smiled.

"Begad, it will be a change," Damory rumbled.

"Ah! Not had much luck in the Barbon family, have they?" Eype nodded. "She's got the Barbon face all right. Nice little girl."

Damory laughed. "Have I done well? He puffed out his chest. "By my soul they have it! And none could have done it but me."

"All right, all right," said Chapman. "Now you've got that off your chest you can sit down again. There's a lot I want to know from you, gentlemen, and I'll take it my way, please. To begin with—"

"Most just, my Chapman," Damory drowned his voice. "We begin with the sinking of Chris Barbon's yacht. I was sitting by the Arno, drinking my glass of Strega, I do remember it yet, when I read the news. I cried for him, he was the friend o' my dear youth; I said a prayer for him in the Duomo and went my way. It was in my heart I could never come again to look upon the sea from Capoborow. Time passed and I was in Paris. I saw a picture in old Thiretta's. Hey, rogue, my Albert Edward, do you know him? It was sold to America, he said. He called it a Chardin. A landscape of a river and willows. I knew Chris Barbon had just such a one in his house at Inober." Damory cocked an eyebrow at Romer. "What, my Albert Edward?"

"Yes certainly. There was a Chardin at Inober. It is there still, I believe," said Romer quickly.

"It is. This of Thiretta's was hung in the dark, but as I looked I doubted damned the thing was a copy."

"Here, we're a long way off coming to business," Chapman tried to recapture the lead. "I want—"



"Yes, my Chapman. This is the thing which stirred my mind to action. You want all in order. Look now. Here was a forgery of one of the best pictures of Inoer put on a queer market. What the devil should that mean? I knew Denzil Barbon must have Inoer and I knew my Denzil. He was without honor all his scorned days. He had served his time to the law. He was the very man to do such a thing or get it done. But why the devil should he need dirty money? Inoer was a good estate, and he could never spend heartily. The duty was upon me to look into Denzil. I came back to England. And begad, I found he had been selling at large. You knew that, my Albert Edward?"

"Well, really," said Romer uncomfortably, "in the changed circumstances—I think it will be no breach of confidence—I certainly did make some sales for him."

"Now you're talking," Chapman spoke in again. "And didn't that make you wonder what was wrong at Inoer?"

"Why no, no indeed, I assure you. When I make changes hands you know, pictures are often sold. I am quite confident every picture which passed through my hands was genuine. I never thought anything would be wrong until—"

He was interrupted by Alice coming back to the room, shy, frightened, anxious. Denzil kissed his hand to her. "How is it with the child?"

"Oh, she's resting nicely. She's so good. I thought you might want me."

"Yes, you'd better be here," Chapman answered himself. "Come on, Mr. Romer, how did you get suspicious?"

"Really, I couldn't speak to that. I—"

"You confuse the matter, my Chapman," Denzil boomed. "It was thus. I had sold that Albert Edward Romer had sold a jewel of miniatures. He put no owner's name to them, but he warranted them as in the same family."

"It was by Mr. Denzil Barbon's instruction," Romer cried.

"No doubt. I went to look at them and there was one, some lost lady of old days, with the Barbon mouth. The thing was not ill done, but a plain forgery. I had my own thoughts of others. This was rank. I bought it. I took it to my Albert Edward and required his explanation. He had none."

"I—I—I—don't care to deny, I haven't the knowledge of miniatures that I have of other things," said Romer. "I had no need to doubt Mr. Barbon. I was surprised certainly. I was quite startled. I was that I must put the matter to Mr. Inoer at once. I was very uneasy."

"So that's when you began to suspect him," said Chapman. "Well, what—?"

"Begad," Damory put him down. "It was then I was sure Denzil had someone selling his blood. To make a business of selling forgeries of the Inoer collection, he must be confoundedly in need of money. And why? Someone had a hold on him he could not break. What should that be? It must be a devil of a secret, a secret which would destroy him. Why then, a secret to turn him out of Inoer. My mind leapt to it, a secret of his brother's death. And so it was laid upon me I should come again to Cuthborow Head and look down. Heart o' my life, the days that have been, the days that have been." He wiped his eyes.

Chapman seized the chance to take charge at last. "All right. That's how you came in. And Mr. Romer?" He turned to him. "Now what about you, sir?"

Damory emerged from his handkerchief.

"The point is well taken, laddie," he said, before Maine could answer. "I am just come to it. When I drank a cup o' kindness with my Albert Edward in his London mansion, I did behold the gentleman friend of the house already. I wondered at him. Begad, in some sort, I wonder yet. Speak, sir, it is your cue."

Maine had listened to all this patiently, sometimes with a twist of a smile on his dark face. "You surprise me," he drawled. "I thought you did all the talking. Well, starting from birth, I have the honor to be Mr. Denzil Barbon's cousin."

He produced to his gratification, amazement. Damory no more than gurgled, "Oh, your servant." But a wordless cry came from Alice, and wide-eyed reproach, Romer blinked and stared. The two inspectors put their hands together and muttered.

"Keep calm," said Maine. "You can verify it. My grandfather was a young brother of Denzil's and Christopher's. He went out to California in '49, and finished up in Ontario. I'm his daughter's eldest son. That's where I come in. I read about this yacht Lily Rose blowing up with Christopher, and it didn't look too good to me."

"As soon as I could take a spell over here I reckoned to come and see what there was to it. Looking into cousin Denzil, I got to hear he was selling up the pictures through Mr. Romer. So I made contact there. Looking into the matter of the yacht, I got to see her plans, and found men in the trade still wondering why she blew up. So I came down to Eyemouth to look around." He lit a cigarette.

"Here, seems to me I'd better warn you," said Chapman. "You represent yourself as next of kin to Denzil Barbon. And it was your driving this morning made him crash. You—"

"No, sir. I called on him to stop when he'd done a murder—to call it one—and was driving away. He would not stop. He preferred to crash. Well, I don't blame him. But I take no blame myself. If you put it to me, I'll say I was glad."

"You be careful how you talk. I've got to ask you for the truth, Mr. Maine, but I warn you anything you say may be used against you."

"Buy British," Maine smiled.

"It is well said, laddie," Damory boomed. "By my soul, I begin to have some kindness for you." His little eyes twinkled at Maine. "Ha, you boast yourself a Barbon now in spite of your great nose. Begad, it has been in my mind some while we should hear that I'd the end. Come now let us see how it goes. I came again to Eyemouth and behold my Albert Edward was there, too. That assured me he had doubts of Denzil. There also was Mr. Gilbert Maine. That confirmed me, he had his hand to play in the game. I'll own to you, laddie," he nodded at Maine, "I was the more decided there was the deuce's own game to play."

"I thank you. And the same to you," said Maine.

"Faith, it's been a pleasure you were in it, laddie. I laid down my first card. I showed myself to Mistress Alice. I made clear to her I was come with the sinking of the Lily Rose in my thoughts. God bless you, child, I had no doubt of you, but it was needful you should pass on your alarms of me to your father and brother

Denzil. Tell me now, my Albert Edward, when was it first you discovered a mystery about the way the yacht went down?"

"Really, Damory! Upon my word, I couldn't answer that," Romer cried. "I never thought of such a thing at all."

"Didn't you?" said Chapman sharply. "Not with Mr. Damory suggesting all this queer business to you? I suppose you were making a pretty good sum out of Denzil Barbon."

"That's not fair. Really it isn't," Romer protested, wringing his hands. "I had no more profit from any of my transactions with him than the ordinary dealer's commission. I can prove that absolutely."

"But you didn't mean to lose it, eh?"

"No. You're quite unfair to me, Mr. Chapman. As soon as I had any reason to suspect Mr. Denzil Barbon I took a very strong line with him. I told him I must decline to act for him any more." Romer turned to Alice. "You'll remember, my dear, my attitude to him changed completely."

"Yes, you were quite different all of a sudden," said Alice.

"And when was that, miss?" Chapman asked her.

"Oh, one day after Mr. Barbon had come to see us and my father went to Inoer."

"Just so, just so," Romer cried eagerly. "I put it to him the miniature Mr. Damory had brought was a forgery and he had no explanation. I went to Inoer and found the cabinet of the old miniatures was kept locked, and he didn't care to show it."

"That made you suspicious, eh? I don't wonder. Rather a pity you didn't tell us then."

"What could I have told?" Romer protested. "I knew nothing certain."

"Didn't want to, eh?" Chapman grunted.

"Well," Maine turned to him, "as we're asking questions, where do you come in? What sort of a fool sort of an enquiry did you make into the sinking of the yacht? You had two years at it and never knew the first thing about it till Mr. Damory and I came along. I'd say it was you didn't want to know too much."

Damory chuckled. "A good stroke, laddie. A palpable hit, egad."

"I won't have any of this sort of talk, thank you," Chapman grew red. "What do you mean, the first thing?"

"How was it she blew up?"

"How do I know?"

"You could have thought it out. It's long odds she wouldn't have blown up good and thorough unless someone fixed it so she'd got to. You might have got that far. I did. Next question. Who was going to gain by it? That's clear, Denzil Barbon. But he wasn't on board. Next question. Who worked it for him? I looked up the crew. One of 'em was an old fellow from Lyme. Widow still living, very poor and decent. One of 'em shipped from Eyemouth, Peter Barnes by name, born out at Horse Heath. I went there. Mr. Damory got there first. You've only had two years' start of us. You've just arrived, Mr. Chapman, so you'd better be civil."

Chapman glared at him. Damory laughed. "He has you down, my Chapman. Now let me speak. I, also, in my humble wise, be thought me of the crew, and I wasted no time on the old man o' Lyme—oh, deuce take the jingle—but I sought for Peter Barnes, for he did something smack, he had a kind of taste, so they said, in the



seaward taverns. His natal soil was here at Horse Heath, and here I came and as I looked about me I found—what did I find? The child, begad, the girl-child, as like a Barbon as ever one was born and such an age as Chris Barbon's baby would be now."

"We've all seen her," said Chapman impatiently. "Get on."

But Damory was filling his pipe. "I was giving you a moment to speak your admiration, laddie. By my soul, I never had more pleasure in myself than when I saw her, the sweetheart." He turned on Maine.

"Was I right, cousin Gilbert?"

"I allow you might feel good," said Maine, with a grim smile.

"I thank ye for the kind words," Damory puffed at his pipe. "To it again—the child called Mrs. Creech mother. And who was Mother Creech? A widow woman, born in Horse Heath, married the deuce knows where, who came back to the place a year or more ago bringing the child. The thing took shape in my mind. I could see Peter Barnes coming ashore from the yacht with the baby that was heiress to Inober, hiding her away here, and bleeding Denzil Barbon white with the threat he would bring her out and Inober should be hers. Have I done well, my Chapman? Did I judge right?"

Chapman rubbed his head. "I'll say what we've got seems to fit in. That rascal O'Connor—alias Barnes—he told us he saved the baby and Denzil Barbon must have believed it. But I'm not satisfied, Mr. Damory. It's a miracle if Barnes picked up the baby out of a blown-up yacht and got safe ashore. I don't like it."

"Do you take it so? You do not see your way. By my faith, I believe no miracles. But consider. If the yacht blew up per chance and unawares, then a miracle indeed Barnes saved himself and the baby. It was not so. Say then, the thing was planned. The rat Barnes had engaged with Denzil to sink the yacht. He chose his moment, he made the petrol leak—what do I know? I am no man of machines. He fired it, he went overboard into the dinghy and so to land." Damory turned to Maine. "How do you say, Cousin Gilbert? You have studied in the yacht, was this a likely way?"

"That's how I worked it out myself," Maine said. "Some fellow set her going and lit off good and quick."

"Begad, I'm honored by your approbation. Now come back with me to my own problem. I had found the child. How the devil should I prove who she was? I painted me a little portrait of her." He looked at Maine and chuckled. "Confess it now, when you came out to Horse Heath with sweet Alice seeking Peter Barnes, you were mighty pleased to find me here before you, painting a child with the face of your honorable family."

"I reckon I kept calm," said Maine. "It gave me a kind of a line. I've got to own I wasn't too sure of you, Mr. Damory. But I saw what was biting Denzil."

"Hit you a bit too, didn't it, Mr. Maine?" said Chapman. "You thought you were next heir till you found this child alive."

Maine's dark face hardened. "I knew what was up to me all right. You don't have to tell me."

"Let me speak," Damory boomed. "This thing has been in my hand first and last, and by my soul, Providence chose well. I was about and about in Horse Heath till Mother Creech was afraid of me, and I found her posting letters to a P. O'Connor in a genteel road in Westbourne. Then my way was clear. I made a call on brother Denzil, and

talked with him o' forgery and fraud till he was in a sweat. Then I showed him the portrait o' the child, and I had the man mad with fear. What would he do?"

"It beats me why he'd left the child alone so long," said Chapman.

"Pity help your wits, man; he did not know where she was hid. Peter Barnes would not tell him that. When he knew I had found her, never a doubt he was asking all the country where I had been. Did he ask of you, my Albert Edward?"

"He did certainly," said Romer. "But really I told him nothing at all. I was very careful not to. I said he had better inquire in Eyemouth."

"Oh, you're deuced careful. There we have it. He could track me by that, what bus I've been using and where I dropped off. But it would take time. My guess is he put his rogue of a man-servant to inquire after me, and himself made haste to the rat Barnes. That I counted on and I was before him." Damory stopped and drew out his moustaches. "So Barnes must die and he died. Back comes my Denzil and has word it's to Horse Heath I've been, and here he is in the morning to shut another mouth."

"Yes, that's all right," said Chapman, and turned to Maine. "But you were here, too, weren't you?"

"I was! The way I saw it, Mr. Damory had things fixed so something was going to happen about the child here."

"I thank ye for your confidence," Damory rumbled.

"You earned it all right. Whatever was coming to her, I had to take a hand. I came here yesterday and watched. This morning I saw Denzil leave his car outside the village and come on afoot and loaf around. Mother Creech nipped out and took the child to another cottage. Looked like she was worried. That suited me all right. I stood by. Denzil saw her, too, I reckon. He came along to Mother Creech's cottage and she let him in."

"And you didn't do anything about that?" said Chapman.

"No, sir. Why would I? The child wasn't there. It was my game to wait till Denzil showed his hand. When he went off slinking round behind the cottages, I guessed the time had come to follow him."

"The way you managed it, you let him kill that woman," said Chapman fiercely.

"You can say so," he drawled. "Or I can say you let him. You didn't think to stop him in time. Nor did I. You had noticed last night he was killing. I hadn't. I have to own I didn't think he was that kind. But you knew. And much help you were to her."

"Begad, he has you answered, my Chapman," Damory chuckled. "But tell me, cousin Gilbert, why was it our Denzil killed that woman?"

"That's guessing. Maybe he wanted to kill the child and the woman wouldn't stand it. Or he was just mad with the woman for her share in the whole thing. Nobody knows but Denzil—if he did—and he's gone where he won't tell us."

"I grant ye, it's little matter," Damory rumbled. "But you'll observe, cousin Gilbert, another's gone who could have told us what would touch you near—the woman Creech. She's away into the silence. And there was none left but her could swear to it the child was the last o' the Barbons. That's a great convenience for you, Gilbert."

Maine flushed. "If that kid isn't Chris Barbon's child there's no sense to it at all." He turned to Chapman. "Didn't you have it from Peter Barnes he saved the baby and had her hidden here?"

"Not quite," Chapman said slowly. "The story was that he saved her. He didn't let out what he'd done with her. This must be the child I reckon, putting things together."

"Exactly," said Maine. "What?" He turned on Damory. "Do you think I'm going to get Inober for myself? You miss your guess. How the law will work it out, I don't know. But the evidence is good enough for me. I take that baby for Chris Barbon's and what was his gone to he'll see to that."

"Do you say so, laddie?" Damory chuckled. "You have well chosen. I do commend you, I give you joy." He sat back in his chair beaming upon Maine, who was gratified thereby. He fumbled in his ample bosom. "Look now, here is the truth." He pulled out the letter of Mrs. Creech's tea-caddy. "Read it, my Gilbert. It is from the rat Barnes. He says dead yet speaketh."

Maine smoothed it out and read as Chapman read over his shoulder.

"Observe the cunning of the rat," Damory rumbled on. "The child is no child o' Christopher's; his baby is gone where he is and her lady mother. The rat Barnes did not save her, saved nothing but his own foul skin. He did his murder faithfully. But then he found a letter which had the Barbon face, some old strain of Barbon blood in her. Body o' me, there is no lack. The Barbons have been laid in the land."

Maine looked up from the letter and stared at him.

"Relish the guile of it, laddie," Damory chuckled. "She was like enough for the likeness of her to stun brother Denzil. And so by a child that was not the child the rat Barnes bled the life out of him. By my soul, it was a subtle villainy."

"Sure," Maine said.

"And so to an end," Damory boomed. "Go you to Toller where the rogue lives; that's Toller Monachorum. You may trace her out."

"Trace nothing," said Maine. "Through." He crushed the letter into a ball.

"Steady with that, sir," Chapman said. "I want it."

"Do you?" Maine's hand gripped it. "It makes no matter to you. I take that child on. She's had enough being a card in a foul game. I reckon the Barbons owe something." He swung round in his chair.

"Alice, we can do with her, I reckon."

"Oh!" said Alice, and blushed.

"Come on," Maine smiled, "take me to baby."

Damory started up and laid hold of him. "My Gilbert, I do embrace you. I honor your great nose. Never I saw the like. It has a heart to it. All but to you, my last o' the Barbons!" He took Alice's hand and kissed it. "Forgive me, sweetheart. Not long the last, I'll warrant ye."

"Oh!" said Alice.

#### THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Comptons & Co. Limited, 168-172 Castlereagh Street, SYDNEY.